

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

DECEMBER, 1923

LABOR UNIONS AT THE DANGER LINE

A CONSIDERATION OF THE PUBLIC'S SAFETY

BY F. LAURISTON BULLARD

I

THE President of the American Federation of Labor some time ago declared, in the official publication of the powerful organization which he has led for forty years, that 'certain employers' had undertaken a movement 'for the reestablishment of industrial dictatorship' and for 'the destruction of the labor unions.' After several months Mr. Gompers, in an article printed under his own name, reiterated and expanded his charges, alleging the existence of 'a conspiracy to destroy the trades-union movement,' naming in his long roster of 'conspirators' such bodies of business men as the United States Chamber of Commerce and the National Association of Manufacturers, and the leaders of such vast industrial enterprises as steel, coal, and the railroads, all claimed to be enmeshed within the cunningly woven fabric of the interlocking directorates of our most important banking institutions. To this theme the veteran labor-leader returns again and again. It is his defense to the public when Labor is assailed. It is his challenge to Labor when his followers waver in the ranks.

As a remarkable personality Mr. Gompers compels attention. He is well beyond three score and ten and forty-one times he has been chosen President of the Federation. He has moulded that body upon his own idea of craft unionism. He has prevented the organization of the unions as a political party movement. He wrought manfully for the cause of democracy in the World War. He has opposed the recognition by the Federation of Sovietism in Russia and he has prevented the American 'Reds' from any measure of success in the sovietizing of Labor in this country. In the annual conventions of the Federation he has stood resolutely for the utmost freedom of radical expression and with equal tenacity he has fought the official endorsement of revolutionary programmes. In the opinion of Mr. William Z. Foster, President Gompers is excessively conservative, and the labor movement is in the control of a 'reactionary oligarchy.' There is much to admire in the career of Samuel Gompers. There is thrill in the words he often has spoken, 'I want the stars in the heavens for my fellow men.'

The more the pity, therefore, that Mr. Gompers is blind, perhaps willfully blind, to the signs of the times. What he describes as a plot to destroy unionism is chiefly the natural reaction of society against the outrageous tyrannies of an intolerant labor-dictatorship. There is no 'conspiracy.' The worm is turning, that is all. Once Labor could count confidently upon public support in its clashes with Capital. Labor was the 'under dog.' That time is far past. Labor now can count upon public support only when it demonstrates the justice of its case. The economic situation to-day is largely, but not altogether, a war inheritance. Our part in the struggle was a splendid adventure; it also was a demoralizing economic debacle. All the ordinary balances of values were overturned. The United States Government for the first time came into direct bargaining relations with the labor unions. Federal boards negotiated wage scales and standards of working-conditions. A government that needed the coöperation of Labor for the production of military supplies gave Labor a place on government commissions. The country will always be grateful for the patriotic devotion of the war workers. But for their patriotism it is simple truth to say that they deserve no more credit than any other class in the mobilization and unification of all the resources of the nation. The essentials in war time are countless. Labor therefore could get anything it asked. The Government paid a very high price for labor peace.

The war over, Samuel Gompers immediately announced the determination of Labor to keep permanently all it had won. An outstanding fact in the story of the last five years is the resolute stand of Labor against any deflation of wages. The President of the New York Building Trades Council writes the President of Columbia Uni-

versity: 'You cannot bluff the building-trades workers to-day into accepting a wage reduction.' The sudden decrease in immigration yielded an economic advantage to Labor. Revelations of indefensible wastefulness tended first to disturb and then to incense the public. But the war did not produce the tendency to slackness which to-day is one of the most damaging charges against the unions. They had the disease before. Authorized practices that destroy efficiency, limit output, increase costs enormously, produce a labor monopoly, have united to cause that rising tide of resentment which Mr. Gompers calls a 'conspiracy.'

II

That building labor deserves the reprobation to which now it is exposed no one who knows the record can doubt. The bill of particulars would fill many volumes. No applicant can become a member of the plumbers' union¹ unless he is the father, the brother, or the son of an existing member. To cut a small door through a hollow-tile partition in an office building requires twelve classes of labor, three weeks of time, and \$250 in money. Any person of ordinary intelligence can operate an electric converter, merely throwing a switch, 'turning on the juice,' and lubricating the apparatus with a little oil; running such a machine night and day nets two men \$280 a week and they average about two hours of toil to twenty-two of smoking and gossip. No nonunion X-ray expert may work on the same job with union electricians, but after they have wasted a full fortnight of time — at regular union rates! — the expert, by some special dispensation, is permitted to return, and in eight hours he completes the transfer

¹ This is true of the plumbers' unions in at least two of our greatest cities.

of the X-ray outfit from one hospital unit to another. For one- and two-family houses the union fiat requires three coats of plaster, although the law contemplates but two, and the difference in cost is oppressive to tenants.

Hoisting engineers close their books against new members, but allow excluded craftsmen who obviously are eligible to membership to work week by week on the warrant of a 'permit' card for which a sizable fee is assessed. One Inside Electrical Workers' Union thus collected \$250,000 in one year. St. Patrick's Day is not a national holiday, but a union including men of all nationalities and creeds fined the members who worked on that day. All who were Irish took the day off; all who were not paid the fine. Union painters must use brushes of prescribed dimensions, and on a union job no time-saving paint-sprayer is permissible. Pulsometers pump water from excavations; when a pump is relocated two steamfitters, two plumbers, three ironworkers, and one engineer are required to do what two men could do as well and more rapidly.

Many of the building trades do work somewhat similar in character. The organization intends to delimit rigidly the boundaries of each union, but the frontiers overlap and jurisdictional conflicts result. The classic instance of such altercations emerged at the hearings of the Lockwood Committee. A power house under construction involved a total expenditure of \$30,000,000. The laying of certain pipes and connections amounted to \$165,000, or one two-hundredth of the whole cost. Both the steamfitters and the plumbers claimed that detail. There was a strike, then an arbitration fiasco, finally a defiance by a local union of the authority of its superior officials. Not a stroke of work could be done on the whole plant until that dispute was adjusted. On the witness stand the

plumbing contractor testified that all his life he had been a union man, that his sons were union men, that he cared not which of the two unions might win in the present controversy, that he had begged repeatedly for a decision, and that now, having lost \$25,000 on this contract, he was marked for life as a man who had had 'trouble' with Labor, and could look forward only to ruin. On the stand also Mr. Gompers, under the keen and relentless examination of Mr. Samuel Untermyer, conceded the facts of this case, confessed its iniquity, admitted his inability to rectify such indefensible practices — and refused absolutely to agree to the desirability or the necessity of rectification by any outside agency. The unions themselves must correct these wrongs, if ever they shall be corrected. 'God save Labor from the courts,' he said.

Easily these illustrations might be multiplied indefinitely. They lead into the midst of an astounding maze of arbitrary rules, penalties, and indefensible exactions. The construction industry is now generally accepted as second only in size to agriculture in this country. Its 2,000,000 workers are mobilized in some thirty unions, and one person in ten of the entire population is dependent upon their labor. The Chairman of the Executive Committee of the American Construction Council holds building to be the barometer of our industrial life. Its total of annual operations in great cities and small towns, in homes, business blocks, factory plants, bridges, warehouses, wharves, and manifold other varieties of construction, never has been accurately computed; the mean of the available estimates stands at \$2,000,000,000. We buy goods that are sold in buildings, stored in buildings, and manufactured in buildings, and all the costs of all these buildings are paid ultimately by the final consumers of

these commodities. And this vast industry in most of our large cities has been so cunningly manipulated as to assess upon the citizens a system of graft that out-Tweeds Tweed.

For recruiting this industry the country needs many thousands of skilled workers and plain laborers every year. We are not getting them. In the last census-decade, while the male population was increasing 14 per cent, the number of construction craftsmen gained but 10 per cent. In the decade the brick- and stone-masons lost 43 per cent in their total of apprentices, the plasterers 39 per cent, the roofers and slaters 17 per cent, the painters, the glaziers, and the varnishers 39 per cent, and the paperhangers 62 per cent. The craftsmen themselves are dwindling in number, the apprentices far more rapidly. In 1910 we had 669 plasterers' apprentices; in 1920 there were less than 400 in the entire United States! The one trade which has gained in apprentices is the electrical. That craft lures the young men. Labor alone is not to be charged with this alarming dearth of prospective craftsmen. Public indifference must bear some of the blame. The shortsightedness of building employers is partly accountable. The liking of young men for white-collar jobs has much to do with it. But in the final analysis Labor is chiefly responsible. By deliberate manipulation for the purpose of reducing the supply, the unions seek to increase the demand for skill. More work for fewer men must yield higher wages, they reason. They play for an artificial prosperity to-day and let to-morrow take care of itself.

The unions reason also that it is to their advantage to fix by arbitrary decree the amount of work that shall be done by a single craftsman and to prevent any ambitious workman from exceeding the limit either by speed or

skill. All the men in the same classification shall conform to the same dead level. Any man who doubles his product leaves the man next with nothing to do. Even a score of years ago the United States Commissioner of Labor reported himself to have found in the building trades 'a very general feeling that by working slower the job will be made to last longer.' Various unions under heavy penalties forbid 'rushing.' Others prohibit 'an unreasonable amount of work by any member.' The Employers' Association of Indiana computes that in 1921 it cost more than three times as much to lay a thousand bricks as five years before.

In the cities the consequences of these oppressive restrictions come to their fullest development. The story of San Francisco's fight for freedom is almost an epic. No city in the United States ever has been more completely under the control of labor unions than for twenty-five years was San Francisco. The unions dictated every detail in industrial conditions, twice captured the city government, always had representatives in many city departments, ejected from political life any public man who offended them, and often compelled the governor of the state to sit in council with them. Year by year their rules became more exacting. Industries that naturally would go to the Bay District went elsewhere. Some big concerns dismantled existing plants and announced that labor tyranny was driving them out of town. In strike-time pickets actually organized a union and struck for more pay. When the port was completely tied up, and merchants were begging for permits to remove perishable goods from ships, no one could penetrate the lines without an order signed by the union leader. The Government of the United States had to obtain a 'passage through all picket lines' in order to go aboard a

vessel and unload and haul specie to the subtreasury. At last the president of the Building Trades Council, long accustomed to act as sole arbitrator in all times of 'trouble,' calmly repudiated an award of a board of arbitrators and dismissed them—a Catholic archbishop, a Supreme Court judge, and an industrial expert. Then the business men rebelled; after an all-day and all-night session they announced their purpose to have no more dealings with the labor czar and began a campaign for liberty.

Better known is the story of Chicago. At the end of a prolonged struggle the building unions accepted Judge Landis as an arbitrator and agreed to abide by his award. He did no perfunctory job. He scrapped all the 'make work' rules. He denied the unions the right to 'own' both the foreman and the job steward, a system which left the owner with no representative on the building he was paying for. Nonunion men might work on union jobs when union men were scarce. The award was like a declaration of independence. And the unions flinched, hesitated, evaded, and nine flatly refused to abide by their pledge; only four stood loyally by their word. Now for many months the Citizens' Committee to Enforce the Landis Award, backed by a large measure of public opinion, has been striving mightily to make good the liberty of which the award was a stirring manifesto.

The revelations of the Lockwood Committee have scandalized the nation. The closed-shop system in New York City afforded the opportunity for such a combination with certain contracting groups for purposes of profiteering as have hardly been equaled in this country. One man, the 'absolute despot' of the building unions, operated the system of extortion known as 'Brindellism,' a system both inimical to the public welfare and grossly unjust to the rank and file of labor unionists.

One union was found to be 'a unique combination of employee and employer' in the same organization, creating a deplorable condition of confusion and extravagance. Where two unions existed in the same craft, one was disclosed to be merely a dummy, a tool of the contractors, maintained to foment strikes. More than a year ago the nineteen definite demands of the Lockwood Committee—presented in a document which reads like a philippic, not because it is rhetorical in style but because its masses of facts march upon the conscience like an army upon the field of battle—won the unanimous support of the public. The unions capitulated. Rather than defy the threat to compel them to incorporate, they agreed to inaugurate the proposed reforms. Yet in its final report the Committee had to announce that, while some unions had complied in large measure with the requirements, the more important unions had refused to conform, and the abominations, publicly pilloried and exposed to the execration of all decent citizens, still continue.

Mr. Gompers endured a prolonged inquisition about these practices. The protagonist of the unions never appeared to such poor advantage. He fenced, parried, sidestepped. He had no constructive policies to advocate. Of but one thing was he positive. If Labor needs reforming, the reforms must come from the inside. No external compulsion could be tolerated. 'There is no patent road to the elimination of all the mistakes of people. . . . We must be patient. . . . I think the legislature should not interfere with the matter at all, bad as the conditions may be.'

The lamentable fact is that reform in New York City seems nowhere in sight. The unions manifest no disposition to clean house. As to the relations between the council of the craftsmen and

the association of the employing contractors, even Mr. Untermeyer said: 'I believe that there is evidence of criminal conspiracy there, but it would be a herculean task to conduct that prosecution, and by the time it was over the present contract would be ended and the law of supply and demand in the labor market would have solved the problem.' The monopoly continues.

And what is more significant, no relief came from the legislature. In the opinion of Mr. Untermeyer many of the abuses exposed by the Committee can be corrected only by regulatory laws. He advocates the regulation of trades-unions by law. But not a member of his committee would sign the recommendation, although he had gone forward with his probings on the assumption that they would do so, and he had to put in his bill on his own responsibility. Is this a token of the political power of unions? Moreover the Committee's final report was submitted to the legislature on its opening day; this bill came up for passage sixty days later, but no way could be found to secure the printing of the report in time for the legislators to read it and arrive at some notion of why the legislation was sought. And in spite of a wide and insistent demand for copies of this report it has been possible to obtain the printing of but a very small number.²

III

Now this enormous industry is in an exceptional way related to the consuming public. The builder produces goods to order; the owner bears the risk and collects his investment in many installments as rent, or in a single sale price. The manufacturer produces goods for a competitive market; he faces the risk of

being undersold or surpassed in quality of product; his orders are contingent and variable. The shoes produced in Brockton compete with the shoes made in St. Louis. Not so as to construction work done in Boston and Chicago. The building contractor estimates on the basis of conditions at a definite time and place, and passes on the bill to the owner. The manufacturer cannot pass on the bill to any employing owner; he owns the plant and the product and he must produce goods in Massachusetts that can compete with similar goods produced in North Carolina under very different conditions. The 'pull' of self-interest causes the manufacturer to keep a wary eye on his cost sheets. The builder pays the bills for labor and materials and collects from the man who commissions him to execute the job. Building practices may be wantonly wasteful, but they have no immediate relevancy to the contractor's welfare. He tends therefore to compromise. A cost-plus contract is eminently desirable; it leaves him little to worry about. If he reaches an 'understanding' with Labor for mutual advantage, he only succumbs to a very human temptation. Vast as is the building industry it is decentralized, each job a unit by itself. The workmen are not brought into the intimate and sustained contacts of the factory. Each set of craftsmen is split up into a hundred gangs scattered about the city. Their uniting link is the business agent, the walking delegate. Once in office he is comparatively secure in the possession of unusual power. Brindell could procure the ejection from the union of a member who had merely criticized his expense account. In this industry the opportunities for a man of sinister aims are endless. Nowhere else in the whole industrial field is the need for simple honesty so great — and I am tempted to complete the

² For the purposes of this article Mr. Untermeyer loaned me his personal copy.—THE AUTHOR.

obvious contrast and affirm it to be nowhere else so rare.

The President of the Building Trades Department of the American Federation of Labor understands these facts. Not only does he confess them but he hammers them home at the annual conventions of the Federation. 'Our movement has lost the confidence and respect of the public,' he says. 'It must pledge a greater service. . . . We have for years allowed the conscienceless and hired disturber to lead us into preventable and unjustifiable strikes.' He proposes a 'small central agency' in which alone shall be vested the power to call strikes, a localization of authority. Comes then to view the fact that Mr. Donlin himself does not possess the authority of a real executive. He is powerless to initiate the reforms the necessity of which he concedes. He exposes and excoriates but achieves nothing tangible. For the great Federation is merely a loose aggregation of separate unities. It is a rope of sand. Actual power in all vital matters is lodged in and jealously guarded by the local organizations. In a careless moment Mr. Hugh Frayne confessed that the Federation itself has no effective authority, for 'each union is guaranteed its local autonomy.'

The country the last few years has had a rather liberal education in the coal industry. As the commerce of the United States is now conducted coal is a basic industry. The machinery for the production of anthracite consists of an operators' monopoly always at war and often in deadlock with a labor monopoly within the boundaries of one state and beyond the jurisdiction of the United States. The bituminous supply is distributed over many states, financed in hit-or-miss, free-for-all fashion, and incompletely unionized. Competition is intense, violence frequent, walkouts and lockouts are common, as

might be expected in so overdeveloped an industry. The United Mine Workers, affiliated with the Federation, have sought for years to complete the unionization of the bituminous fields. Open warfare several times has ensued. Shootings and dynamiting, the destruction of much property, armed marches, ambushes, the loss of many lives, belong in the record. The dearest wish of the United Mine Workers is to achieve somehow the control of the important nonunion fields in West Virginia and Kentucky.

It is difficult to avoid the conviction that John W. Lewis and his backers intend to establish a monopoly of all coal-mining labor. Anthracite exists only in Pennsylvania. Mining anthracite is skilled toil. A hard-coal mining force cannot be extemporized. The Pennsylvania certification laws make it practically impossible for any man not in the union to dig hard coal. Brawls and armed clashes between scabs and unionists do not occur in the anthracite region in strike-time, for the kind of labor necessary to mine anthracite cannot be imported. In the soft-coal fields the unions have the check-off — a device, galling to any business man no matter how friendly he may be to unionism, which compels him to collect at his own expense the dues, assessments, and fines imposed by the union upon its members, and to pay these sums over to the union treasury. Thus the union makes its financial position secure. The employer serves as the collection agency. The miners have no choice but to pay. If the check-off could be submitted to the union members themselves it is an open question if the majority would approve it — on a secret ballot.

Nobody knows what amounts thus are realized. It is known that the union paid \$400,000 for the destruction of the Willis Branch mine in West

Virginia and that in Illinois alone it raised \$875,000 as a Herrin 'defense fund.' Let us note in passing that the Coal Commission, having rendered the fairest and most dispassionate statement of the tragedy at Herrin that I have seen, goes on to add: 'All these charitable excuses furnish no justification for the brazen audacity with which subordinate officials and members of the United Mine Workers defended the crime and the criminals. That they were espousing the cause and defending the lawbreakers is further shown by the fact that they have since bought the mine where the tragedy occurred, and have paid therefor \$729,000.' The Fact Finding Commission also includes this most significant item in its analysis of the present situation: 'We believe that the Union is facing a critical transition period. It has gone through and won the struggle to become powerful. The challenge confronting it now is whether it can use great power in a responsible way to serve social ends.'

A striking example of conflict between union advantage and public interest appears in that extraordinary demonstration of the influence of railway labor which the country witnessed in war time when the leaders of the Brotherhoods held a stop watch over Congress and obtained the Adamson Law. These five unions, not affiliated with the American Federation of Labor, are considered the best organized, ablest managed, and most abundantly financed labor bodies in the world. In March 1916 they made their formal demands. The order of succeeding events was: negotiations, deadlock, strike vote under the referendum rule of these unions, further negotiations, another deadlock, intervention by the President, conferences at the White House, sending out a secret strike-order effective Labor Day, denial of the President's appeal for its withdrawal, notice

that the law must be passed by midnight of September 2 or the strike would start, and, at the President's behest, the hasty enactment of the required law barely in time to avert a national calamity of the first magnitude. I do not know whether the charge is true that the strike ballots read in such a way as to prevent the men from expressing their sentiments on the arbitration alternative. But I am sure that when the usually astute leaders of these five unions made the enormous blunder of ordering again a strike vote in September 1921 the president of one of the Brotherhoods left a sick-bed to tell the others that 'they were trying to kid the men into thinking they were voting on time-and-a-half by putting out a lot of camouflage,' and that he was prepared to send out 'a separate ballot that would tell the truth.'

The shop crafts and other unions affiliated with the Federation have persisted in opposing the reforms in the interest of economy and efficiency which were costing many millions a year. The National Agreements authorized by the Railroad Administration simply capitalized waste. All the tales of the ridiculous and extravagant practices prevalent in the building trades can be duplicated in the railway shops. Two years ago these agreements were abolished. The Labor Board directed the crafts and the roads to make individual agreements, the national rules to remain in force meantime. I am informed by railway presidents that the men obstructed the needed reforms in every possible way, a suggestive illustration of the difficulty of procuring labor reforms from inside the unions. What negotiation could not do the shop-crafts' strike of last year in some measure accomplished. The roads which substituted new men made new rules; one New England line now

has seven shop rules instead of one hundred eighty-one. But many of the roads that compromised with their striking employees find themselves almost as inextricably entangled as four years ago and have had to give additional increases in wages.

IV

Further to illustrate the tendency of unionism to defend limitation of production, I may cite the strike of two years ago in the ladies' cloak and suit trade of New York City. The issue was befogged at the time. The truculence of the spokesmen of the union was rather more than matched by the surprising ineptitude of the employers, who allowed a cause fundamentally just to go before the public so vaguely stated that the actual issue was generally misunderstood. The manufacturers were widely charged with violation of their agreement with the union; and they virtually sacrificed an unimpeachable cause by making the technical blunder which gave the unions their eagerly awaited excuse for declaring a general strike, and furnished the ground on which they went to court and enjoined their employers by that injunction process which always has been assumed to work both ways, although Capital often, and Labor rarely, has employed it. Thorough search by competent investigators brought to light no documentary evidence to substantiate various charges made by the unions, nor has it ever been shown that the employers intended to bring back the sweatshop. 'Autocratic fixing of prices by the employer' had disappeared from New York and for a long time a committee, chosen by his workers, had bargained with each employer in fixing rates for piecework. The real question in this intricate case was whether the industry must continue to

pay the boom wages of the 1920 'peak' for a notoriously inefficient production. The union objected both to decrease of wages and to increase of output. At the time of the strike a joint committee of employees and employers was seeking a way out of the seeming impasse.

That was a local clash, but the conflict involved a vital issue in all industry, that of adequate production for an accepted wage. Whether upon week-work or piecework, the prosperity of a business is bound up with commensurate output. A union that tolerates underproduction works to the detriment of its own members, for their welfare is interwoven with the prosperity of the industry. Competition is so keen in the manufacture of cloaks and suits that seemingly trivial money differences in labor costs decide whether Baltimore, Rochester, or New York shall make the goods and get the business.

The most recent and one of the most flagrant examples of labor-union indifference to the orderly processes which enable business, industry, and society in general to function is the strike of the newspaper pressmen of Manhattan and Brooklyn. Mr. Gompers himself declares that strike an 'awful blunder.' From Portland, Oregon, where the annual convention of the Federation was about to assemble, he telegraphed a long message which distinctly does him credit, asking: 'If plighted faith of organized Labor is given to an agreement with employers, or if, while negotiations to reach an agreement are pending, the members enter upon a strike, how can we expect any agreements to be reached between organized Labor and employers?'

It is an instructive tale, and a disquieting one. A new contract was in process of peaceful negotiation between the President and Directors of the International Printing Pressmen's and

Assistants' Union and the Publishers' Association. One vexed difference had just been amicably adjusted. A committee of Web Pressmen's Union No. 25 of New York City arranged to present this proposition to the union at a meeting called for Monday evening, September 17. The committee failed to keep the appointment, whereupon less than 300 pressmen of a union of 2000 members voted to strike, and at five minutes after midnight, an hour when the press-room of a metropolitan newspaper is a place of intense activity, all the pressmen, except some foremen and assistant foremen, quit work on practically every newspaper in Greater New York. Obviously an outlaw strike. A strike without notice and without presentation of any demands whatever. A strike in definite disloyalty to local and international union compacts. A strike illegal under the rules of the union itself. And a strike precipitated by the action of a hot-headed minority who seized upon a favorable opportunity at a routine meeting to 'put over' a treacherous action which may or may not have been plotted in advance. And for a week all the New York dailies carried the head 'The Combined New York Morning' — or 'Evening' — 'Newspapers,' with the name plates of all the papers affected in orderly array under these streamers, and each plant following its usual rules as to typography and make-up in other particulars.

Rarely has the country witnessed such an illustration of the reckless use of arbitrary power by a labor organization, for the assumed advantage of a few and to the enormous loss of millions of innocent men and women. Nobody ever will be able to compute the direct and indirect money loss of that strike, including wages of workmen, advertising revenues of employers, and portions of the trade of almost all the

business houses of the city, from the little shops to the theatres, the banks with bonds to sell, and the great department stores. Home-seekers went without apartments, job-seekers had no 'want ads' to scan. From one point of view the most serious damage to the public interest was caused by the lack of news. The highest function of a newspaper in a democracy is to supply the raw material for public opinion. The greatest city in the world for several days was comparatively destitute of that budget of world information which the public accepts quite as a matter of course. One sorry comfort the strike yielded — it was futile. The local lost its charter. Workmen were summoned from many outside cities, and forged telegrams sent out by the strikers failed to stop their coming. Reasonable methods did prevail — in the end. But the episode will long be remembered as an unprovoked interruption of the normal operation of a complicated mechanism under conditions that must prejudice the cause of collective bargaining in the estimation even of the most ardent advocates of trades-unionism.

The unions, true, number but a third of the wage workers of America. But they are a disciplined force, compactly organized, readily mobilized, functioning effectively. They occupy strategic positions through control of key industries, the Gibralters and Singapores of the industrial world. And how indifferent to public sentiment Labor often seems! No average American can read the pages in the final report of the Lockwood Committee upon conditions in the Jewish Bakers' Union in New York City without hot indignation. The chief official in a plumbers' union serves a term in the penitentiary, resumes his former office in defiance of public sentiment, and is named an arbitrator in jurisdictional disputes. The

Bridge and Structural Iron Workers relied upon violence to gain their demands, and of the thirty-seven men found guilty by the courts of dynamiting the plant of the *Los Angeles Times* eleven are 'now out of prison and back in the American Federation of Labor holding official positions with pay.' The pickets employed by a branch of the Federation in a New York theatre strike have Rogues' Gallery records. A member of the carpenters' union in an official report describes the new technique of strike violence—how professional thugs terrorize the scabs while the strikers look on from the side lines.

V

My object is not to marshal against Labor the charges that focus into a formidable indictment of unionism. I cite these facts to verify my opinion that the unions must be reformed. The ideal would be for Labor itself to perform this duty. The record, alas! justifies no hope that Labor will do so. The Federation had its golden opportunity when America emerged from the war. But the unions had no constructive programme to offer. They tolerate no interference by well-meaning outsiders; they have no use for trained and sympathetic intelligence not stamped with the union label. Their official periodical flatly says: 'Organized Labor does not want, does not need, and will not accept the kind of coöperation that these persons have offered. . . . It

will not be guided or interpreted except by itself.' The American Federation of Labor manifests no faintest glimpse of the splendid service it might render society as a whole and industry in particular. It is a fighting organization, devoted by its constitution to combat.

Final and just solutions of the problems of Labor and industry will not be won by industrial warfare. When the strike was the one recourse of the oppressed, and when society readily recognized the oppression from which Labor sought deliverance, the method of force was more amiably endured. Society tends to-day, and rightly, to hold that method archaic and intolerable, and perceives, moreover, that strikes are won only occasionally by the more needy groups of workers, while the powerful organizations plan their campaigns and deliver their blows with the skillful strategy of army commanders in war time. Moreover, if the strike be accepted as an established industrial weapon, additional groups will undertake to organize, until in the end we shall have such a struggle for existence and survival of the fittest as will imperil the finest institutions of American democracy. The responsibility for the discovery and the enforcement of methods of industrial adjustment that shall displace and replace the old ways of force rests alike upon Labor, Capital, and the public, but most heavily upon Labor. Some phases of that problem I hope to discuss in an early number of the *Atlantic*.

THE GREATEST LITTLE BOOK IN THE WORLD

BY A. EDWARD NEWTON

FOUR ardent Dickensians were seated about a long table; all were talking at once; there were no listeners. Listeners are not important — it is the talkers who make themselves heard. All four were collectors. Why should I not name them? To do so will 'give artistic verisimilitude' to an (otherwise) 'bald and unconvincing narrative.'

There was the host, Mr. William M. Elkins of Philadelphia, the owner of the most interesting 'Pickwick' in the world, the immortal book 'in parts as issued, with all the points,' as the old-book catalogues have it, given — part by part, as they appeared, with sundry inscriptions — to Mary Hogarth, Dickens's sister-in-law, until her untimely death caused the suspension of its publication, while its author recovered from the effects of the shock, and — but it would be fatiguing to refer to the items in Mr. Elkins's collection: let me say, in a word, that he has what is generally regarded as the finest Dickens collection in the world. There was, too, Judge John M. Patterson, President of the Dickens Fellowship, whose knowledge of first editions is exceeded only by that of another of the group, Mr. John C. Eckel, the author of a *Bibliography of Dickens*, as readable as it is accurate. There was also the writer of this paper, resembling in appearance, it is said, Mr. Pickwick himself, badly distanced in the race as a collector by these other men either longer of purse or fleetlier of foot than he.

The large room in which we were

sitting served as a living-room and library. Pause for a moment and think! What is living without a library? What is a library unless one lives in it? The walls were lined with open cases filled with rare books, and it needed only a glance to show that they had been assembled with great discrimination. Easy-chairs, placed with due regard to tables, with carefully screened lamps, seemed to invite one to read and rest; but, instead, a violent discussion was going on. It was on that old, old subject — Which is the best of Dickens's novels? 'Pickwick,' someone urged; then it was admitted that 'Pickwick' is not a novel. What is it? Certainly it is n't romance, or 'travels'! Finally it was agreed that it is in a class by itself, that there never has been a book like it; and just as it seemed as if all four were agreed that *David Copperfield* was Dickens's best novel, someone mentioned *A Tale of Two Cities*, which met with the objection that that was n't in Dickens's manner at all.

Then, above a voice urging *Bleak House*, someone was heard to say that *A Christmas Carol* was the greatest little book in the world. 'And if you think,' said the speaker, 'that is a "rather large order," name a greater!'

There was silence for a moment, and then a chorus of praise. It was the writer of this paper who made the all-embracing statement. He has the advantage of knowing only one — his mother — tongue; he was talking of books of to-day, not of great little

books of ages past; and he was talking with companions who were much too great Dickensians to challenge any statement in praise of the master.

Let there be no misunderstanding. I know all that can be said in dispraise of Dickens: that his characters are not real people, but personifications of virtue and vice and the whole range in between; that he wallows in sentimentality; that all is exaggeration; that eccentric characters pepper his pages; that his women are 'impossible,' and that his heroes wear side whiskers; that he himself had long, curly hair, perfumed, and greasy with macassar oil. I admit all this, and yet I am disposed to say that in the resplendent firmament of English literature there is only one name I would rank above his for sheer genius: Shakespeare. And I make this statement with the less hesitation for the reason that it passed unchallenged — was applauded almost — when I made it first several years ago, in London. But that story must begin a new paragraph.

That learned and kindly 'Wanderer in London,' E. V. Lucas, to avenge a fancied obligation, was giving me a dinner, and I was asked to say not only 'when,' but where — and who. I chose the Garrick Club and the guests, and on the appointed evening I found myself next to an old gentleman, one of the handsomest men in London, — he himself admits it, — Sir Squire Bancroft.

Well, after the cloth was removed and the nuts and wine appeared (how much more friendly than our custom of putting another lump of ice in the tumbler), we fell into our anecdotage, as men will, and Sir Squire challenged attention by saying, 'It was at a little dinner in this very room, more years ago than I like to remember, that I first met Charles Dickens.' To be sitting next to a man who had known

Charles Dickens, to hear anecdotes of him at first hand, was, for me, an unusual experience. Several other men then spoke of the great man, and when it came my turn to say something, or when I thought I could make myself heard, I boldly spoke of him as, next to Shakespeare, the greatest light in our literary heaven, expecting to precipitate a violent argument or at least a discussion. But nothing of the sort followed; on the contrary Augustine Birrell, that wise old bookman, seemed to acquiesce — and he is not always acquiescent; and the late Sir Walter Raleigh, the Oxford scholar, looked at me across the table as if the idea was not new to him.

But it is not my wish to start anything now. I just want to say a few seasonable words about *A Christmas Carol*.

Dickens had made his first trip to America and was engaged upon that study of selfishness, *Martin Chuzzlewit*, when it occurred to him to write a short story which was to make the world better and happier at Christmas time. The result was the 'little Carol,' as he affectionately called it. Its composition affected him in a most extraordinary manner: he roamed about London, as was his habit, thinking and talking to himself about it — and no one knew and loved London better than he; and none could describe it better, especially the streets on a winter's day, when the poor suffer; for while Dickens was a boisterous person, overflowing with animal spirits, the poor were always in his mind.

Bear with me while I sing the London streets in winter. Is there, can there be anything colder? The thermometer is not to be depended upon: with true British pluck the mercury keeps up appearances and declines to record the all-pervading dampness which freezes one to the marrowbones.

I know; for I have played at hide-and-seek in the fog with well-known landmarks for my playmates, — to keep myself from freezing, — and I am not especially fitted for the game; solitaire I could play better but for the exertion it entails.

But no one has written of a winter's day as has Dickens: listen a moment.

It was cold, bleak, biting weather: foggy withal. . . . The city clocks had only just gone three, but it was quite dark already: it had not been light all day; and candles were flaring in the windows of the neighboring offices, like ruddy smears upon the palpable brown air. The fog came pouring in at every chink and keyhole, and was so dense without, that although the court was of the narrowest, the houses opposite were mere phantoms. . . . It was piercing, searching, biting cold.

Such was the weather in London on that day before Christmas many years ago when Dickens elected to sing a carol which all the world has heard and which all English-speaking people join in singing. Dickens was a man of simple emotions: what did not move him to laughter moved him to tears; some things moved him to both at once. Of nature, in the ordinary acceptance of that word, he knew nothing, cared nothing. London was to him a vast field in which wild flowers grew, the children of the poor, and he gathered them by armfuls. He was a man without what we call taste and, like Shakespeare, he took little interest in either religion or politics, but he had an intense love for humanity. He did not write for the stage, but he wrote dramatically: in tragedy he was apt to be maudlin; in humor he was with the gods. The 'Carol' is Dickens in essence, for in it his love of humanity and his love of fun are all-embracing.

May I hum the first stanza of the 'Carol'?

Marley was dead: to begin with . . . as dead as a door-nail. Mind! I don't mean to say that I know, of my own knowledge, what there is particularly dead about a door-nail. I might have been inclined, myself, to regard a coffin-nail as the deadeast piece of ironmongery in the trade. But the wisdom of our ancestors is in the simile; and my unhallowed hands shall not disturb it, or the Country's done for. You will therefore permit me to repeat, emphatically, that Marley was as dead as a door-nail.

But I take it for granted that you can sing the 'Carol' as well as I can, and go on with my story.

It was published a few days before Christmas 1843; six thousand copies were sold the first day, and fifteen thousand more before there was the least sign of the demand slackening. Dickens was in high spirits and wrote to a friend, 'The "Carol" is the greatest success, I am told, that this ruffian and rascal has ever achieved.' But a minor note was struck when the financial reckoning came in. Its author had been led to expect a clear thousand pounds, whereas considerably less resulted. No care seems to have been taken to ascertain the cost of the publication, when the selling-price was fixed. It is Dickens's prettiest book, tastefully printed and well bound in cloth and gilt; but the illustrations were the chief cause of the trouble. In addition to four woodcut vignettes, engraved by the master hand of W. J. Linton, there were four full-page etchings from drawings by Leech, colored by hand. Such a book costs money to produce, and the retail price was fixed at only five shillings. Dickens was disgusted: it was his first and last experience with 'colored plates.'

It is permissible to refer to the original manuscript of the 'Carol.' Dickens gave most of the manuscripts of his novels to his friend and biographer,

John Forster, at whose death they passed to the British nation, and can be seen in the Victoria and Albert Museum; the manuscript of the 'Carol,' however, he kept himself, endorsing it, 'My own and only MS. of the Book,' followed by his well-known signature.

But a more impulsive, generous man than Dickens never lived: it was not long before the precious copy was bound and given to an old friend, Thomas Mitton, who, not fully appreciating his possession, sold it for fifty pounds! Subsequently it passed into the hands of a Mr. Churchill, who had every one of its sixty-six quarto pages photographed and reproduced in facsimile. Then, in the hands of a bookseller, it went to Birmingham; but it soon returned to London, and the price by now having advanced to three hundred pounds, it passed into the collection of Sir Stuart Samuel, who ultimately disposed of it to Pierpont Morgan, and it now rests in the shrine, frequently called a library, erected by that great man a few years before his death.

What is more fascinating than the manuscript of a book? In looking at a picture, we see a work of art, finished and complete, as its creator intended us to see it, but in looking at the photograph of a book, we see the mind of the master at work. We see how he obtained the effects which so thrill us, and can study the lights and shades as he applied them. Dickens was a rapid and clear penman, but in the excitement of composition he made so many corrections that most of his manuscripts are almost illegible except to one expert in reading his writing. The 'Carol' is far from being the chief literary treasure of Mr. Morgan's library, but it is an ornament to any collection, and when I held it in my hands, not long ago, I was told it was

one of the items that all visitors wish to see.

I have referred to the four full-page etchings from John Leech. I have the original drawing of one of these, and a fine one, the Last of the Spirits; but where are the remaining three? Who is the happy possessor of the best of them all, Mr. Fezziwig's Ball? the gayest little picture in all the world: it fairly exudes Christmas cheer. Who would not love to dance a Sir Roger de Coverley with Mrs. Fezziwig, 'one vast substantial smile'? I defy anyone to read the description of that Christmas party and not be a better man for the experience. It is a ripping piece of prose, seemingly written in jig time to the music of fiddles. It should be read — all of the 'Carol' should be read — aloud every year before Christmas, when it is cold without and warm within; and there should be children about, girls and boys, especially boys, wide-eyed boys like Pip in *Great Expectations*. The boy who is permitted to grow up without being 'read Dickens to' should bring a suit in equity against his parents, preferably before Lord Jeffrey, who has given it as his opinion that *A Christmas Carol* has done more good than all the pulpits in Christendom; and this judgment has been confirmed by the high court of public opinion. I like to think that Lord Jeffrey had in mind the best part of the 'Carol,' — if one part can be better than another, — the description of the Christmas dinner at Bob Cratchit's; throw aside this magazine and read it. Read it now. Was there ever such a goose or such a plum pudding? 'Everybody had something to say about it, but nobody said or thought it was at all a small pudding for a large family.'

It is just eighty years since the 'Carol' was given to the world, and it still remains a 'best seller.' It has

been translated into almost every language under heaven, though I am at a loss to understand its popularity in Chinese. In London, when it first appeared, people stopped one another in the street with the question, 'Have you read it?' and the answer was, 'Yes, God bless him, I have.' No one spoke more highly of it than Thackeray, except Tom Hood, who maintained that Dickens was inspired when he wrote it. Not long ago, at a sale of autographs, a letter of Stevenson turned up which read something like this: 'I don't know that I would recommend you to read the "Carol," because it is too much, perhaps. But oh, dear God, it is good — and I feel so good after it, and would do anything, yes, and shall do everything to make the world a little better. . . . I shall never listen to the nonsense people tell me about not giving money — I *shall* give money: not that I have n't done so always, but I shall give now with a high hand.'

That is the greatness of the 'Carol': it makes everyone want 'to make the world a little better' — that's the idea; and when everyone wants to do a thing, they usually do it.

Dickens gave Christmas a new meaning: from being merely a festival of the Church, kept to some extent by Church people, he made it a universal holiday, and he did this without in any way derogating from its sacred character. What an achievement!

We hear rather too much to-day that art has nothing to do with morals, and it is admitted that an obvious moral may spoil an artistic effect — but not in the 'Carol.' We, who know it by heart, hurry to get to the moral we know so well. When the Phantom shrinks, collapses, and dwindles into a bedpost, and Scrooge awakes and 'laughs a splendid laugh,' we laugh with him. He rushes to a window,

throws it open and calls to a boy outside: —

'What's to-day, my fine fellow?'

'To-day!' replied the boy. 'Why, Christmas Day.'

'It's Christmas Day!' said Scrooge to himself. 'I have n't missed it.'

How happy he is! How happy we are, too! It is not too late to make amends!

Dickens puts the moral plainly when he makes the ghost of Marley say in reply to Scrooge's 'You were always a good man of business, Jacob': —

'Business! — Mankind was my business. The common welfare was my business; charity, mercy, forbearance, and benevolence, were, all, my business. The dealings of my trade were but a drop of water in the comprehensive ocean of my business!'

It is such passages — and they abound in this, the loveliest of fairy tales — which justify the judgment which the world has passed upon this great little book.

The greatness of Dickens is only now beginning to be properly understood. Thousands of books have been written about him, most of them bad, very bad. Indeed, in the 'comprehensive ocean' of Dickensiana I know only two books which are thoroughly admirable. I refer to Chesterton's *Appreciations and Criticisms of the Works of Charles Dickens* and Gissing's *Charles Dickens, A Critical Study*. These men are, it seems to me, the forerunners of a new school of Dickens-appreciators.

The bibliography of the 'Carol,' John C. Eckel says, has just enough twists about it to make it interesting; but just as we collectors get one twist straightened out, somebody introduces a new one. We are agreed, I take it, that a few, a very few copies were issued with the title page printed in red and

green, with the date 1844, with yellow end-papers. These copies all have the chapter heading 'Stave I,' the numeral 'I' not spelled out, 'one,' as in the second issue. Such copies now fetch from four to five hundred dollars; but speaking by and large a man may be said to have a first edition of the 'Carol' if the title page is printed in red and blue, if, in addition to the numeral 'I,' his copy has the date 1843, with *green*, not *yellow*, end-papers — at an investment of, say, a hundred dollars.

But tell me, ye bibliographers, how it is that all the copies which Dickens himself gave away that Christmas have *yellow* end-papers? I have one, and I have examined a large number, and I have searched in vain for a presentation copy with green end-papers. Dickens presumably gave the books away on the day of publication; many of them are dated 'Nineteenth December, 1843.' It is admitted that 'Carols' with green end-papers are rarer than those with yellow end-papers, but I cannot see that that makes them earlier. Maybe we collectors have been fooling ourselves; but after all, what difference does it make? The important thing is that the book was written, and we have it.

It is said that twenty-four editions were published in its original form. Now, the copyright having long since expired, scarcely a year goes by without a new edition being announced. There are superbly illustrated, printed, and bound books made for the rich, and cheap editions made to sell for a penny to the poor, and both classes buy: its sale has run into the millions. But I have my own idea of the form in which the book should be read. It is admitted that a first edition, be the end-papers of what color they may, is too rare and costly to be read with comfort by the fireside, especially if, when one lays

it down for a moment, it may be picked up and carried off by some member of the family, unaware of its value. And equally I do not wish a sumptuous reprint. I have always resented the book being got up in modern fashion, however beautiful; nor should it be read in a large volume out of a 'set,' or expensively bound in leather. The first issues were all bound in red-brown cloth, with a gold stamp on the side, with gilt edges; and subsequent issues were bound in red, as more in the spirit of the season. So I should want my 'Carol' bound either in red-brown or holly-red cloth with gilt edges, and I would ask that it be in format as like as possible the little masterpiece which woke the world to its music just eighty years ago. Fortunately they are not difficult to find; several years ago the Atlantic Monthly Press made just such a book as I have in mind. It was an exact facsimile of the first edition; I was honored by being asked to write a brief introduction to it, and gladly did so. And last year, in England, another facsimile was made, the profits arising from the sale of which went to some benevolent book-trade society.

Such editions are and should forever be in demand, for the more *A Christmas Carol* is read, the more it becomes soiled and torn and dog-eared from reading, the better will be the world.

'Are you running a corner in "Christmas Carols"?' a friend once asked me, as he stood in my library facing a little cluster of books in red and red-brown cloth. 'No, not exactly,' I replied, 'but that is the greatest little book in the world. As a Dickens-collector, I am obliged to have all the early issues, and I always keep a few "spares" on hand for emergencies.' 'What would you call an emergency?' he inquired. 'Well,'

I answered, 'if I were to meet a man at Christmas time who had not read the book, I should consider that an emergency requiring immediate action.'

'Would you go so far as to give him a copy?'

'No; but I'd lend him one and not expect to get it back; it comes to the same thing.'

Of the reprint of the first edition I usually buy two copies at one time: one to read, the other to lend, when the time comes to read it — and it comes once a year.

I frequently find I have lent both copies, and I have to go out and buy another pair.

The 'Carol' is a tribute to the race and a glory to the man who wrote it. Its author turned more or less empty phrases into realities. 'Good will toward men,' for example, he took out of the clouds, brought it down to earth, and set it to work. What an achievement! When we say, 'Merry Christmas,' we are unconsciously quoting Charles Dickens, who attached to Christmas its modern habit of giving and forgiving. Had he written only the 'Carol,' on the basis of good accomplished he would have deserved his place in the Abbey Church of Westminster, where England lays her immortal sons.

ON THE MANLY VIRTUES¹

BY GRIFFIS MARSDEN

THERE is no weight of name behind these opinions, to give them momentum. If they go at all, it must be by their own impetus, for I am a person of no importance whatever.

Two things will be suspected before I am through, which might just as well be admitted and confirmed at once. I am not a man, and it is quite true that I have been by turns amused and irritated by man's insistent efforts to compare the two sexes as supporters of civilization and, more especially, as artists; amused because he has been so nagging and uneasy about the whole subject; irritated because even when, like Mr. Traquair, he has told the truth, he has told such an extremely small part of it.

¹ 'Women and Civilization,' by Ramsay Traquair, the *Atlantic*, September 1923.

It is impossible not to wonder at times what can be the source of this constant attempt on man's part to classify and discuss us. Even Mr. Traquair has not denied that women are analytical, yet they have allowed men to retain a decent privacy as to their spiritual and emotional processes. There is no great flood of female writing on the subject of masculine psychology; and the march of English authoresses coming over to write and to lecture upon American manhood has not yet started. It seems unlikely that it will start; the mere idea is too ridiculous. We have borne it very patiently, in silence for the most part, save for an occasional feeble protest, like this one of mine. We have smiled, we have read, we have listened; we have gone without our lunch, if necessary, to buy the

magazines exploiting our more or less negative charms and our very positive failings. Are men so bitterly dissatisfied with us that they must dwell upon our weaknesses in the hope of effecting a reform? Or dare I suggest that they are merely worried?

Now comes a Canadian to tell us that we are not great artists, that we are not philosophers, or scientists, or religious leaders, or builders of big business. He tells us that we are more practical than men, that we are more material, that we are less mystical, that above and beyond all we are infinitely inferior as artists. All of this is perfectly true. A few gallant men will perhaps withhold their affirmation, but only a very foolish woman would attempt to deny the statement. It is quite true, and Mr. Traquair has been both clever and courageous in the saying of it. It is only with his failure to tell all that I quarrel. In all probability he told all he knew. But there is a great deal more.

As he has obviously written from the academic point of view, I shall attempt to use the academic manner, though in doing so I shall probably fail, as it is a manner repugnant to me.

Mr. Traquair has been misled by a syllogism. Shall we repeat it for him? He says:—

(1) The fine arts are the product of imagination, intuition, and the abstract qualities.

(2) Women are markedly inferior to men in the production of great works of art.

(3) Women are therefore inferior to men in imagination, intuition, and the abstract qualities.

If Mr. Traquair cannot see the hole in this argument, surely any of his colleagues in the department of English can point it out to him. If, in the effort to make his syllogism watertight, he should recast it,—

(1) The production of works of art is the sole and the inevitable outlet for the attributes of imagination, intuition, and the abstract qualities.

(2) Women have been almost negative in the field of art, whereas men have produced all the masterpieces.

(3) Women are therefore inferior to men in imagination, intuition, and the abstract qualities,—

if he should rewrite it so, I think that almost anyone with eyes not yet enfeebled by the dimness of university lighting could point out to him the fallacy in his major premise.

Great statues, great symphonies, great paintings, and great poems are not the only channels for the outlet of imagination and intuition, and if women have not made signal achievements in these fields, it is not because they have lacked these virtues. It is rather because, quite unabashedly, they are vastly more interested in the art of living than in the art of expression.

And, in saying that, I have said all. But in case some violently sex-conscious man should be unable to see the point, I shall explain it ahead of time.

A man's loyalty, if he is an artist, is to his muse; a woman's is first of all to the human beings whom she loves. She merits neither praise nor blame for this. It is simply her nature, and only at great risk to herself can she attempt to change it. The woman is rare indeed who will not harness Pegasus if there be need of going to market to bring home the family bread. The necessity may sicken her, but it will not break her heart. She is quite aware that she has made a free choice, and that in securing comfort for those dear to her she has merely been gaining happiness for herself. So clear is the issue in her own mind that generations of ridicule and censure have been unable to shake her position.

And let it be admitted at once that

at this business of harnessing Pegasus she is infinitely more skillful than her brother. When you read a man's books, or see his pictures, or listen to his music, whether the product is good or bad, you may usually be certain that it is his best. But with a woman you are never sure. She may, with a twinkle in her eye, be quite brazenly writing or painting down to you, with a definite motive in the back of her head — a college education, perhaps, for little son, or music lessons for daughter.

All this will seem to prove Mr. Traquair's contention that women are more material than men, and it probably does. Certainly they are, if materialism is the antithesis of mysticism. Women are by no means mystical. If, however, it is to be compared with idealism, the issue is not so clear; there is a nice little question of idealism here, and the conflicting opinions of, say, a Tolstoy and a Jane Addams might be illuminating.

There is another point, obvious enough but apparently unrecognized, which has been mentioned before by two or three women; but so mild has been their protest, that men have either forgotten it or felt safe in ignoring it. A woman positively has not the power of taking for herself, ruthlessly, the time, the quiet, and the leisure necessary for the creation of a masterpiece. If the living creatures for whom she feels responsible, — and her sense of responsibility goes far, — are ill, or unhappy, or overworked, or in trouble, she cannot shut herself up and turn all her energies to the production of a work of art. It is simply impossible. There may be times when she would do it if she could, but she cannot — not unless she is a monster, and of course a monster is never an artist. Should she attempt it, should she lock her door and close her ears, her imagination — what vestige of it Mr. Traquair has

left to her — would immediately be busy with the human problems she had tried to leave behind her. She would have none left to give to art. Her mind would work in circles, until she had first gone out and settled the affairs of her household. By that time would she have much creative freshness left? Would any man?

But here exactly is the difference. A man may turn his back upon the creatures dearest to him; he may leave them in pain, in despair, in misery, in dirt; he may shut his door and give his attention to his chosen work without being a monster. He may do it and still remain the tenderest, the kindest of sons, or husbands, or fathers. Normal human beings have a habit of living up to what is expected of them, and it is expected of a man that he do his work and provide for his family. Consequently, in most cases, he does it. If the channel of his provision is business, he will work early and late at the office if need be; if it is art, then his first energy goes to art, and who would dream of blaming him? To be sure, there are cases where men have both forgotten and forsaken their families to follow their muse. They — and I will call them exceptions — have carried my initial argument much further than I myself would dream of pushing it.

A woman, too, in the daily choice that she is forced to make, is simply fulfilling what is expected of her. She shall make her husband comfortable; she shall care for her children; she shall, if it is humanly possible, achieve happiness for any or all of the living creatures of whom she is fond or for whom she feels responsible. Well and good; she proceeds to do it. If there is any energy left at the end of the day, then it is permitted her to paint a picture or to write a novel. It is to her everlasting credit, I should say, that

under these circumstances the quality of her work has been as high as it is. Is it likely that men, under the same restrictions, would have done better?

At this point it is impossible not to remember the thousands of women who are engaged in work other than domestic, and to wonder why their success has been greater in executive than in artistic fields. But the reason, after all, is simple. It is somewhat difficult to be, at the same time, creatively intuitive in more than one direction. A worried or a heartsick woman may more easily run a typewriter for someone else than write a poem for herself. An overzealous club-woman is much more likely to neglect her children for civic welfare work than for sculpture. Seeing a vast amount of work to be done in the world, she tries to do some of it, even if her private affairs are pressing. But art, in her estimation, would be a personal luxury for herself which she would have no right to unless her personal duties were first performed. A woman can be executive even though her mind and heart are very busy in another place. No one can be creative unless his imagination and intuition are strongly centred on the thing created.

Mr. Traquair has noted the fact that in literature women have achieved more creditably than in the other arts. Surely he must know the reason. It is because writing may more readily be sandwiched in between domestic duties; because it may more easily be tucked into spare moments; because it is more possible to make of it a 'part-time job.' It is also true that literature is somehow closer to the human living that is a woman's chief concern; nevertheless, her comparative success in it is due first of all to the fact that it does not so ruthlessly demand of her an irrevocable choice. With literature she compromises a little, always taking care, of

course, that it never comes first. In the really great feminine careers of history there has been no compromise. Be sure that Joan of Arc did not leave little children behind her when she went from her fields to lead the armies of France; and Queen Elizabeth had no family to interfere with her achievements.

Our Canadian friend may argue that, if genius did indeed burn very brightly, women would not be content with a compromise. They would give everything to art (and if I constantly speak of art it is only because that has been the point of the sharpest attacks; the same considerations would apply to women's share in science, business, or religion); they would grasp art firmly; and, fundamentally unable to place humanity second, they would simply strike humanity out of their scheme altogether. But we do not expect this drastic measure from a man. He is allowed the compensation of domesticity for his lighter moments; or, if he does not care for domesticity, he is at least allowed a compensation. He is not expected to devitalize himself in order to become an artist. Those of us with any insight, or foresight, or even ordinary sight, realize perfectly that, if he devitalizes himself, he cannot be an artist.

Do not regard this picture as too pitiful. Women are not patiently sacrificing themselves for the preservation of the race. They are doing the thing that they prefer to do, and they deserve no compassion for their choice. They are infinitely more interested in the art of living than in the art of expression. But let it not be forgotten that both living and expression are arts, and that the one calls for as large an amount of intuition, imagination, idealism, and finesse as the other. If, having achieved a reasonable success in one, a woman turns the remainder of her

attention to the other, she should not, I think, be too sharply criticized if in the more spectacular profession her achievement is less glittering than her brother's.

This was not meant to be a debate. I have no wish to be cheaply controversial. But there are two minor points which, with that traditionally feminine concern for small matters, I cannot pass.

First, Mr. Traquair says: —

The scientist is concerned with pure knowledge only. He neither knows nor cares what use man may make of his researches. They may end in supplying bandits with bombs and motor-cars, or in supplying armies with poison gas; his business is simply to investigate nature, so far as he can, and to tell the truth, as it appears to him. He is not aware of consequences, or of utility, in so far as he is a scientist.

The philosopher similarly is concerned with pure thought. His thought, when published, may result in a revolution, but he is not concerned with this. The scientist and the philosopher have no concern with the application of their knowledge; the one investigates matter, the other thought, in the search for pure knowledge.

In the light of his own paragraphs, can Mr. Traquair still claim that imagination and intuition are exclusively manly virtues? Perhaps they are; it is not for me to say. But I can assure you that no woman could prepare a bomb, mental or chemical, without being keenly aware of its ultimate use. Her imagination and her intuition would be extremely busy around that phase of it from the first.

And, lastly, is it not permissible to ask Mr. Traquair where, in the immaculate Asiatic civilization that has been preserved intact from woman's materializing influence, are the masterpieces of art, music, and science which, in the light of his thesis, we have a

right to expect in their highest perfection? Mysticism there is, admittedly, and abstraction; but would he go so far as to advocate abstraction for abstraction's sake?

This is not a debate. I am not disputing any facts, however much I may be inclined to quarrel with their alleged causes. I am merely trying to complete Mr. Traquair's argument because he gave only half of it, and because I think he is not quite at home in the field of a *posteriori* reasoning.

And I should like to ask, out of a real respect for pure thought and pure knowledge, that there be less careless thinking on the subject of feminine psychology and achievement, and still more urgently that there be vastly less talk. If men will not help us, if they will not voluntarily make things easier for us, as for centuries we have made things easier for them; if they will not give us the sympathy, or comprehension, or encouragement that would speed our progress along the shining way, can they not at least remove the searchlight for a little time, and let us, gropingly if need be, find our own road to grace? They will never give us leisure, I suppose; won't they please allow us a little privacy—privacy to work out our own artistic processes in our own way? A watched pot, you know, never boils.

We may be flattered by the position thrust upon us in the centre of the stage; we are interested, sometimes complacent, and always secretly amused. But we are intensely curious. We cannot understand why men should be so much more concerned with us than we *seem* to be with them. Perhaps some man will give an answer similar to that of the gallant sea-captain when asked why men, unlike women, never kissed each other. 'It is,' he said, 'because men have something better to kiss.'

OUR CHANGING JOURNALISM

BY BRUCE BLIVEN

I

IN so far as the public takes any interest at all in the welfare of the press, it is usually concerned only about newspaper morals. A journalist who goes abroad among people of other occupations is subjected to an almost continuous barrage of inquiries as to the ethical state of his profession:—

Do you suppress news at the command of the big advertisers?

Is it true that editorial writers are usually Socialists, who give expression to conservative ideas under pain of dismissal?

How much of the foreign news is just made up out of whole cloth in the newspaper office?

The morals of journalism are certainly interesting and important; but to centre attention on them, regarding them as something fixed and static, the result of willful wickedness on the part of capitalist owner and subservient editor, is to miss the most important part of the picture. For journalism, like so many other things, is in a state of flux. It is changing; and these changes are producing a situation of far more vital concern to the people than the one matter of 'morality,' important though that is.

I hardly need point out that the most extensive alterations in civilization — and certainly the most rapid — are those which result from mechanical invention. It is at least open to question whether the world-shattering Darwinian theory, in the sixty-odd years

since it was announced, has wrought as important changes as have been produced in two decades by the automobile. I suppose no one will deny that the invention of the steam engine was, in the long run, the largest single factor in producing the Great War. The men who have had the greatest actual influence on their fellows have always been the inventors, from Gutenberg, through Watt, to Edison and Henry Ford.

Journalism is to-day a particularly good example of an institution which is altering in all its characteristics because of mechanical progress. In order to see these changes in their proper perspective, it is necessary to go back for a moment to the conditions which existed half a century earlier.

Fifty years ago it was the general rule, even in the large cities, that the editor was owner as well, or at least possessed of a substantial part-interest. He wrote many of the editorials, inspired the rest, and showed his dominating personality in every part of the paper, including the news columns. Advertising was so small in volume that it was of minor importance in shaping editorial policy. Though the Civil War had brought the telegraph into widespread use for transmitting news, papers were still produced slowly and carefully. Reporters took as much time as was necessary to gather their facts, and then wrote their copy in longhand.

There was plenty of vulgar journalism even then: it is a delusion of newspapermen born since 1885 that vulgarity was invented by Mr. Pulitzer and Mr. Hearst. But, in the main, papers were a laborious and fairly leisurely product. The reporter had been an eyewitness of what he described; and he was encouraged — as is very rarely the case to-day — to use the best English he could produce, to create a genuine 'literary' effect if he were capable of it.

The writing was, on the average, not only good, but honest. The editor-owner wrote what he believed and printed what he chose. Syndication of material of any sort lay in the future; the whole paper, except a small volume of telegraphic news and the 'lifted' matter (reprinted from other journals), was produced in one office. The editor might, as did Colonel Nelson, the famous editor of the *Kansas City Star*, express his personality even in the selections he made from the exchanges. In short, the newspaper of those days was essentially a personal, human, and local product.

II

This in 1870. What of 1923?

I have no wish to utter a jeremiad; but it would also be foolish to palliate a condition as familiar to my readers as to myself. To-day the character of journalism has been altered by a series of mechanical inventions: the telephone, high-speed rotary presses, stereotyping, typesetting machines, color presses, rotogravure, the electric-telegraphic typewriter. Allied to these is a series of institutional developments: an enormous increase in the bulk of advertising, greatly enlarged circulations, universal use of syndicated material, 'chain' newspapers in various cities under common ownership. These

several factors work together to produce a number of important results, which I will catalogue briefly.

First, the ascendancy of the afternoon over the morning paper (because papers live on advertising, advertising is directed at women, and women have more leisure in the evening than earlier).

Second, a consequent premium put on haste, which means that the news is more and more presented in fragmentary, 'skeletonized,' and often garbled form.

Third, an increasing use of pictures, which have been found to appeal to large numbers of people who are almost illiterate, but possess the buying power which the advertiser seeks.

Fourth, with a few conspicuous exceptions, a continuing degeneration and flabbiness of journalistic English. This is primarily due to haste, facilitated by the use of the typewriter, and secondarily to the use of the telephone, because of which the man who writes is less and less often the man who has personally seen.

Fifth, a steady tendency to condense news articles into mere tabloid summaries. This is due to the great increase in the physical volume of advertising, and the desire nevertheless to hold down the bulk of the paper.

Sixth, a wider and wider use of syndicated material, so that newspapers all over the country are partly identical from day to day in their contents. This is true not only of telegraphic news, obtained from one of the three great news-gathering associations, but of 'feature' articles, drawings, even editorials. To-day this process is being extended to the local news, through the development of coöperative systems of gathering and distributing at least the routine items in each municipality.

Seventh, the great invested capital

and earning power of a successful paper to-day. Because of this fact—the result of the increase in advertising—ownership has slipped out of the hands of the editor, whose type of mind is rarely compatible with large business dealings, and has passed to that of wealthy individuals or corporations. This means that, in the overwhelming majority of cases, the editorial attitude of the paper reflects the natural conservatism of these ‘capitalistic’ owners, or is of a wishy-washy type which takes no vigorous stand on any subject.

Eighth, the passing of rivalry from the editorial to the business office. Since the textual contents of newspapers are so largely identical, there is no longer the fierce editorial rivalry which formerly inspired the journalist to seek constant improvement in his paper. Instead, rivalry has been transferred to the business and circulation departments. The chief journals of each city struggle hard for the coveted post of leader in volume of advertising. Circulation men fight to the death for every last hundred subscribers. Unfortunately, their race for added sales is reflected editorially in the production of journals which more and more represent, not an editor's notion of a good paper, but a circulation manager's notion of a good seller.

These developments need only to be mentioned for their importance to be realized. There are others, however, which lie somewhat deeper beneath the surface and are still equally vital.

III

Since so much of the editorial matter is nowadays produced at secondhand, either written from telephoned description, rewritten from telegraphed matter, or prepared in other cities for syndicate distribution, it is increasingly hard for even an honest and conscien-

tious editor to keep his columns free from the taint of propaganda. This problem is augmented by the increasing use of press agents by persons or institutions wishing to get into—or keep out of—print. Formerly it was possible for reporters to come into direct contact with the executive heads of the great industrial corporations which are such an important source of news. To-day they interview the ‘counselor on public relations,’ who hands out a mimeographed statement, or answers queries with monosyllables which reveal a pretended or genuine ignorance. These same corporations are also increasingly heavy buyers of display advertising space. This is sometimes due to a legitimate desire to increase the amount of business done; but it is also to some extent an attempt to bulldoze or cajole the paper into a ‘friendly’ editorial attitude—an attempt which is in too many cases successful.

Even the small-town press is not immune from these dangerous efforts to poison the stream of public opinion at its source. Mechanical invention has reached down to the smallest country weekly, with devices which result in lessened control by the editor of his own columns. Of these there are two of first importance—‘patent insides,’ and ‘boiler plate.’

‘Patent insides’—called by their manufacturers ‘ready-print’—are paper sheets which come to the country publisher with one side vacant and the other already covered with editorial matter and advertising. The local editor supplies his own material for the vacant space, and delivers to his subscribers what appears to be an eight-page paper, though it has in reality only four pages of local matter. He receives no payment for the advertising in the ‘patent inside,’ and has no control over its editorial matter. If the

proprietor of the service should choose to accept material from propagandists for use in the guise of legitimate editorial matter, there is no way to prevent it.

'Boiler plate,' a not dissimilar device, is syndicated editorial matter, which is furnished to the country papers already cast into plates, usually one column wide and twenty inches deep. These are cut up into any desired length and used in the local pages of small weeklies and dailies, either as 'filler' or as legitimate news. It is, of course, more difficult to secure the publication of propaganda as 'boiler plate' than as 'patent insides,' since the country editor may read over the former in advance and reject whatever he pleases. To overcome this, people with an axe to grind are in the habit of sending out their 'boiler plate' free of charge, in the hope that motives of economy will induce the editor to print it.

The propagandist has been aided by other developments of the past few years. The general use of the linotype and monotype, even in small country offices, has made typesetting so rapid and easy that it has facilitated the movement toward papers of larger bulk than before, even though, as I have said, the average length of the individual item is decreasing. Newspaper offices are therefore flooded with an enormous mass of publicity matter. It comes from uplift, reform, and welfare organizations, from banks, theatrical managers, and politicians, from farmers' organizations, labor unions, book and magazine publishers, railroads, steamship companies, high-tariff enthusiasts, low-tariff advocates, schools and colleges, from monetary reformers, religious organizations, and a host of others. Some of this comes in mimeographed or printed form, some as boiler plate, and much in the form of matrices

(a matrix being a mould of a substance like papier-mâché, into which molten metal is poured to produce a casting for the press). This last form is particularly desirable to the propagandist, for two reasons: because the editor cannot change the material by a syllable, except by sawing off the end, and because it is possible to include pictures, which are reproduced as readily and perfectly as type.

Indeed, the clever press-agent long ago took note of the rapidly increasing popularity of illustrations, and exploits it to the top of his bent. The theatrical publicity man, or the 'personal representative' of a near-statesman who is toiling painfully up the ladder of fame, is just as well pleased to secure publication of a picture without an article as vice versa — though of course his preference is for both at once.

IV

The development of syndication has coincided with, and in part caused, another tendency in present-day journalism, which seems to me the most important of all: the common ownership by one man or corporation of a number of papers in various cities.

In the old days an editor, no matter how able, produced his influence for good or evil chiefly within the geographical limits of a certain city (though there were, of course, exceptions like Horace Greeley, whose political views were followed throughout the nation). To-day, one man may own an unlimited number of papers scattered from coast to coast, identical as to their telegraphic news, their 'features,' many of their important editorials; and identical in policy even in their handling of local news. A newspaper proprietor may thus influence the nation profoundly, not merely by his views on questions of general concern, but by his

personal standards of taste. It is true that in the long run the public is itself responsible for the sort of journalism it gets, since every paper exists by its favor and no publisher dares permit himself the luxury of producing a journal better than the people care to buy. But it is also true that, once the ear of the public has been obtained, there is a wide range of option available to the editor as to what he shall say into it. There are honest and dishonest papers which have equally wide circulation.

William Randolph Hearst is of course the outstanding example of the 'chain' newspaper proprietor. His papers in New York, Boston, Washington, Chicago, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Atlanta, Detroit, and other cities, are replicas of one another. Every important editorial appears in all of them simultaneously, and, theoretically at least, reaches within twenty-four or thirty-six hours fully one fourth of all the homes in the United States. Not only is this true, but Mr. Hearst sells his various features to independent newspapers in cities where he is not yet represented. Arthur Brisbane's daily column, for instance, appears in more than sixty papers. The Hearst telegraphic news services are sold to hundreds of journals, as are his syndicated cartoon strips, the work of his large corps of professional humorists, his daily advice to the lovelorn, his serials for women.

This syndication makes it possible for Mr. Hearst to pay salaries which are far beyond the means of the single newspaper. Among not only his employees but those of competing syndicates, salaries of \$50,000 or \$60,000 for authors and cartoonists are not uncommon, while a few go well beyond the \$100,000 mark. This results in semimonopolistic control, if not of the best journalistic brains, at least of the

most popular; and increases the difficulty faced by the isolated newspaper seeking to survive in competition with the member of a chain.

The power of the syndicate also makes it possible to start a new paper at minimum expense, and with a virtual guaranty of success. Mr. Hearst, for instance, has recently followed the plan of entering a community with a Sunday paper only. It consists of the magazine features of the Sunday New York *American*, a paper the popularity of which is attested by the fact that it has attained a circulation of 1,100,000, the largest in America, at ten cents a copy, in the face of keen competition from papers all of which sell for less. To these features from New York is added a small section of local news, prepared by a handful of inexpensive reporters; and the result is a paper which is virtually certain to reach a large circulation in a short time. Local advertising, naturally, follows the circulation; and in a few months a daily edition may be added.

The potential dangers of this development seem to the writer so serious that it is almost impossible to state them without appearing to take an absurdly alarmist view. This is not merely because of Mr. Hearst's personality; the Scripps-Howard chain of workingmen's evening papers is growing as fast as is his, and despite its publishing a great mass of trivial, sensational matter, has an excellent liberal editorial policy. Regardless of editorial attitude, to have so large a proportion of the country's press in the hands of two or three men or corporations seems to me a menace in itself. It is more serious than the hold of the Northcliffe papers on Great Britain ever was, even during the life of their founder; for the Northcliffe journals, after all, were virtually a London product, limited in revenue by the volume

of business to be secured in that city, while syndicate journalism in America can draw huge profits from each of a score — or a hundred — cities, using them to buy up or destroy competition, and growing ever stronger in the process.

The specific danger, of course, is the lowering of our national intellectual standards. Journalism under the conditions outlined becomes ever more a quantitative, less a qualitative product. Newspaper profits are all derived from advertising; a publisher thinks himself fortunate if the reader's pennies meet the cost of the white paper. He pays all other expenses, and derives all profits, from advertising-revenue. But advertising is increasingly dependent upon bulk circulation. There are still papers which talk about 'quality' and the high buying power of the individual subscriber, but they are in a dwindling minority. So far as daily newspapers are concerned, purchasing power and discriminating intelligence by no means necessarily go hand in hand in this republic. There are classes in the community, especially in the cities, which are barely literate, and yet provide an excellent market for phonographs, automobiles, radio sets, and fur coats. Competition among newspapers therefore becomes, as I have observed, more and more a race for the largest possible circulation, secured by fair means or foul. Mostly, from the viewpoint of this discussion, they are foul.

Illustrations bring more readers than text; and therefore we have 'picture papers,' such as the New York *Daily News*, which has grown more rapidly than any paper in the United States. Sensation is more popular than sobriety. The mass public prefers scandalous gossip to intelligent discussion of economic and social problems. It wants chitchat about the personal habits of a President, but

refuses to read his state papers. And more than anything else, it wants endless square yards of comic strips, of Neolithic execution, Cro-Magnon morality.

V

While mechanical progress is thus strengthening the arm of inferior journalism, it is also developing, in at least two fields, products which many persons believe will seriously cripple, if they do not supplant, the daily press. These are the motion picture and radio.

Among motion-picture men a belief is common that the news reels which are now a standard feature in every cinema theatre will some day take the place of the daily paper. They point out that editorials may be thrown on the screen in the form of captions, that animated drawings are an obviously superior form of cartoon strips, that advertisers can exhibit their wares far more appealingly on celluloid than on paper. They expect that electric transmission of pictures by wire or wireless, already experimentally accomplished, will soon be a practical reality, so that Yokohama burning this morning may be seen on the New York screens to-night. It will not be necessary, they think, to go to a theatre for this cinematographic journalism. Already, home projection-machines may be purchased at the price of a good phonograph, and paper 'film' has recently been perfected, which costs only a fraction of the price of other forms, and is literally and completely noninflammable.

The grounds for expecting radio to supplant the newspaper are better. Radio transmission is really instantaneous, while the motion picture is still at least twelve hours slower than the printed page. From its beginning, radio has gone directly into the home;

and almost from the beginning, it has transmitted a respectable budget of news — crop and weather reports, price quotations, baseball scores and the like. Speeches by the President and other important persons are now broadcast as a matter of course; and such happenings as World's Series baseball games and prizefights are the subject of a running account from the press-box which is heard, supposedly, by radio listeners in numbers mounting to millions.

Two obstacles exist, however, which seem to me to bar both radio and film as a substitute for the newspaper — at least until they have been radically altered by supplementary inventions which seem, to the finite mind, almost impossible.

The first of these, which applies less to the radio than to the motion picture, is portability. A large majority of all urban workers (who constitute in general the newspaper-reading class) are carried to and from their place of employment on street-cars or trains, and read as they ride. It is hardly likely that a carload of people would consent to a common budget of news from a single loud-speaking radio receiver or projection machine; and individual devices present grave difficulties, especially under the conditions of congestion which usually prevail in such conveyances.

The second obstacle, still more serious, is that of selection. No one wants to read every word of his newspaper; and few have the leisure, even if they have the inclination. The *New York Times* could not be absorbed in less than four or five hours. The present writer, who for professional reasons needs to make sure that he has noted every important fact in that paper, reads with average rapidity and yet takes an hour and a half a day for the process. With either radio or motion

picture, it is almost impossible to 'skip.' The broadcasting station might offer various classes of news at various wave-lengths; but only a few of these are available, and it would still be impracticable to select among items of the same sort. It is also, of course, impossible to preserve for reference news items of particular importance.

In so far as either of these media supplements the newspaper, however, it does not retard, but encourages the development toward slipshod thinking, sensationalism, and vulgarity. The motion picture has the vices of the illustrated daily: it presents only those elementary ideas which can be translated into pictorial terms. Also, it does the work of thinking for the spectator, who has only to submit himself to a sort of mental massage, which is highly enervating when used in excess. It is peculiarly susceptible to use by propagandists, and, even in its present development, has been subjected to their influence.

As for the radio, its tendency is to abolish good writing altogether. Its news reports are mere hastily dictated eyewitness accounts, without any attempt at careful composition, or any opportunity for second thought. An overwhelming majority of its educational and 'inspirational' addresses at present are inconsequential stuff, not worth an intelligent man's time. The protesting letters which the editor will receive when this statement appears in print will of course cite a long list of distinguished speakers; but I think those who have listened will agree that in general my statement is true.

It seems to me useless, therefore, to hope for any improvement in the status of journalism from these substitutes for the printed page. The battle must be fought on existing ground, good papers winning in competition with bad ones.

Unfortunately, the recent history of the press seems to prove conclusively that there is a Gresham's Law in this field: the debased coinage drives the true metal out of circulation. To be sure, there are facts to be cited in opposition. Honorable and intelligent journalism of the type represented by the *New York Times* and *World*, the *Christian Science Monitor*, and a few other papers, not only still exists but does well. Never were greater pains taken than by these journals to lay before their readers (usually thankless and indifferent) an accurate and complete picture of the world they live in. But these are isolated cases, usually the result of an outstanding personality, a man determined to produce a good paper whether it pays or not. The tendency is the other way. Not only do the papers owned by Mr. Hearst and his spiritual kinsmen flourish and increase, but they are imitated far and wide — and generally the copyist, lacking Mr. Hearst's real genius, succeeds only in catching the vulgarity, and redoubles it.

What is 'to be done' about it? It is, of course, idle to suppose that the wheels of progress can be halted merely because part of the people feel that they ought to be; or that, by taking

thought, we can secure a return to the higher standards of leisure, accuracy, and intelligence which marked the newspaper of a generation ago. Syndication, standardization, and speed are here to stay. Vulgarity may or may not be a permanent characteristic.

It is possible, of course, that the reading public may in time become satiated with its 'highly perfumed garbage.' There are newspapermen who believe that the vulgar press creates readers for papers of a better class, just as the possessor of a phonograph is sometimes led on from jazz to grand opera.

It is possible also that improving general education may increase the circle of discriminating readers to an extent larger than can now be foreseen. Certainly much could be accomplished if the leaders of thought in every community would abandon their present laissez-faire attitude toward journalism, would demand higher standards, and practice sabotage upon the inferior papers by refusing to read them. In general, however, there is no present evidence that optimism is justified. The utmost we have the right to expect, is that the country may be brought to realize in what direction its press is moving, and with what speed.

THE DONKEYMAN'S CHRISTMAS

BY ARTHUR MASON

I

THE crew on the windlass labored with panting breath.

'Fifteen fathoms in the hawsepipe; heave, men, heave!' encouraged the mate.

Aft, and towering over the captain, stood the red-headed donkeyman, new aboard the four-masted schooner Mary Kent.

'It's me repitation ye'd roon,' he shouted; 'yez towld me what a foine donkey yez had; wit the shteam spluttering through her auld sieve of a boiler! Shure'n the eccenthric head's cracked, the friction gear's gone, the injector's corroded. It's a danger she is to the ship and the min!'

The captain stood nervously smoking the butt end of a cigar. He held it impaled on a toothpick, so short it was.

'You're a mechanic,' he said sarcastically.

'I am that,' retorted the donkeyman; 'me father before me was as foine a wan as iver lipped a rivet. Me name is Dinnis Fay, I'd have yez undershtand — Dinnis Fay.'

'You're a beach-comber,' shouted the captain. 'I'm paying you five dollars more than the crew, for what? You don't seem to know enough about the donkey to heave up the anchor.'

'You're a liar,' yelled Fay; 'annything that'll hiss or whistle I can run; you're —'

'The anchor is up and down, sir,' called the mate from the forecastle head.

'Get sail on her,' answered the captain. 'You go ahead and repair the donkey,' he said, turning to the donkeyman.

'I will not, surr, and that's flat. You're paying me to dhrive her, not to make a new wan out of her. Put me ashore or I'll have the law on yez.'

The captain's bony body seemed to contract in meditation. Donkeymen would not stay on the Mary Kent. Being master and owner, the thought of paying for repairs on the donkey engine gave him all the pains of greed and stinginess.

'Fay,' said he, finally, 'fix her up, and if she runs to my satisfaction by the first time we need to use her, I'll give you twenty dollars bonus. There now,' he concluded grandly, 'where's the master who would do that for you? Think of it! Twenty dollars over your wages.'

The donkeyman went forward, muttering, but purposeful.

A man was sent aft to the wheel, the foresail and mainsail were set, and a dark-skinned pilot was aboard. The Mary Kent was under way through the narrow channel that leads from Suva Harbor to the open sea.

'Good-bye,' said the pilot, as he climbed over the side. 'Pleasant voyage and a Merry Christmas!'

'What?' said the captain.

'Merry Christmas, captain.'

'Hum,' grunted the captain, 'Christmas is fifteen days away.'

The last thing he wanted was to be reminded of that day. It costs money to feed sailors; ship dividends were not earned to spend on suet and raisins, plum duff and canned turkey.

'Give her the topsails, Mr. Blossom,' he said irritably.

The wind being fresh and the sea smooth, the schooner raced away to the north'ard and west'ard of the Fiji group.

'Put the log over, Mr. Blossom, put the log over; we must see what she is doing.'

As he watched the miles register, a miserly twitch came into his eyes.

'I ought to do well by her this voyage, eh, Mr. Blossom?'

'You ought to,' answered the mate dryly.

The crew were busy on deck, sweeping and coiling down ropes. They shot baleful glances at the donkey-room, where now it sounded as if Fay were breaking the donkey engine to pieces.

Eight bells rang. The cook's head, with a feathery fringe of hair around it, shot out of the galley door to the limit of his short neck.

'Come and get it!' he shouted.

Two of the crew were late of the Nellie Swan. No longer slick and fat as when they sailed on that liberal craft, they now lazed along with the rest of the crew to the forecastle.

Gus brought the dinner, unappetizing enough with its pickled meat, and its coffee made from wheat burned black in the galley stove. Good enough, the captain thought, for inferior intellects.

Pete looked at it. 'Salt horse leaving port,' he groaned; 'I'd like to roast his hidebound soul! We may save money on her all right, but give me the ship where a man can get his grub and his game. Damn the money, I say.'

In the cabin, eating dinner with the mate, the captain voiced his opinion otherwise.

'Give me the ship,' he said, 'where a man can save a little money as he goes along. Look at the crew now, eating me out of my profits, and getting thirty dollars a month for abusing me into the bargain. Keep your eye on the donkeyman, Mr. Blossom; I want a good job done. I'm paying well for it.'

'He has her all in pieces,' answered the mate regretfully.

The captain rubbed his thin hands. 'Of course, if she 'll run, even if it is n't a first-class job, I'll be in pocket, eh?'

II

Fourteen days out from Suva the Mary Kent was six degrees north of the Equator. It was Christmas Eve, and all sorts of Christmas activities were going on in the forecandle. One man was shaving, another mending a white shirt. The rattle of clamshells betrayed the fact that Pete and Gus were celebrating with a little game, using empty clamshells for antes.

'The Old Man has us dig 'em at the Puget Sound,' said Gus.

'Gawd, how I wish there was clams in 'em!'

'Don't you though, Pete. Show down. Aces up.'

'Take the pot, Gus.' Then, amid the clamshell transfer, 'What do you think there 'll be for dinner, to-morrow, Gus?'

'Plum duff for sure, matie. I saw the cook getting ready to get her together. Turkey too, maybe. The Old Man 'll not deny us one good feed.' And the clamshells rattled merrily on.

Christmas spirit was pervading even the donkey-room, and Dennis Fay's lips were pursed in a holiday whistle as he put the finishing touches to the donkey. The packing and daviting were done, the cylinder-head had a strap bolted around it. As he wrenched

the nuts tight, he stopped whistling to have a word with the donkey.

'Ye'll run now, me lady. It's bonus bucks ye'll be fetching me, twinty av thim. A purty Christmas, and me the only wan to share it wit. Ah, now, a coat av black paint on your blisters would desave the eye of anny man. I'll just be goin' aft, now, to tell the Auld Man that I'm goin' to put shteam in your boiler. It's the poor Christmas he'll be havin' wit his twinty gone, the auld shkinflint!'

But when the donkeyman reached the deck, the sniff of sullen elements met him, and he saw that long swells from the northeast were rolling.

'I'll wait awhile,' he said, 'and see what happens.'

The captain and the mate were nervously pacing the poop, keeping their eye on a falling barometer, and a sun setting in a smoked-glass sky. The second mate was battening down the hatches. The cook pulled storm shutters over the galley windows, and the watch below laid aside their Christmas cheerfulness and came on deck to pad around barefoot with the others, shortening sail. Haloed stars shone here and there through scuddy sky-shadows.

'Strip her down to the poles,' shouted the captain; and his voice seemed to fill the deck. The crew worked for dear life. Two bells rang out — nine o'clock.

Out of the east came a sound like roaring river waters. The sailors, with frightened looks, braced themselves to stem the storm; the shriveled captain had barely time to clutch the rail, when the hurricane swept in on them. The rigging howled with squeezing rage, seas came with centripetal swiftness, sending water over the decks in muslin-like sheets, and the *Mary Kent*, skeleton-helpless before it all, spun around and buried her head into the bight of the gale.

One by one the sailors secured themselves in the lee of the weather-bulwarks. Word sounds were out of the question now. They made signs and shook their heads sorrowfully. The captain on the poop took a turn of the spanker sheet around him, fastening it to the rail. His storm cap had blown away, his hair tugged at the scalp, his clothes ballooned and made him look twice his size. If his thoughts had found echo they would have come back slaverling of money.

'God, if only I had more insurance on her! Give me the chance again and I'll make it as heavy as the wind that blows to-night.'

There were no bells struck on the schooner, and it was long after twelve that night when he crawled on his hands and knees to the cabin, followed by the mate. A sea with a rock-surf roar tumbled over the decks, flooding the *Mary Kent* fore and aft. Water, with the lapping jaws of a monster, gushed down the companionway into the cabin. The two men clung to the table, their legs floating helplessly, while the poor struggling schooner dove down, down. Was she never coming back? The salt sea in the cabin, like a wild, sucking thing, pitched its force against a bulkhead, bursting open the main-deck door, and releasing its captive viciousness after jamming all things movable in the door.

Up, up, came the *Mary Kent*, to make another fight for her life.

'Damn you!' shouted the captain, 'don't stand there thinking of yourself. My ship is foundering — she's all I have!'

The mate's eyes glistened with a something that brave men show in the face of danger.

'Captain,' he said, calmly, 'to-day is Christmas Day. I am praying that we shall all live to see it through.'

Almost screaming with rage and

fright, the captain ordered him out, bidding him reef the main jib, put a tarpaulin in the main rigging, anything, to keep her steady.

Out on the deck the crew, like drenched hens, lay cooped in shelter. The mate stirred them with wild gestures, and their cackling oaths were lost in wind and wave. Sail would not stay on the Mary Kent, and daylight found her still under bare poles. The galley was awash, and the crew made their Christmas breakfast on hard-tack flavored with brine, and found the heart, in their rugged simplicity, to mourn for what they might have had.

So the day passed, cheerless, dangerous, without even so much as a cup of black coffee to put heart into a man. Cross-seas washed the life boats away, and the flying jib boom went in one plunge that swallowed the Mary Kent to the breast of her. And yet she came back, always back. In those moments of calm when she rested in the hollows of the Pacific, sheltered by moving, massive walls of green water, the hearts of the men would choose to call it all a dream; and when she would rise to flutter on the crests, like a winged creature helpless to soar, their courage would sink into the lonely wastes of a mad ocean.

III

The morning of the twenty-sixth brought the sun again. The wind had withered away to gentleness, and the toothless waves rolled in sluggish, harmless heaps. The crew stretched themselves and yawned loudly. Smoke came from the galley stove. The captain walked around the decks with no regard for the sailors or the God who had saved him. He was figuring his losses angrily. As he passed the galley-door the cook spoke:—

'Captain, shall we have Christmas to-day? The men are badly done up.'

The captain turned on him savagely. 'Christmas,' he snapped, 'was yesterday. It's gone, and there 'll be none this year aboard the Mary Kent. Do you hear that?'

The galley and the donkey-room were housed together, separated by a thin wooden partition. The donkeyman heard the captain, and promptly stuck his head out of his door to answer him.

'Ha,' said he, 'so it's the Holy Day ye would be taking away from us, like the hurricane washed your boats away. Ye auld widow-robber! Nor is it anny wonder the luck ye be havin'.'

'What's Christmas,' retorted the captain, 'to a barefooted beach-comber like you? If I had n't shipped you, you would be starving now.'

He turned and hurried aft.

Fay's bare toenails scraped on the deck. He rolled up his sleeves.

'Let me get one shwipe at ye,' he shouted, 'and your bonus and wages can go to hell!'

The master mounted the poop and hog-grunted to the binnacle. Fay, with leashed emotion, backed into the donkey-room.

The crew, tired and sore, were summoned to the work of turning a spare spar into a new jib boom, that the owner of the Mary Kent might not lose more money through delay in making sail. They groaned a good deal; but the most abused of sailors is interested in his work, and it was with some satisfaction that, as noon approached, they saw the new boom whittled and ready to fit. The task lay in getting it out where it belonged, — a dangerous and heavy job on an unsteady ship, — and they had a great deal of advice to give as to how it should be done.

'Put plenty of guy-ropes on it,' said Pete; 'if ever it gets away from us, it will be worse than the storm.'

'What's the donkey for, anyway?' said Gus. 'Let her do the work. Let donkeyman show us what's the good of all the noise he's been making. That's all.'

While they argued, the mate and the captain stood on the poop shooting the sun. The captain looked at the mate suspiciously. He had never seen him so careful — he seemed completely absorbed in the figures he was transferring from the arc of the sextant to a little dirty piece of paper. He noted that his gait was springy as he dove below to juggle with the numbers.

Then the cook brought dinner into the cabin, and they faced each other across the table.

'Well,' said the mate, showing humorous wrinkles around his eyes; 'it is n't as bad as I thought it would be. We are only twenty miles east of the hundred and eightieth meridian.'

'That's a long way without sail,' munched the captain.

'It is,' answered the mate, with spirit, 'she'll never drift across it in time. The whole thing is a question of getting sail on her in a hurry, after the boom goes out. It's a good thing that the donkey's in order.'

At any other time the mate's enthusiasm would have found answer in the captain's miser-leather heart. Now it struck him chill. He knew what the mate was referring to. If the Mary Kent crossed 180 degrees before twelve that night, she would lose a day, and that day would be December twenty-sixth, and they would once more have Christmas Day.

'Nothing tastes good to me,' he said; and he went up on deck, leaving the mate happily interested in his dinner. The crew were eating in the fore-castle, exchanging pleasantries with the cook. No one noticed that the captain stole forward to the donkey-room. No one saw him pause and regard the donkey

malevolently, his eye passing over the davitings, neatly cut and scraped, the sandpapered bearings, and the fine coat of black paint. No one heard him mutter to himself: —

'Five hundred dollars for repairs. Loss of time. Water in the hold. Then twenty dollars, to pay a man to be insulted on his own ship, and high-priced food and an idle day for a worthless crew. It's more than flesh and blood can stand.'

Whining and sweating as he worked, crawly as is the thief who robs himself, he seized a wrench, and, unscrewing the blow-off valve, put it into his pocket and left the donkey-room unseen. His courage returned as he neared the poop, and it was with a smile that he greeted the mate, emerging from the cabin picking his teeth.

'How soon will you have the jib boom ready to heave out?' he inquired.

'As soon as we can get steam up in the donkey,' replied the mate.

The captain went down to the cabin patting his pocket. The sea had a more normal heave to it now, and a little breeze was coming from the westward.

'A waste of time,' he said, 'but it can't be helped. Let them fuss it out. I may as well have a sleep.'

He threw himself down on his bunk, and drifted off into pleasant dreams.

The mate went forward to the fore-castle. He shouted down to the men: —

'Turn to, men, I've a piece of good news for you.'

The crew crowded around him.

'If we sail the schooner across a hundred and eighty before twelve o'clock to-night, we'll all have Christmas to-morrow.'

While he was explaining this great good news, a volley of oaths sizzled from the donkey-room, followed by the owner of the voice that uttered them, and the donkeyman came on deck with a hammer in his hand.

'I'll brain the savage that shtole me valve. Shtand where yez are!' he roared. 'Me hammer hangs over yez until yez are inshtected!'

Worn with fatigue and disappointment, there was something so tragic at that moment about Dennis Fay that it appealed even to those much-abused men. Silent and submissive they stood, while, with hammer suspended, he asked them one by one, 'Did ye shtear me valve?' and each one answered convincingly, 'No.'

'Begorra thin, ye'd have me belave it walked off. Where is it thin? Ah! and it's the bad day I iver—' His words trailed off formlessly, except for occasional illumination of oaths like smelted slag. He stood there before them, a very picture of misery, his lower lip twitching, one wandering hand aimlessly clawing long strands of hair that hung down like greasy ropends. The more he thought of it the angrier he got; and the crew stood as he had lined them up, watching him.

At last the mate approached him gently, and whispered in his ear. He nodded, and the two went into the donkey-room. The crew were left speechless in the face of the fresh disaster that had crushed their new hope. Pete was the first to speak, and his voice had a sad ring to it.

'That's the way with a sailor. He's either ahead or behind, never there when there's anything good for him.'

'I'm so sleepy,' yawned Gus, 'I don't care what becomes of us.'

They started to move off, but were held again by the sound of the donkeyman's voice.

'Damn him, and it's me Christmas and me bonus he'd be afther bating me out av. Ha, ha, me bucko, it's the Blue Funnel Liners I have n't been sailing on for nothing! And he calls me a beach-comber. Ah, wait till I lay me hands on him!'

'Can you do it?' they heard the mate ask.

'I can, me bye, tin thousand toimes, if I have to burn the heart out av her!'

The mate came out on deck. 'Now,' said he to the crew, 'work, and work with a will. Not a growl out of one of you. We'll slip a day and catch our Christmas. Are you willing, men?'

'We are,' they shouted, and limbered up accordingly, and started a race against time, in order to lose time.

On deck halyards were bent on to the boom. Guys to steady it were tied. In the donkey-room Fay worked like one possessed, and chips flew, as he made a hardwood plug to substitute for the stolen valve, and a wild whistle of triumph pierced the walls, as he drove it in and lashed it with seizing wire.

Water was poured into the boiler and the fire lighted. The crew were tense with excitement, fearing that the plug would not hold till the boom was out, and morally certain that, if it did n't, there would be more than one man burned, and possibly a donkey engine broken past the power of man to repair.

The halyards were taken to the gypsy. The smell of hot grease came from the donkey. Twenty pounds of steam showed in the gauge. The donkeyman was silent now as any sphinx, but his eyes were everywhere; not a nut escaped him, not a rivet. He shoveled more coal into the fire. The crew stood at their posts, waiting for him to give the word to heave away.

Forty pounds showed on the gauge; steam was spluttering and hissing in the cylinder-head. The donkeyman stuck his head out of his room and called, 'Shtand away from the blow-off valve!'

As the pressure crept up in the old donkey boiler, the wooden plug commenced to bobble. The mate came running in. 'It's no use,' he said; 'draw the fire; the seizings won't hold.'

'Shure it's not me ye know at all, at all,' answered the donkeyman, 'for it's not me fire I'd dhraw. If the seizin's don't hold, I'll blow her up before I'll give her up! That's Dinnis Fay fer ye, and his father before him!'

Steam started to whistle out of the blow-off valve. The donkey-room was moist with it. Something had to be done and done quickly. The beach-combing engineer seemed as live as the forces he was trying to control. With one wild motion to the mate to get to his post, he jumped up on the engine in front of the donkey, seizing as he did so a short length of three-inch plank which he had torn from the floor when he repaired the engine, and had not yet replaced. He stood the three-inch plank on end in place against the wooden plug to hold it in, and brought all his strength to bear on it in a death grip, with his left hand. With his right he could just reach the steam valve that fed the cylinders. Standing there spread as he was in the white mist, he looked like the skin of some bear pinned up for curing.

'Are yez ready?' he shouted; and without waiting for an answer he started up the Mary Kent's donkey.

There was no need to tell the crew what to do. They bounced about like rubber balls. Up came the spar. The ship vibrated from the whistlings of the donkey; steam seemed to be coming from everywhere. The cook ran out of the galley and took to the rigging; the mate stood on the fore-castle head giving anxious orders. Outhauls and downhauls, halyards and guy-ropes were straining with the weight of the new jib boom.

The donkeyman was growing weaker from his stretched strain, and the heat and steam were suffocating. He shouted for someone to throw water over him. His voice sounded muffled as by many folds of mist. In that convulsion of

steam he stood there like a toy that was made to wiggle.

'Avast heaving!' shouted the mate from the fore-castle head; 'the boom is in place. Stop the donkey. Bela-ay!'

Not one but all of them ran for the donkey-room. Through the fog of steam they saw the donkeyman, still spread out, his teeth stripped, his eyes bulging, every muscle in his body locked. They wrenched his hand from the steam valve and shut it off. As he fell back into their arms, the plank fell from his other hand, and the wooden plug blew out with a noise louder than any hurricane.

The captain jumped out of his bunk and ran to the deck, scared out of his wits. Coming forward, he saw the donkeyman lying on the fore-hatch. While some of the crew threw salt water over him, others were making sail. No one paid any attention to the master, nor answered his questions.

Fay opened his eyes. 'Did we get her out?' he asked.

'Yes,' answered the mate, and his voice was ragged with emotion; 'the jib boom is in place, Fay; look how the sail is going on her now. You've saved our Christmas.'

The donkeyman sat up and rubbed his burned places. His eyes met those of the captain, churning a glowering challenge. It was too much for the master and owner of the Mary Kent. He turned and walked away, replacing the new cigar he had been about to light, and taking instead, from its cache in his vest pocket, an old and battered stub. His walk, as he sought the poop, was bent and weatherbeaten.

A flicker of a smile that showed pain came into Dennis Fay's face. 'The beach-comber's bonus will be a taste of rum for all of yez,' he said, addressing the crew.

'Cheers for the donkeyman!' echoed round the ship.

YEARS AGO

BY ARCHIBALD MACLEISH

WHY should I think of spring in France
When each new April's new mischance
Of gypsy magic and green change
Leaves earth familiarly strange?
Were there not springs before that spring?
Was there not whist and whispering
Of wind in willow until then?
And shall there not be springs again?
I can remember times more near
And longer past than that strange year;
Hip-booted springs, half faun, half boy,
Over the lakes in Illinois,
Following the swollen runnels down
To beaches where the waves broke brown,
Shaking the air, and the landward breeze
Smelled of fresh water and far pine trees,
And overnight in the steep ravine
The first hepatica grew green;
And brief, too brief, New Haven Junes,
Green mornings, harbor-smelling noons,
And twilights flat on the shadowy turf
Washed with the footfalls' shallow surf,
With a drifting voice far off and sweet,
And the rumble of wheels on the Chapel Street,
Drowsing and talking whimsily
Of Noah's ark and a life at sea.
I can remember springs more near,

Yet never when the winter's clear
And there's an earthy smoke about
And sluggard black flies blunder out,
Never do I remember these,
But seeing tint the apple trees
I see the orchards north from Meaux
Haggard with dust where the wagons go,
And smelling plough lands under rain
I smell the soft French earth again
Cut deep beneath the clumsy guns,
And hearing how some whistler runs
His broken scale, hear then the song
That sunny days and all day long
A dead boy used to sing and sing.
But there were songs before that spring.

THE CURBING OF PERSONALITY

BY NEIL FORBES GRANT

I

IN June of this year, Paderewski paid his much-advertised and eagerly awaited return visit to London. Such is the power of the Press to-day that if it is sufficiently clamorous it can secure for almost anybody a rousing reception. As it sounded its trumpets and beat its drums enthusiastically for Paderewski, the master had no reason to complain of the popular homage paid to him. But amid the din of the tinkling and brazen instruments, the still small voice of criticism could be distinctly

heard. In the modern temple of popular idolatry, one dissident worshiper robs the shrine of its mystery and the incense of its power. And Paderewski had his critics. Thus the musical critic of the *Morning Post* said:—

With Poland's first musician interpreted by Poland's second, it was time to expect great things. What we received was great piano-playing in moments or periods, and the influence of a great personality from beginning to end. M. Paderewski's playing dates from a time when the artist could say,

and was expected to say: 'La musique, c'est moi'; and it is a wonder that so little of this feeling survives in his playing of to-day. It shows how far he rose above the contemporaries of his youth. Yet what little does survive of the autocratic pianist is noticeable to-day when we consider, say, a Chopin player the greater the more he gives us Chopin from the inside. M. Paderewski's willfulness could be disturbing at times. Did he see a languorous vision where Chopin wrote a romantic tale? Yes; so he spelled out the A-flat Ballade in backboneless recitative. But he spelled it out finely. M. Paderewski can make the wrong right in his own case; and he does so much that is right to the core, that we forgive him a number of things — his toneless fortissimos, his strange tendency to fidget with a rhythm, and his way of turning sweetness into insipidity by letting his left hand speak before the right.

Other critics were much more outspoken, and the ultimate impression left on London, and perhaps on Paderewski himself, was that the master was not a god but a man.

A greater than the Polish pianist followed him shortly afterward to hospitable London. Eleonora Duse is one of the world's greatest artists and her art is enduring because it is intelligent. The years have whitened her hair and made her body as fragile as a flower, but they have not dimmed her alert and bright intelligence. The crowds that flocked to see her were less demonstrative than those which applauded Paderewski (the homage paid to pianists and politicians is more vociferous than that given to any other mortals), but their appreciation was none the less impressive and sincere. But there again the still small voice would make itself heard. Thus the critic of the *Daily News* said: —

According to Eleonora Duse the mother of Ibsen's *Ghosts* was a lady of great sorrows. From the very first, in her long conversation with Pastor Manders (who is even

more tiresome in Italian than in English) she is a living epitome of all sorrows.

The deep strange eyes, the mobile mouth, and the strained and sensitive forehead — all were eloquent of sorrow. This Mrs. Alving had not lived down her tragedy; its emotions were still smouldering, and they had seared her nature beyond all recovery.

A less great actress, playing the part in that way, would not have been able to rise to the climax of the first act, when her son's philandering with Regina makes the ghosts of the past walk once again.

Duse had the tragedy, as she had conceived it, clearly in her mind. She rose easily from climax to climax, and nothing could have been more heart-rending than her agony when her son had shrunk into a helpless imbecile.

You must make allowances, of course, for the Latin expression of emotion.

Both Duse and Memo Benassi (who gave a fine performance of Oswald) indulged in tears. I am not sure that their frenetic emotion helped Ibsen's play, for the strength of that last act lies in its suggestion rather than in its realization of terrible emotion.

And this to some extent may be urged in criticism of Duse's Mrs. Alving. As a whole, in the first act, before the ghosts walk, she has always seemed to me a woman who has lived down her tragedy by having courageously faced it.

So far from suggesting present sorrow, Mrs. Alving really imagines she is about to begin a new life with her boy at home, and with her mind more or less at peace.

Dramatically, too, Mrs. Alving should be a more cheerful person than Duse makes her, so that the sudden opening of the old wounds should be too painful to bear.

It is the reaction from this and from Manders's narrow views of life and morality that makes the mother ready to do anything to give her son some of the joy of life for which he craves.

As I have said, Duse managed to achieve the climax of the first act, but it did not come with quite the force of contrast Ibsen intended.

Duse played the part as if Mrs. Alving knew the end of her drama. But, apart from that slight misconception (possibly I had too rigid a preconception of what

Mrs. Alving should be), Duse gave a wonderful performance.

And the other critics took much the same line. Duse, in her royal way, of course could do no wrong; but at the same time, so it was murmured, she took liberties with the character she represented. She turned her back (but oh, so gracefully!) on the accepted traditional renderings and carried the audience away to those realms of aristocratic sufferings which only Duse knows. The audience went gladly enough, but the still small voice protested. The voice had its own opinion about the play, about its general environment, about the rights and responsibilities of the other players, and also about the obvious intentions of the dramatist. Duse was of course magnificent, but she was not omnipotent. Ibsen had to be considered. So had the other characters. And, despite the blinding flashes of superb genius, criticism would persist in delving into what Ibsen really meant by the message of *Ghosts*, and, despite the overwhelming force of this strange exotic Mrs. Alving, criticism also would worry about Parson Manders and the diseased son and the other members of that melancholy household. In a word, even with a Duse on the boards, the play was the thing.

Now it seems to me that this attitude of critical London to two such established celebrities as Paderewski and Duse is symptomatic of our age. Edith Cavell said, 'Patriotism is not enough,' and we say, 'Personality is not enough.' We are neither afraid of nor blinded by personality, even should it take that form where its expression is most appealing, most temperamental, most dramatic, most direct, namely that of a piano *virtuoso*. That is where we differ so fundamentally both from the Elizabethans and from the Victorians. Shakespeare was passionately

interested in great men. He flattered them as he flattered women, and in his attitude to both there was much idolatry. The Victorians were hero-worshippers unashamed. They took their hats off in the presence of human greatness, and talked even about their offspring and their domestic habits in solemn whispers. Thirty years ago, there was scarcely a single cottage in Scotland which had not on its walls a portrait of Mr. Gladstone; and when he died, Conservatives and Liberals united in wondering whether the world would survive his decease. Sir Henry Irving was an actor greater than any play in which he acted. Indeed, he was no more criticized than a bishop in the pulpit is interrupted. He was a god deigning to appear before men, and even to-day men talk of him as the last of the Romans.

Around the skirts of all those men and women — Tennyson, Browning, Dickens, Arnold, Gordon, Newman, Manning, and Florence Nightingale — hang to this day the incense and reverence of the temple. They were not enjoyed, they were worshiped; and even detraction was a form of praise. Religious minds saw in them manifestations of the mercy and good-will of Providence, and skeptics found in their greatness and fame an adequate compensation for the lack of a comprehensible Deity.

How different we are to-day! Early this year, *Charles I*, a play of Wills, in which Irving added to his reputation, was revived in London. It was laughed off the boards in about a week. Critics simply could not understand how such rubbish could ever have been produced. Even if Irving himself had returned to the boards, it is doubtful if the public would have tolerated such poor stuff, and most certainly the critics would have rebelled. The actor of the type of Irving is dead — not only the man him-

self but the type. On the London stage of to-day, a gentleman coming more and more into prominence, and known as the producer, has with his emphatic wand destroyed that thrilling world where great personalities ruled. A producer to-day thinks of *ensemble*, of measure, of restraint. He is the drill-sergeant of the footlights; he interprets for the dramatist and often improves on him. He is the conductor with the baton, and all the orchestra, even the first violin, has to obey.

And wayward, irresistible, tyrannical genius cannot live in such an atmosphere. There is no room in a modern London play for actors of the type of Irving. They would wreck the elaborate structure and scatter to the winds that modern conception of artistic unity so carefully sought by the dramatist and so eagerly demanded by the critics. For this unity is found, not in the concentration of all attention on the absorbing genius of one man, but on the interplay of character, on the fitting of many parts into one perfect whole—in a word, on design rather than on personality. And because the setting for the great personality is absent, the great personality is absent, too. Our best-known actors and actresses, like Sir Gerald du Maurier and Miss Gladys Cooper, are described as 'favorites,' and that word admirably defines their power and their position. These players do not reign, and the allegiance accorded to them is limited. Sir Gerald is, in the main, a woman's actor, and Miss Cooper, despite her industry and ability, has yet to show that she can hold an audience by herself alone, that is to say, without the help of some actor of recognized standing. Certainly her greatest successes have been won in association with actors of the type of Mr. Dennis Eadie, the late Sir Charles Hawtrey, and Mr. Franklin Dyall.

It is interesting to note, too, that many of our most popular actors are also able producers; to mention, for instance, Hawtrey and Mr. Matheson Lang. Now the whole art of the production of a play lies in the subordination of the part to the whole, and the strict disciplining of all members of the caste, including the stars, to a pattern, a fixed scheme, an *ensemble*. Actors of the reputation of Mr. Lang, who often produce for other companies than their own, are thereby inclined to think much about teamwork. They subordinate themselves to others; and they thereby recognize that personality has its restraints.

The same tendency is apparent in Grand Opera. The best musical thought in England to-day frankly deplores the star system. At the 'Old Vic,' the home of popular opera in London, there are no stars. At this year's season of the British National Opera Company at Covent Garden likewise there were no stars; and in that connection musical critics were inclined to compare its performances favorably with those at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, where at enormous expense stars are drawn together and made, so they say, the principal source of attraction. I have had no opportunity of testing this verdict personally, but most certainly at Covent Garden this year the absence of 'magnetic personality' on the part of the singers, and the small encouragement given by either management, critics, or public to any 'display' by any individual member of the company, was most noticeable. A 'Melba night,' interpolated once or twice during the season, came as a strange reminder of olden days: of royal and other boxes filled by celebrities to welcome one singer; of criticisms which spoke of Melba and Melba only; of a studied indifference to the opera and its com-

poser; and of the gesticulating, eager crowd, intent on the worship of one single compelling golden voice. To-day we call ourselves critics first and worshipers second; we cheer Melba, but we reflect as well as cheer.

The music-hall is an even better illustration of the argument I have been putting forward. The very soul of the old British music-hall was the personality of one or two great stars. Artists like Vesta Tilley, Marie Lloyd, George Robey, Sir Harry Lauder, depended entirely on their own selves for their effects. They were giants who despised the assistance of pigmies, and like proud and jealous gods they presided over their Olympus alone. Their achievements were terrific. They would enter a music-hall stage and in an instant capture the imagination of an audience. The response was not only whole-hearted, but instant. In a brief second playgoers and players were one. Those superb creatures seemed to say: 'Here I am with no assistants, no scenery, my only help some willing slaves below there, called an orchestra. But my authority, my fascination are such that I subdue your wills to mine and compel you to hang on every word I utter and every bar I sing. And at the end your obedience will be paid in rounds of cheers and in Homeric laughter.'

But that old music-hall is going, if it has not already gone. When Marie Lloyd died, nearly all the critics recognized that with her died an epoch. Nobody could quite take the place of Marie. The swagger, the gusto, the superb self-confidence, the bigness about her, the easy, almost contemptuous sense of mastery, the disdain for coöperation of any kind, the suggestion in every movement of the limbs, in every gesture of the beautiful commanding hands, in the wink of that luscious and authoritative eye, that

l'état c'est moi, have gone. The spell has been broken, and in the congregation to-day there are more critics than worshipers.

Indeed, where is the congregation? Marie is in her grave, and her audiences are at the cinema, where personality is watered and amputated, and where between us and the god intervenes the photographer. And even in those music-halls which still hold out, like the London Coliseum, for example, the personality of one great figure is rarely exercised, and in its place have come troupes of dancers, excerpts from operas, and Scottish players, and Irish players, and French players, where the effect produced is that of *ensemble*. The music-hall of our fathers has fallen on evil days. At this moment, the owners of music-halls who were foolish enough to make long contracts with stars during the boom years that followed the war do not know what to do with them. For they fail to draw. And in the provinces of England, music-halls are invariably handed over to some revue company, not because English audiences are particularly fond of revues, but because revue managers are prepared to share so much of the profit and so much of the loss with music-hall owners, at a time when 'business, old chap, is bad.' Thus has passed something very characteristic of English life. The star of yesterday seems to be failing because no eyes are turned toward his firmament. Something has gone. The old intimacy between the priest and his worshipers has snapped, and instead of the obedience and spontaneity of the child, there has come into these entertainments the skepticism and boredom of the man.

II

It must not be inferred, of course, that human personality is declining.

But the relations between personality and the multitude are changing. The element of idolatry, so marked in the mind of thinkers and in the psychology of the crowd of the last century, has given place to curiosity. In the presence of those who have raised themselves above the herd, we do not so much worship as gape; and, whereas our fathers were abashed, we, their children, are merely inquisitive. The dominating trait in English social life at the moment is an intense prying curiosity which takes extraordinary forms at times. The popularity of the Royal Family to-day is beyond any doubt, but it is a very different manifestation on the part of the people from the reverence and awe with which Queen Victoria and, in his later days, King Edward were regarded. The attitude of the average citizen toward the King and other members of the Royal Family is not that of the led toward its leaders, but that of men who know that those who represent the State and all that is magnificent and dazzling in public life also share the domestic joys and sorrows of the humblest of their subjects. Certain barriers have gone, and in our loyalty there is a feeling almost of equality and of a sense of comradeship evoked by men and women and boys and girls who, despite their high position and titles, have gone through much that we have gone through.

The feeling of loyalty differentiates the Royal Family from other celebrities; but in regard to all the others this feeling of curiosity dominates everything else. That explains the comparative ease with which pushing men and women can creep into public notice to-day. It also explains how brief is their sojourn there. For when idolatry goes out by the door, caprice creeps in by the window.

We are all eager to see the latest

lion, and when we have examined him and his mate and his cage, we turn away, half-amused, half-bored, and look out for another. To my mind, there is nothing more symptomatic of the attitude of the English people of to-day toward distinction of any kind than the great international lawn-tennis matches at Wimbledon. McLoughlin comes along and is replaced by Tilden, and Tilden in his turn is replaced by Johnston. Next year, America may send somebody to replace Johnston. Nobody cares. The crowd will pay its homage, so long as the idol fulfills the clearly defined requirements of the crowd and maintains that efficiency which can be as easily measured as a suit of clothes. Mlle. Lenglen holds her own, because her efficiency has stood the tests of several annual contests. There is something symptomatic of all modern life in the precise tests, the utilitarian standards, and the rapid and brutal forgetfulness of the Wimbledon lawn-tennis courts. McLoughlin was a mere name when Tilden appeared and the sun of Johnston made a shadow of Tilden. All those people, we say, are our servants. We applaud them, but we also judge them; and when they fail to reach to our rigid standards, we throw them aside. We treat our great men and women almost as if they were lawn-tennis players. We subject them to certain rules and requirements, and tell them in so many words precisely what we expect from them and what penalty will await them if they fail to meet our wishes. In all this there is something essentially modern; and whatever else it may be, it is fundamentally different from the hero-worship of our immediate forefathers.

III

I have dealt at some length with the problem of personality on the modern

stage, because there is no better instrument than the stage for recording those subtle changes which pass across society. And what is true in this respect of one side of the footlights is also true of the other. In modern politics, for instance, personality counts for much less than it used to do even fifteen years ago. There was nothing more insistent and more pathetic in the earlier stages of the war than the cry for a man. 'Give us a leader,' said anxious England, 'and we shall follow him gladly to the grave.' The sincerity of that cry was primarily responsible for the fall of Mr. Asquith. Mr. Lloyd George, it was said, had personality; and so he had, and moreover he made the most of it. Indeed, he was generally accepted as the man who won the war, though, on the other hand, some of those who were instrumental in bringing him into power are now of opinion that, far from winning it, the impatient Welshman nearly lost it. Compare, for example, the unquestioned supremacy of Chatham or Bismarck as war leaders with the precarious hold which Mr. Lloyd George obtained over public opinion in England. No man knew better than the ex-Prime Minister how feeble in reality was his grip on the British people, and how transitory was the homage paid to him. That was why he insisted on having his general election before the Peace Conference, at a time when men's minds were warm and generously inclined. That was why he tried to have another general election before, and not after, the conference at Genoa, and why he knew that, when Sir George Younger (now Viscount Younger), the chief of the Conservative machine, opposed that plan, his doom was sealed. At this moment, the political stock of Mr. Lloyd George is almost as low as the German mark. He has done his work, says the crowd,

and there is no further need for him.

The dramatic eclipse of Dr. Wilson is a much more striking example of the brief and feeble hold which personality has on modern democracies. There may have been some hesitation concerning the man who won the war, but at one moment the peoples of Europe undoubtedly believed that Dr. Wilson was the man who would win the peace. The receptions accorded to the former President of the United States in London, Paris, and Rome were something new and startling in the history of modern Europe, and one must go back to the triumphs of the most victorious soldiers of ancient Rome to find anything comparable to the wild hopes and boundless gratitude and admiration heaped by a weary Europe on the man who spoke with authority. But transient indeed was that authority. Dr. Wilson was the lonely man of the Peace Conference of Paris. There he sat in that gilded and mirrored council chamber of the Quai d'Orsay, a solitary, impressive, Miltonic figure, a Samson meditating among chattering Philistines, a determined prophet with a beneficent purpose, formulating his policies in the watch-tower of his mind, while the fates were preparing to hurl him into the abyss. His only confidant in that Paris, humming with all the appetites and all the intrigues, was his typewriter. In his public appearances, he seemed lonely; and Mr. Lansing has revealed to us in two volumes how solitary his chief also was when the curtain of privacy was rung down. Dr. Wilson, in Bolingbroke's phrase, thought himself to be the savior of society, but modern society does not require saviors. Mankind nowadays gives certain leaders certain tasks to do, and when those tasks are done, they are thrown out as mercilessly and unceremoniously as the bees throw out the drones.

Thus M. Clemenceau met with the same fate as Dr. Wilson. In the opinion of many shrewd observers, if there was one man entitled to say that he won the war, it was M. Clemenceau. The British people made up their minds to beat Germany as soon as the first British soldier was killed, and they never wavered in that determination. In my personal judgment, it was not Mr. Lloyd George who inspired the British people: it was the British people who inspired Mr. Lloyd George. But owing to the severity of the continuous onslaught on the French people, there was a time when France wavered. It was M. Clemenceau who rallied a nation in the throes of despair and infused into it a fresh determination to hold out to the end. The phrase 'Le père la Victoire' symbolized the feeling of France for M. Clemenceau. Moreover, when the war was over, M. Clemenceau succeeded in giving France a French peace—a peace which appealed to average Frenchmen: the restoration of Alsace-Lorraine, the Sarre coal, the French watch on the Rhine, the creation of another bulwark against Germany in the resurrection of Poland, infinite reparations, and the promise of further amputations of Germany in Upper Silesia and Schleswig. But the French people threw M. Clemenceau aside as swiftly as the American people threw Dr. Wilson aside. M. Clemenceau had done his work and there was no further need for him. Moreover, it was whispered that the French statesman, in his candidature for the Presidency, hoped to give to that office, with its strict limitations, some of the authority and executive powers which reside in the White House. And so the 'Tiger' lost the Élysée.

Hard, too, was the fate of that other great figure of the Peace Conference, M. Venizelos. Across the conference

table at San Remo he tossed an empire to his country, and Greece expressed her gratitude by throwing him out of office at a time, be it remembered, when there was not the slightest suspicion in Athens that that empire could not be held. 'Put not thy faith in princes,' groaned Strafford. 'Put not thy faith in peoples,' might well reply the fallen angels of the Paris Peace Paradise.

Nor do the examples of Russia with its Lenin, or of Italy with its Signor Mussolini, affect this argument; for Russia is a land of sick men lacking vitality and decision; and the greater the powers given to Signor Mussolini, the more jealously watched will he be by a country which, like all new states, is exceedingly jealous of its liberties. In his foreign policy, Signor Mussolini has signally failed to increase, as he promised, the prestige of his country and already within his own party can be heard the murmurs of a coming storm.

All around us in this modern world we see a curbing, a diminution, of personality and of that royal sway associated with it in the past. The modern mind is skeptical, suspicious, reserved, and ruthless; the herd does not follow its leaders as it used to do. There is neither an Irving on the stage, nor a Gladstone in the council chamber. We seek from our leaders, not leading, but coöperation. Dr. Wilson, in English opinion at any rate, fell because he refused to coöperate with other Americans, because he ignored the Republicans and even turned aside from his own peace delegation in Paris. The same charge, it is interesting to note, has been brought against Lord Kitchener. Both in his life and in his death there was something legendary in this proud, silent soldier; and if there was ever a man destined for hero-worship it was 'K.' But, as a plain matter of

fact, there is no hero-worship, and in an admirable appreciation of Lord Kitchener, written shortly after his death by one of his friends at the War Office, the lack of this coöperative spirit, and his tendency to act and think alone, were noted and condemned.

We fear, we distrust personality beyond a certain limit. Why should this be so? An answer has been suggested in the machine-made character of our civilization. We are Robots, suggests M. Capek, the Czech dramatist, creatures who in our passion for efficiency have killed love and the soul. But is not the tyranny of the machine somewhat exaggerated? Do we really feel ourselves to be the slaves of the machine we employ? Is the motorist conscious that he is at the mercy of his car? Does even the factory-hand feel that, apart from his clamorous and monotonous machine, he is nothing? Have we not all the feeling that we have control over all mechanical inventions, and that the more powerful they are, the greater thereby is the tribute to the mind that conceived and the hand that directs their 'fearful symmetry'? On the whole, is not the average man, on watching a modern leviathan take to the deep, going through a large factory, or reading of the wonders of Pittsburg and Manchester, conscious of a sense, not of impotence but of power?

A truer explanation, I venture to think, is to be found in the war. For the war found us out. When we throw our minds back on those mournful campaigns and, above all, when we read the justifications, apologies, and attacks made in print by the men who conducted them or by their friends, — French *versus* Kitchener, Gallieni *versus* Joffre, the Jellicoe school *versus* the Beatty school, Von Kluck against Von Moltke, Falkenhayn against Lu-

dendorff, — we are inclined to accept the gibe of Bernard Shaw, that the successful general is the one who makes the fewest mistakes. The people we honor and remember to-day are not the generals, but the soldiers. This is the age of 'the Unknown Warrior.' Thackeray in *Vanity Fair* complained how great was the notice of the generals, how complete was the indifference toward the humble soldiers who fought at Waterloo. If Thackeray were to return to England to-day, he would find in every town and village memorials raised to all the humble, obscure men who fought in the war, their names and rank inscribed in enduring stone.

Moreover, the blunders of the war have been more than equaled by the blunders of the peace. Where is that victory which the joy-bells so gleefully proclaimed? Where are its fruits? Is the world only a desert, and is there no hope beneath the ashes? The generals stumbled and, lo and behold, so have the statesmen. Man after all is limited alike in his intelligence and in his capacity. Amid the forces let loose by the war and the evidences of the havoc they caused, man has to a great extent lost faith in himself. He is somehow or other conscious of failure, and the sad truth has penetrated even the defenses of his vanity. We feel like children who have broken a toy and cannot put it to rights again. The reaction against the high-blown hopes of the nineteenth century in man is in full blast. All around us is wreckage, and men who have lived in the East, where they reckon time not in minutes but in centuries, are already telling us that civilization itself is crumbling, and that what we are now witnessing are the first stages in the decline and fall of the political structures built up by Western thought.

And the consciousness of semi-

helplessness on the part of the herd naturally affects its leaders. An extraordinarily interesting debate on the possibilities of Socialism was held a short time ago in the House of Commons, and the most crushing answer given to Mr. Snowden, its chief protagonist, came from that leader of industry, Sir Alfred Mond, who pointed out that the capacity of man to run a huge business was strictly limited. 'I have come deliberately to the conclusion,' he said, 'that it is quite impossible for human beings to control any industry beyond a certain magnitude; and I say that after very careful study. The very curious fact was told me by an American friend that when, under Mr. Roosevelt's administration, one of the American trusts dissolved, the component parts of that trust made more money in competition with each other than when united, simply because it had outgrown proper economic management, and got so large that the company had got like a Government Department, so complicated and so full of red tape that paralysis set in.' The sense of limitation, the boundaries placed against the full exercise of man's will, crop up everywhere. Not being very sure of ourselves, we cannot be sure of others. We can destroy, but oh, it is so hard to rebuild.

A second reason, I think, is to be found in the virtual collapse of that theological creed which centred round the Fall of Man. There is something extraordinarily uplifting in the thought that man, once the equal of the angels, had the courage and the will to fall down to his present level. People who boast a noble ancestry are always proud, and the thought of his past glories and the implicit promise and

hope that he might once again reënter the promised land lifted up the hopes of man and filled them with buoyant expectations of a great heritage restored.

How comforting and exalting is such a belief, despite its regrets and its remorse, compared with the idea gradually soaking into the popular mind, that man, far from being once the equal of the angels, has developed painfully and slowly from the sea worm which one fine day was daring enough to leave the ocean for the land; that we are linked by endless chains to the animal world around us; and that, if there is such a thing as progress, it is a process so slow that mortal man is incapable of measuring its evolution. How can we be hero-worshippers when we think of the sea worm? How can we surround our great personalities with the incense of our idolatry when we know that they are made of such unsatisfactory stuff as we ourselves? How can we worship a god with feet of clay?

A London reviewer the other day described Carlyle and his hero-worship as 'silly' and 'underbred.' Carlyle with his superlatives has gone, and in his place has come Mr. Lytton Strachey who, with subtle under-statement, with delicate irony, with the pretense of good-nature, is laying bare, to our intense amusement and delight, the idols of yesterday. In those haunting pages where a scholar's care mingles with a satirist's fancy, we see Queen Victoria and General Gordon and Florence Nightingale and Cardinal Manning and Dr. Arnold in a light which never penetrated the secure and tender darkness that protected our fathers.

THE STORY OF THE SHIP GLOBE OF NANTUCKET

BY CHARLES BOARDMAN HAWES

I

IN the original papers of the Nantucket whaler *Globe*, Captain Thomas Worth, which sailed from Edgartown, Massachusetts, in December, 1822 (her registry and crew list are in the Boston Customs House), you can see for yourself, if you wish, the starkly simple outline of such a story as few responsible imaginative writers would dare set down in black and white. On those authoritative, matter-of-fact pages are scrawled, in faded ink, the name of each man in the crew, a brief description of his person, an abstract of his life, and, after certain names, the significant comment, 'Dead, killed Jany. 26, 1824.'

But the story of the *Globe* is more than a mere thrilling tale of the mutinous exploit of a band of boys and young men, which has stood for a hundred years as one of the grimmest in our history: in the old narrative, written by Hussey and Lay, the two survivors of all that happened at sea and ashore, — and between its lines, — there is a concrete and extreme example of such sanguinary madness as sometimes occurred on board the old whaling vessels, during their long voyages in distant seas.

In many of their logbooks, cases of melancholia appear, unnamed but unmistakable; and now and then one can find in the stained pages strangely detailed accounts of suicides at sea. There was scarcely a voyage that had not its mutinies; there were floggings and desertions galore; and once in a

long while, as on board the *Globe*, the monotony and loneliness and hard-handed discipline during years at sea resulted in downright mania.

A hundred years ago, when thousands of square-riggers were laying their courses to every point of the compass, and our whalers had already rounded the Horn and thrust their bows into unfamiliar seas, the sailing of any one whaling vessel was an affair of little moment; the *Globe* weighed anchor on December 15, with probably no more ceremony than attended the farewell of any other whaler. An accident to her crossjack-yard, while she was working out of port, forced her to return; but, having fitted and sent aloft another yard, Captain Worth sailed again, four days later. It appears that, in spite of the strong influence of superstition on seafaring men, no one regarded the accident as ominous — for, of all the men on the crew list, only one failed to sail in the *Globe*, and he was 'taken out of the within-named ship by order of law previous to his leaving this port.' He was luckier than he knew.

Nineteen men, nearly all of them natives of New England and bearing good old Yankee names, sailed in the *Globe*. Besides the captain, whose age is not given in the crew list, the oldest of them, Chief Mate William Beetle, was twenty-six, and of the rest, who ranged down to fourteen, eight were seventeen or younger.

The brutality of life in a whaler has been, for more than a hundred years, a commonplace; and the author of that quaint old book, *Evils and Abuses in the Naval and Merchant Service Exposed*, and other writers of an early time, exaggerate little, if at all, when they say that it was a common practice in whaling vessels so to abuse the men that they would run away, or make a show of insubordination, whereby they would forfeit their lays and help a thrifty captain to save money for himself and the owners. It was entirely typical of the times and the trade that, while the *Globe* lay at Oahu in the Sandwich Islands, after an uneventful voyage, six men deserted and one was discharged.

To fill their places, the captain shipped four Americans, — Anthony Henson, Thomas Lilliston, Silas Payne, and a negro steward named William Humphries, — an Englishman named John Oliver, and a native of Oahu, who went by the name of Joseph Brown; and the recruits were as vicious an aggregation as the average sea captain could wish to be delivered from. The friction between officers and men, which had found expression hitherto in grumbling about the food, a universal prerogative of sailormen, now sprang up anew in various hot-headed outbursts, and a new party of malcontents formed a plan to desert at Fanning's Island, whither the ship had laid her course.

Consider, then, the nineteen souls, officers and crew, who sailed in the *Globe* from the Sandwich Islands. Most of them were striplings at best, and some of them were young boys, who might far better have been in school. They were never to reach Fanning's Island.

The number of those who left the ship at Oahu exceeded by one the number of those who joined her, for a cer-

tain Joseph Thomas, who shares his name with a distinguished earlier citizen of New England, had entered the crew at some time during the voyage. He is not on the original crew list, and nowhere is he represented as one of the new men who were shipped at Oahu. As we see him dimly through a hundred intervening years, he appears to have been a peculiarly negative person; yet, in odd paradox, he was destined to play a part as decisive as it was passive in the fate of the *Globe* and her men; and of all those who were criminally concerned in her remarkable story only he was ever brought to trial.

On the morning of Sunday, January 26, 1824, approximately two years and a month from the day the *Globe* had sailed, the ill-temper of all hands culminated in general disorder, and that mysterious wretch, Joseph Thomas, insulted Captain Worth, who thereupon flogged him with the end of the main buntline, while those of the crew who were not stationed stood in the hatchway.

All that day, the spark kindled by the flogging smouldered, but with no sign at the time to warn the officers and honest men. We know only that a great deal, all knowledge of which went to the grave with Joseph Thomas, was going on under the surface of the ordinary routine of life in a ship.

But concerning the events that occurred that night there is no slightest doubt. The grim history of the *Globe* has come down to us in the terse narrative of Hussey and Lay, in the depositions of other members of the crew, and in the newspapers of 1824 and 1825. The returned crew list bears it out; and the court records, so far as they go, confirm it.

It was the custom of the *Globe* that the captain and chief and second mates should not stand watch at night, unless

the crew was boiling blubber. The third mate and the two boat-steerers had charge, respectively, of the three watches; and during the first watch that night, from seven until ten o'clock, Gilbert Smith, a boat-steerer, had kept the deck.

Captain Joy, of the ship *Lyra* of New Bedford, had spent most of the day on board the *Globe*, and had agreed with Captain Worth that, during the night, one or the other would show a lantern as a signal for tacking, so that the two whalers could come about together and bear each other company for at least another day. When Captain Joy had returned to the *Lyra*, Captain Worth had gone down into the cabin; but at eight o'clock he had come up for an hour, had had two reefs taken in the topsails, and had given orders to continue by the wind until two; then, setting the light as a signal for the *Lyra* to keep company, to tack.

Gilbert Smith, the boat-steerer in charge of the first watch, had gone below with his men at ten o'clock, leaving on deck Samuel B. Comstock, the other boat-steerer, and the crew of the waist boat, with George Comstock, the younger brother of Samuel, taking the first trick at the helm.

Assume for a moment young Comstock's point of view, since he represents the majority of those on board the *Globe*, and since he, by reason of his station, saw certain things that no one else saw. Two hours later, when the time for his relief had come, the boy — he was only sixteen years old — sounded the sailor's rattle that was used for such signals on board the old whalers. For two hours no living thing had stirred on deck. For two hours he had steered the ship, without hearing so much as a human whisper. Then, in the darkness by the helm, which was broken only by the light of the binnacle lantern, when he swung the

rattle, his brother appeared beside him and whispered, 'If you make the least damn bit of noise, I'll send you to hell.'

The boy had had no intimation of trouble. His trick at the wheel was an old story. The very familiarity of his surroundings made the apparition the more startling.

Much alarmed, he waited until Samuel had lighted a lamp and had gone into the steerage; then, a second time, he sounded the rattle.

His brother returned instantly, in a murderous rage, and no one else responded to the signal. In fear of death, young George gave up the rattle.

He then saw four men — Payne, Oliver, Humphries, and Lilliston — come aft and join his brother, who started down into the cabin. Samuel was armed with an axe, and Payne with a boarding-knife — a keen two-edged blade about four feet long and two or three inches wide, used for cutting the blubber as it was hoisted into the ship. Lilliston, who afterward declared that he had not believed they would actually carry out their plans, started with them, — out of mere bravado, by his own account, — but went only as far as the cabin gangway. When the four actually entered the cabin, he faced about, and ran past young George and forward to the fore-castle, where he climbed into his bunk.

As the four went below with their lanterns, George was again left alone at the wheel. He saw them for a moment, black against the lantern light; saw Lilliston burst out in a panic and rush forward, with only the pounding of his feet to break the stillness; saw the light play back and forth in the companion-way; then heard terrible sounds.

The captain had slung a hammock in the cabin, and was sleeping there because his own stateroom was uncomfortably warm. Samuel Comstock, having stationed Payne to watch the

mate, stepped up to the hammock and deliberately split the head of the sleeping captain with one blow of his axe.

At the sound of the blow, Payne, with his boarding-knife, blindly attacked William Beetle, the mate, who woke from a sound sleep and cried wildly, 'What — what — what — is this — O Payne! O Comstock! — Don't kill me! Don't! Have I not always — ?'

'Yes, you have always been a damned rascal,' Comstock returned coolly. 'You'd tell lies of me out of the ship, would you? It's a damned good time to beg now, but you're too late.'

Before Comstock stopped speaking, the mate leaped out of his bunk and, getting Comstock by the throat, for a moment almost turned the tables. Comstock, taken by surprise, dropped the lantern and the axe, but managed, although half throttled, to call to Payne for help, while in darkness the struggling men fought back and forth across the cabin. It appears that Payne had lost his boarding-knife, too, and without disabling the mate; for he fumbled about underfoot till he found the axe and succeeded in getting it into Comstock's hand, being himself, of course, liable to kill his own leader if he were to strike at the mate in the dark.

Comstock, all this time unable to break Mr. Beetle's hold on his throat, then swung the axe on him, fracturing his skull, and knocked him groaning into the pantry, where he killed him, while Humphries held another light, and Oliver put in a blow whenever opportunity offered.

The uproar, which by then was terrific, had of course waked Mr. Lumbert and Mr. Fisher, the second and third mates, who could not help knowing what was going on, but who had no way of knowing that the active mutineers were so few. Unarmed, and terrified by the ghastly sounds on the other

side of the bulkhead, they waited in complete silence for whatever should happen next.

Here, by allusion, is a very strange comment on the complete absence of *esprit de corps* — to use no stronger expression — among the officers of the Globe. Each mate seems to have fought for himself alone, and thereby to have contributed much to the success of the mutiny.

Stationing his men at the door of the stateroom, when he had finished with the mate, Comstock went on deck to relight his lamp at the binnacle, and found his brother, alone at the helm, in tears and almost overcome with fear. Comstock asked what had become of Smith, the second boat-steerer, threatened the boy, and returned below with the lighted lamp.

When Lumbert, hearing his steps, called from behind the closed door of the stateroom, 'Are you going to kill me?' Comstock carelessly replied, 'Oh, no, I guess not.'

But, loading two muskets, he fired a chance shot through the door and wounded Fisher.

As the two burst open the door, Comstock made a thrust at Mr. Lumbert, but, missing him, tripped and pitched into the stateroom. Before he could turn, Mr. Lumbert seized his collar. Comstock twisted away, and found himself face to face with Mr. Fisher, who had got possession of the musket, and held it with the bayonet at Comstock's heart.

Deliberately weighing the situation, and realizing that the two mates still did not know just how matters stood, Comstock held his ground without changing expression, and offered to spare Mr. Fisher's life if he would return the musket. He was very cool, this murderous young madman.

At that moment the fate of the Globe and of most of those who were left

alive on board her depended on Mr. Fisher's decision. He must have known intimately Comstock's character, and his folly seems incredible. He weakly took Comstock's promise at its face-value and gave up the musket, whereupon Comstock whirled about and several times bayoneted Mr. Lumbert; then turned once more on Mr. Fisher.

The folly of the third mate was even more remarkable, for there was a quarrel of long standing between the two; in a wrestling match, when the *Globe* was gamming with the *Enterprise*, another Nantucket vessel, Mr. Fisher had easily thrown Comstock, who had promptly lost his temper and started a rough-and-tumble fight, in which he got much the worst of it.

The odds, by Mr. Fisher's own act, were now reversed with a vengeance. The hapless third mate, who, a moment since, had had Comstock at a tremendous disadvantage, found himself face to face with a young maniac armed with a loaded musket. Pleas and imprecations availed him nothing.

'If there is no hope,' he cried at last, 'I will at least die like a man. I am ready.'

Comstock fired, killing him instantly; then turned on Mr. Lumbert, who was begging for life, though desperately wounded, and twice more stabbed him with the bayonet, roaring like the very caricature of a villain, 'I am a bloody man! I have a bloody hand and will be avenged.'

'Thus it appears,' runs the old narrative, 'that this more than demon murdered, with his own hand, the whole! Gladly would we wash from "memory's waste" all remembrance of that bloody night. The compassionate reader, however, whose heart sickens within him, at the perusal, as does ours at the recital, of this tale of woe, will not, we hope, disapprove our publishing these melancholy facts to the world.

As, through the boundless mercy of Providence, we have been restored to the bosom of our families and homes, we deemed it a duty we owe to the world, to record our "unvarnished tale."

Meanwhile, Smith, the other boat-steerer, had started aft when he first heard the sounds of disorder; but learning what was on foot, he had immediately gone forward again. Realizing at last that there was no hiding-place on board, he turned to face Comstock, having made up his mind that, if worst came to worst, he would die fighting. But Comstock, emerging from the cabin, met him with every appearance of good-will and with a cordial invitation to join hands with the mutineers, which Smith promptly accepted as representing his only chance for life.

Having assumed command of the ship, Comstock called up all hands to make sail and shake out the reefs she was carrying, and, setting the lantern as a signal for the *Lyra* to tack, held the *Globe* to her course, thus making sure that the two would part company. He then had the bodies of the four officers thrown overboard under circumstances of unspeakable brutality, — and laid the course of the *Globe* for the Mulgrave Islands.

II

The monotony of those long voyages, when a man was forced in upon himself, with only the same few faces about him, day after day, month after month, and year after year, was worse than deadly. Is it surprising that, once in a while, a man like Comstock fell a victim to mania, and, having once 'tasted blood,' ran amuck?

Unquestionably Joseph Thomas, whose flogging had been the immediate occasion of the mutiny, had known Comstock's murderous plans; and

Thomas Lilliston, who had gone with axe and boat-knife to the very door of the cabin, had obviously been concerned in the plot, although he did not go below at the time. But the pledged mutineers were now only half a dozen men of a crew of seventeen; they had no assurance of the support of the other eleven, and much reason to doubt it.

When the new leaders of the ship's company appointed young George Comstock as steward, in place of the negro, William Humphries, he accepted the post without demur, as was natural enough under the circumstances; and for a day and a night he performed its duties without incident. But on the evening of January 28, having occasion to enter the cabin, he surprised Humphries in the act of loading a pistol.

'What are you doing that for?' he demanded.

'I have heard something very strange, and I'm going to be ready for it,' Humphries replied.

George thereupon faced about and hurried with the news to his brother, who went straight to the cabin with Payne, whom he had made his mate.

Humphries, pistol in hand, was by no means willing to talk freely, and tried to evade Comstock's questions. But Comstock, finally extracted from him the story of a plot between Gilbert Smith and Peter Kidder to retake the ship, which Smith and Kidder promptly and flatly contradicted.

So the next morning Comstock ordered a trial. He appointed two men to serve as a jury, and put Smith and Kidder, and Humphries, guarded by six men with muskets, through the pretense of an examination.

Comstock, according to the narrative of Hussey and Lay, then spoke as follows:—

'It appears that William Humphries has been accused guilty of a treacherous

and base act, in loading a pistol for the purpose of shooting Mr. Payne and myself. He having been tried, the jury will now give in their verdict, guilty or not guilty. If guilty he shall be hanged to a studding-sail boom rigged out eight feet upon the foreyard; but if he is found not guilty, Smith and Kidder shall be hanged upon the aforementioned gallows.'

It sounded well to those who were not in the secret, but it marked the end of Humphries. Comstock and Payne had decided on his fate the night before, and had secretly instructed the jury to return a verdict of guilty.

They took the luckless negro's watch from him, seated him on the rail forward, covered his face with a cap, put the rope round his neck, and ordered all hands to tally on. Then they told him that, if he had anything to say, he had fourteen seconds in which to say it.

'Little did I think,' he began, 'I was born to come to this —'

Comstock struck the ship's bell, and they ran him up to the studding-sail boom.

After cutting him down and sinking his body with a blubber hook, they searched his chest and found in it sixteen dollars, which he himself had hopefully stolen from the captain's trunk less than three days before.

Having thus concluded Humphries's earthly affairs with neat celerity, Comstock read the laws that he had formulated to govern the survivors of the mutiny, and ordered every man to sign them. Here an odd distinction was made; the mutineers set black seals by their names; the others, blue and white seals. This precious document, conceived with a devilish ingenuity that challenges those who write the most sanguinary fiction, provided that any man who saw a sail and neglected to report it immediately, or any man who

refused to fight a ship, should be tied hand and foot, and boiled to death in the try-pots of boiling oil. It represented the high-water mark of Comstock's imagination and statesmanship.

Thus, cheered by the thought of all that had happened on board the *Globe*, and of the penalty to which they had subscribed themselves as liable in case they broke Comstock's laws, that ship-load of boys and young men sailed merrily off in search of some blissful island on which to spend their remaining days. Stopping by the way at one group and another, to trade for food and take pot-shots at the natives, they at last reached the Mulgraves, where, after cruising about, they found a relatively suitable place to establish themselves in accordance with their original plans.

They built a raft to serve as a landing-stage. They carried on shore a number of sails, many casks of bread and molasses and rum and vinegar, and barrels of beef and pork and sugar, and dried apples and coffee and pickles and cranberries, and considerable stores of chocolate, ropes, and cordage, clothing, and tools. It was their intention, when they had installed themselves in comfort and safe obscurity, to haul the ship up and burn her.

Payne, who had seconded the older Comstock in every detail of the mutiny and was now next in command, had charge of the ship, while Comstock superintended the landing of the various goods that were sent on shore; but becoming impatient of Comstock's generosity in giving away plunder, especially to the natives, whose goodwill Comstock was secretly trying to secure for himself alone, Payne threatened to leave the ship, and eventually came ashore, where a lively quarrel followed.

When the quarrel was at its height, Comstock went on board again, leaving Payne on shore, and challenged various

members of the crew to fight. But no one accepted his invitation; so the insane youth equipped himself with some hooks and lines, and a knife and a cutlass, and returned to the island, calling as he went over the side, 'I am going to leave you; look out for yourselves.' Evading Payne and the others at the landing, and hurrying inland, he joined a band of natives, whom, it was reported, he tried to persuade to butcher the rest of the white men, but with no success.

Payne, now left in command, and fearing that Comstock, who had gone with half a hundred natives in the direction of a village, would eventually succeed in his scheme, posted heavy guards that night; and the next morning, seeing Comstock approaching, he and Oliver, with others of the crew, concealed themselves behind some bushes, and with loaded muskets waited for their recent leader.

Comstock did not discover them until he was almost upon them. Then he cried, 'Don't shoot me! Don't shoot me! I will not hurt you!'

They fired, and he fell. One ball had pierced his right breast, the other his head; but Payne, not certain that he was really killed, ran out and cut his head nearly off with an axe, to make sure of him.

Wrapping the body of this lad of twenty-one in an old sail, they read over it, with unconscious irony, a chapter from the Bible, fired a musket by way of requiem, and buried it five feet deep in sand. All this, two-and-twenty days after he had led the mutiny and struck down four men with his own hands.

Had the survivors been of one mind, they could have put their theories of Utopia to a practical test; but, unhappily for our knowledge of social science, there were certain ones whose conception of an earthly paradise did

not conform to the ideas held by Comstock and Payne.

In the course of the day, Payne ordered Smith, the surviving boat-steerer, who, it will be remembered, had declared his sympathy with the mutiny only after it was successfully carried out, and who had had no active part in it, to fetch the binnacle compasses on shore. Payne himself chose six men to take charge of the ship, placed Smith in command of them, and sent them on board. Then, setting a watch on shore to guard against the natives, he and his party turned in for the night.

At about ten o'clock an outcry woke them: 'The ship has gone! The ship has gone!'

They found, to their alarm, that the ship had, indeed, disappeared. The strong breeze that was blowing made plausible the theory that she had dragged her anchor, and that she would work back in the morning; but morning revealed no sign of her. Without question, she had got safely away.

Smith, unknown to the party on shore, had quietly formed a counter-plot, and had enlisted in his project those of his six men in whose loyalty he trusted. The only man on board who was in sympathy with the mutiny was Joseph Thomas, whose flogging had brought it to pass.

III

On the island, Payne was in a quandary. Enraged by Smith's success in running away with the ship, he stormed and cursed, and threatened those on board her with instant death, if ever he should lay hands on them. Also he was in mortal fear of the consequences of her escape; but the arrival of throngs of natives soon forced him to dissemble both fear and anger. The inconsiderate Smith had left a cloud in the sky of Utopia.

For a few days the little group of maroons, as now they virtually were, lived peacefully enough. They traded for food with the natives, worked on their boat, and roamed about the island, visiting villages and exploring. But they were living in a fools' haven.

Of those who were left, Payne and Oliver had had an active part in the mutiny, and at least one other was known to have been in the councils of the mutineers. So those who were entirely innocent, being each uncertain of the attitude of the rest, could only hold their peace and await whatever events the future should bring—except, that is, William Lay and Cyrus M. Hussey, lads of eighteen or nineteen years, who were intimate friends of long standing and mutual confidence. Not only were these two secretly at odds with the whole escapade, of which they were innocent victims: they were kinder of heart than the others. Courageously, and with a humaneness that at the time and under the circumstances was distinctly creditable, they interfered with their fellows, to protect some of the old men and women of the natives from abuse.

Thus matters went forward, until a day when Payne and Oliver returned from an exploring expedition after the manner of the tribe of Benjamin, with two young women whom they intended to keep as wives, thus to lend their marooned state as many attributes as possible of the ideal existence.

The young women appeared to be well pleased with their new estate; but it would seem that, during the night, one of them thought better of her hasty and informal venture into matrimony, for in the morning she had disappeared.

Now Payne and Oliver were enraged and chagrined at this defection, and, promptly joined by Lilliston, they armed themselves in haste and, setting out in fury to recover her, attacked a

village. With magnificent courage—and blank cartridges—the three howling white men put the villagers to flight, chased and caught the fugitive bride, and, fetching her back to the camp, clapped her into irons, and soundly flogged her.

The natives, who had until then been as friendly as could be desired, turned against the white men. Their ill-will first manifested itself in petty thefts and annoyances; and when Payne sent four men, armed with muskets loaded with fine shot, to recover stolen goods, the islanders turned, tooth and nail, upon the little band.

Up over the sand they swarmed, with sticks and stones and spears. Hurling missiles before them as they ran, they struck down and killed one man, Rowland Jones; and gathering in large numbers, they held a council and proceeded to destroy one of the boats, which sorely disturbed Payne, since the boats represented his only chance of escape from the island where, if at all, the authorities would seek to apprehend him.

Regarding his predicament as utterly desperate, he took his life in his hands and went himself to the natives, to see if he could not find some escape from the net that was so swiftly closing; but, according to the best bargain that he could drive, the white men got peace only by giving up everything they had and by submitting to the government of the natives, whose manner of living they promised to adopt.

To this both sides agreed. But as the natives began to seize upon their plunder, an old woman whom William Lay had befriended came up to him with her husband, and led him away from the others. Sitting down, the old pair held him by the hands. When, in alarm, he began to struggle, they held him the faster.

Suddenly an uproar burst out. The

astonished boy saw his shipmates fleeing in every direction. At some distance he saw a woman thrust a spear through Columbus Worth, and beat him to death with a stone. He saw the natives overtake Lilliston and Joe Brown within six feet of him, and kill them in the same way.

The old woman and her husband now set Lay's mind at rest as far as their own immediate intentions with regard to himself were concerned; for they lay down on him to hide him from their fellows, and turned aside the weapon of one who had seen him. But, although they soon got up and led him away, helter-skelter, over the sharp coral, which cruelly cut his bare feet, he still feared that at any moment they might kill him; nor was he completely reassured until he discovered that Cyrus Hussey also had been saved, and in much the same way.

IV

For nearly two years those boys, guiltless victims of the mutiny, lived as prisoners in the hands of the natives. Time and again whalers stopped at the Mulgraves; but always the islanders rushed the boys inland, and kept them hidden until the strangers sailed away. During most of their captivity, indeed, the two were kept on different islands and had no communication with each other.

The story of their experiences is a strange one. They learned to fish by the methods of the natives, and to dry breadfruit. Once, during an epidemic of a strange disease, for which the natives superstitiously held them responsible, their captors were about to kill them, when happily one of the leading men declared that the plague, instead of being caused by the presence of the white boys, was a punishment inflicted by their god because the natives

had murdered the rest of the crew; and he argued the matter with such fervor that he convinced the others.

Famine came hard on the heels of pestilence, and the weeks of their captivity grew into months. They learned enough of the language of the islands to converse freely in it. They saw each other at rare intervals, and always under close watch. Thus they managed, after a fashion, to exist, until, on December 23, 1825, a schooner anchored off the island and sent a boat ashore. In Lay's story of his experience he tells in detail what happened.

The natives were much alarmed when the schooner first appeared; but presently they naïvely formed a plan to swim out to her, a few at a time, until perhaps two hundred had got on board, who at a given signal should throw all the white men into the water. Lay, realizing that for the first time he had a fair chance to escape, was bitterly disappointed when the natives refused to take him with them.

Only when he asserted that a vessel having but two masts could not hail from his country, and that consequently he could not speak the language of the strangers, did they let him set out with them; and even then, when they came within striking distance of the schooner, which Lay saw was armed, they fell victims to the complaint sometimes called 'cold feet,' which appears to prevail in the Tropics as well as in the Arctic: they paddled back to shore and hid him in a hut with some forty women, and ordered them to guard him closely.

'My fears and apprehensions,' poor Lay writes, 'were now excited to a degree beyond human expression, and the kind reader will pardon all attempts to express them.'

When the schooner, instead of showing signs of fear, boldly sailed along the coast and sent out a boat, the natives

themselves lost courage, and taking Lay along, fled at midnight, in their canoes, to a remote part of the island many miles away. But their flight was futile: on the morning of December 29, they discovered a sailboat standing in for the very place where they were hidden.

By this time Lay was nearly wild with fear lest once more, and forever, he be snatched away from under the very hands of the white men. But, simulating quite other sentiments, he assured the alarmed natives that he would fight on their side against the strangers, and suggested — both he and they, it would seem, now forgot that two-masted vessels came from a strange country whose language he could not speak — that he himself go down to the shore and persuade the sailors to leave their boat, so that the natives could seize their arms and kill them as soon as they should be taken off their guard. The lively debate that followed was decided by an appeal to the god of the island, and the auguries favored Lay's scheme.

They greased him from head to foot with coconut oil, and gave him strict orders concerning his behavior. Then, followed by a hundred islanders, the boy went out on the beach, face to face, for the first time in two years, with a number of men of his own blood.

Hailing the boat in English, which, of course, the natives could not understand, he warned her men of the plot, and made sure that they were well armed; then, as they landed, he ran up to the officer in command, who grasped his hand and asked if he had been in the crew of the *Globe*.

With the white men he retreated into the boat, while all the natives remained seated in accordance with his plan, except Lay's master, an old fellow whom he had called father, who rushed after him and tried to drag him back,

until the boat's crew threatened the old man with a pistol.

The vessel, Lay now learned, was the U.S. schooner *Dolphin*, which had sailed from Chorillos, near Lima, on August 17, 1825, by order of Commodore Isaac Hull, to find and bring back the survivors of the *Globe*. With Lay as guide and interpreter, her officers and men in short order forced the natives to give up Hussey, whom they had concealed. After exploring the Mulgrave Islands, where they rewarded the natives for their care of the two boys and reprimanded them for massacring the others, all hands set sail for the Sandwich Islands, and thence for Valparaiso and Callao. There the crew and passengers of the *Dolphin* transferred to the man-of-war *United States*, in which they returned to New York and, on April 28, 1827, anchored opposite the West Battery.

The *Globe*, after a rough and tedious passage, had arrived safely at Valparaiso, where the men on board her were arrested, pending an examination, after which they refitted the ship and returned to Nantucket, under command of one Captain King. They reached their home port on November 21, 1824, and were again examined, before Judge Hussey, and were all acquitted except Joseph Thomas, and released under bonds of \$300 each as witnesses. Thomas, whose guilt was clearly indicated, was sent to Boston, to be given another hearing.

As Thomas entered the story, so he goes out of it, an unreal, inscrutable figure. He moves through the old

narratives without passion and, for the most part, without speech. When and where he joined the crew, I do not know. His name does not appear on the crew list, nor is he mentioned as one of those who were shipped at the Sandwich Islands to replace the deserters. He was insolent and he was flogged — seized up to the rigging, with the crew standing by, and lashed with a rope's end till his back dripped blood. But even then, when he was the immediate occasion of mutiny and murder, he remained negative and impersonal. Still silent, — still insolent, it is implied, — he was carried back to Boston. Never, so far as report shows, did he manifest concern about his fate. 'Joseph Thomas,' say the Boston newspapers of December 8 and December 9, 1824, 'one of the crew of the ship *Globe*, was examined on Tuesday before Judge Davis, and on the evidence offered was fully committed to take his trial at the May term of the Circuit Court, on charge of mutiny and murder on board said vessel.'

There all traces of him end. Could he have died in jail before the day of his trial? His flogging introduced a remarkable chapter in the history of whaling; but the man himself is as impersonal and mysterious as Bede's sparrow.

Thus is concluded the story of the *Globe*. For a while, it was one of the famous stories of New England; now, at the end of a hundred years, it appears to be nearly forgotten. Yet I venture to prophesy that never, so long as people read our old stories of the sea, will it be completely lost.

SNOW

AN ADVENTURE OF THE WOMAN HOMESTEADER

MY DEAR FRIEND, —

When Mr. Stewart asked me to behave myself while he was gone, I promised. I really thought I should. He cautioned me over and over not to go on any wild-goose chase and get lost or frozen, and I had no desire to do so.

But no objections have ever been made to my helping out when a neighbor is in need; so when young Melroy Luke came for me very early one bitter morning I felt no guilt in going. It was not until we were well on the way that he told me he had moved and now lived ten miles farther on. 'I thought maybe you would not want to go so far to help and we need you so!' he pleaded. Any twinge of anger that might have stirred me left when I saw the concern and anxiety on his boyish face. We made our way with what grace we could; but grace is a scarce quality on such a ride. I had a very likely tale outlined to tell Dad to account for the toes I felt sure would be missing when all that seemed frozen were off.

At last the frozen miles were over, and we took our cold stiffened bodies into a cabin in a remote cañon that I had never seen before. Another neighbor was with young Mrs. Luke, and later the baby came. The neighbor had already been gone from her home longer than she should have stayed; so next morning she left, saying she would send someone to stay on. So I stayed that day and the next. I knew that at my home bread would be out, and the boys would be with the men who were

feeding for us, so I felt that I must go.

Luke could not leave his wife, but he said the way was perfectly plain. 'Just you follow the telephone poles after you get over the first hogback. They are right along the mail road to Linwood, and you have only to go west along the road to Burntfork. You can't possibly miss the road, and if you did get off there are plenty of houses along to set you right.'

We had taken a short cut in going, and I had not noticed the way at all; it was so cold that I had kept my face as much covered as possible. I set out with all confidence. I should not have minded at all if the weather had been pleasant, but it was still very cold, with a veil of frost hanging over the mountain. A sudden gust of wind swept over the bare mountain, carrying with it a sheet of snow. My horse and I were enveloped in a whirling, driving mist of snow. It was strangling, smothering. It penetrated my clothing; it drove down my back, I gasped for breath. It struck us from all points at once. In a flash it was gone. I turned to look as the flying mist of snow swept on down the valley. 'If it were not broad daylight, the sun shining brightly, I should think that a snow-wraith, a ghost of a storm long dead. But no respectable ghost would be so unconventional as to stir out in the day!' Almost before I had so assured myself, another ghost of a storm assailed me. I was not alarmed, I had been to Linwood, to Manilla; I knew the road once I reached it. The sun shone with a gleaming lustre owing

to the flying snow. I don't know how I could have been so careless, but I rode along enjoying the scene, the snow-wraiths traveling down the valley.

I had been conscious of a muffled roar for some time—wind in the mountains; but the full meaning did not strike me until suddenly the sun went out; I was caught in a whirling, blinding gust that did not pass on down the valley. I could not force my horse against the storm; he turned tail to whatever direction the capricious wind came from, and in so doing must have turned round many times.

I saw to my dismay that the snow now flying was not old snow. A storm was now on that might last for hours, days even. To remain there meant to freeze, so I urged my horse down the hill, intending to go back to Luke's. When we reached the bottom, I could see in patches where the snow had blown off what seemed to be an old road; better yet, in a lull I saw a telephone pole. I started to follow that, but the storm increased and I could not see a yard ahead of me and it was growing darker every minute. I believe that I am as courageous as most women, but at last I almost gave up. Wherever my clothes touched me I was wet with snow. All outside clothes were frozen stiff. I had n't an idea where I was and I could not force my horse to move when the wind bore down upon us. I was so tired and sleepy that I began to wonder dully what would happen if I never came home. I felt a decided relief that Jer-rine was safe in Boulder, but, foolish as it sounds, my chief worry was that the children might not let Whiskers, my cat, sleep in the house.

I don't know how long it was, but it seemed ages that we plodded on. I must have been half asleep when something brushed my head and at the same time scratched my leg. I was stiff

with the cold and my frozen garments, so I tumbled off. For a moment I lay in delicious drowsiness, and then I remembered that freezing people always go to sleep. I bestirred myself with whatever energy is possible in a half-frozen state. To my surprise I saw the roof of a shed. We had come back to Luke's, I supposed, so I called and called for help, but only the roar of the storm replied.

My horse went to the shed, and I tried to follow, but I was a long time getting there. However, I made it; but my gloves were so frozen that I could n't unsaddle, could n't even take the bridle off. I went to the door and called, but no answer. I saw a cabin only a few feet away and, filled with anger, I staggered out to it. The storm hurled me down, but I crawled to the door and pounded. I could n't lift the latch, but I kicked and pounded till the door opened and I fell into the room. A rat scampered across the floor but there was no one else there.

I closed the door and leaned against the wall, panting and sobbing, with a sharp pain in my throat and in my chest. A trickle of water crept down my face. The snow in my hair had begun to melt. I walked over to a stove in the corner. It was rusted with dis-use. I began a search for matches, but there were none to be found. All this was my salvation, had I but known it. If I had been able to get a fire at once, I might have lost some portion of my hands, face, or feet.

Failing to find matches, I decided to go to bed. I could n't get in with my frozen clothes and I could n't get the clothes off. I began another search for matches, and after I had looked the cabin over again I remembered that I wore Clyde's macakanaw. (That is wrong I know; but you will understand.) Clyde never is without matches; so, after getting my now

sodden gloves off, I began to search the inside pockets of the coat. I was rewarded with two matches and a piece. I had little use of my hands, so I wasted the two matches, and was about to weep when I remembered a piece of candle that the rats had partly eaten. I waited as long as I dared, slapping and rubbing my numb hands trying to get them so they would be a little more steady.

At last I succeeded in getting the candle lighted. In a few minutes I had a roaring fire, and was foolish enough to get as close to it as I could. As my fingers limbered, I removed my frozen skirts and hung them to thaw and dry. When I began to thaw, I was in agony. Of all the itching, burning, and stinging! I suffered terribly every time I went near the fire. Some snow had blown in through the ill-fitted window-frame, and by accident I touched it. At once a soothing relief came over that part of my arm. I had begun to think a little more rationally now, so I took great handfuls of the snow and rubbed myself over and over. At last, after what seemed hours of work, I was able to move about in moderate comfort as long as I stayed away from the fire. I did n't dare let the fire go out; there were no more matches. It was long since dark, so I filled the stove with the largest pieces of wood, closed all the drafts, and made the bed so as to be sure that not a rat shared it, then crept into bed, thanking God and my unknown benefactor for plenty of dry wood.

My bed was dusty and smelled of rats, but was not otherwise uncomfortable. I had not expected to go to sleep; I thought I should get up at times and replenish my fire; but when I awoke it was morning, and the sullen, gray light told that the storm was still on. I was tender and sore, but not so badly off as I had expected to be.

Enough of my fire remained for me to kindle. I soon had a roaring fire; then I thought I had better see how my horse had fared.

The snow was waist-deep and still falling steadily. I made my way to the shed, but was unable to get in, the snow had drifted around it so; but I peeped in through a crack, and saw that Brownie was very comfortable indeed. He had rubbed the bridle off and helped himself to someone's oats which were stacked in one end of the shed. I knew that if he were very thirsty he would lick the snow that had drifted in, so I went to the house with a clear conscience.

It is strange that when we are under great stress we are mindful of small comforts, but when we are not under stress we are more mindful of small discomforts. When I was really in danger of death, I was thankful even to fall from the horse; but now I began to fret because I could see no place to get water. When I was safe in the cabin once more, I remembered that I had had nothing to eat since breakfast the morning before; and as I have never cared for much breakfast the memory was not very filling. I was hungry. A ransacking of the shelves revealed no food, and the cupboard might have been Old Mother Hubbard's.

But I found plenty to divert me. By the fuller light of day I saw a card tacked over a shelf. 'Welcome, friend. You are at home. Help yourself. All I have to eat is in the cellar. I may never need it. I am off to war. EMIL GENSALEN.' But where was the cellar? The drifting snow covered the ground so that none could be seen out of doors, even if by any chance any of the mentioned refreshments remained. I knew that I could never find the cellar, so I sat down to read a battered magazine that the rats had spared. I guess they were not literary, or else they pre-

ferred the *Atlantic Monthly*. Certainly almost all of an old copy of *Everybody's* was there to help.

I read, I viewed the storm, I wondered what it was all for. I explored the cabin and wondered about the friendly Emil. I had not known any Emil. But I reflected that it was not necessary for me to know him for him to exist. After a while I noticed a ring in the floor. A ring meant a trapdoor. Of course! The cellar. How bright I felt! Ring in the floor. Cellar. Food. Who says a woman is not logical? Who says we cannot make deductions!

The door yielded unwillingly and I was half afraid to descend the mouldy steps; but I did and saw a neat set of shelves almost empty, but with enough cans to awaken hope in my stomach. The labels had long ago given up the fight with rust and mould. I selected two cans and sought the upper world. I have known for a long time that breakfast need not begin with an iced melon or a grapefruit. I have even suspected that oatmeal and toast might be omitted, but I should hardly have supposed that coffee was superfluous. I found no coffee, but I found a hatchet with which I opened my cans, one of corn and one of Vienna sausage. The frying pan was ratty; I had to take time to scrub it out with snow, but I did not dally at my work, I can tell you.

I expect that you have had better breakfasts, but I never did. Even the thought of ptomaine did not scare me. But, true to my former assertion, no sooner was I comfortable than I thought of four more discomforts. How long would I have to stay? What if the wood gave out? Maybe I was snowed in. Would anyone ever think to look for me? Would they be in time? I knew perfectly well that the children would be cared for. The two men would be there and both men could cook. I was restless as a mule colt being weaned.

I tried to see out of the window, to see if the snow was too deep for me to try. As I leaned against the rough casing, I saw some written words.

'When you make any charge against Providence, consider, and you will learn that the thing has happened according to reason.'

'Well sang the Hebrew Psalmist. "If I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the universe, God is there."'

'Nothing happens to any man which he is not formed by nature to bear.'

Every bit of available surface was covered with such writings, English on one facing and some other language on the other. The door the same way. I hunted for a pencil, a piece of paper, to copy it down, but none could be found. The three I send you seemed to fit my case so exactly that I memorized them. All that day I tried to picture to myself what Emil would be like. Not old, else he could not go to war. Not young, for no young man is wise. Kind and learned. That of course. An ideal host, for he attended to his guest's needs even when he was no one knew where. I was astonished to see dusk gathering. I knew that I should lack courage to go into the cellar after dark, so I brought up another can. I tried again to get to Brownie, but could not get in.

As night settled, the wind rose, and such a tumult as was outside! I ate a can of tomatoes and banked my fire and went to bed. Except for being dreadfully sore, I seemed to be none the worse for wear. I lay in the dark listening to the unearthly noises and thinking of the absent philosopher whose guest I was.

Some way, my troubles did not seem nearly so unbearable as I had thought. Perhaps Providence had sent me there to learn those very truths. I needed just such reflections every day of my life.

When I awoke next morning, all Nature was smiling. Deceitful jade, after all the turmoil, to flirt with her outraged victims! Just like young Mrs. Luke — raise all kinds of hurricanes until the baby came and then settle down to quiet. I kind of wondered what Dame Nature had given birth to. After a breakfast of apricots and Somebody's pork and beans I hunted for a shovel. None to be found. Not even a board that I could use for a shovel. I took the hearth off the stove and scooped the snow away from the shed door till I could get Brownie out. I removed the saddle and curried Brownie with some straw; then I resaddled and tied my horse outside the door. I carefully made the bed, put out the fire, and closed the cabin door securely.

I dared not ride until I reached the hilltop; the snow was too deep anyway; so I drove Brownie ahead and followed in his tracks. The going had nothing to recommend it. Certainly it was disagreeable in the extreme. The horse lunged his way, often falling, but as we neared the top the snow became less deep. It was nowhere so deep as at the cabin; it had blown off the hill and drifted around the pines that were about the cabin.

On the hill I took a survey and tried to locate myself. I was so completely turned round that the sun seemed to be in the north. I knew that the mountains lay east and west and so, keeping that in mind, I set my face northwest and mounted.

We plodded on down the hill and over another bare hill — that is, bare of trees. Slipping and sliding, panting and falling, we made our slow way. I stumbled on after Brownie most of the way. It was unsafe to ride. When we reached the top of the second hill I could see a mile away to the north the telephone line. Brownie too found himself and took courage. We made

what haste we could, and soon found ourselves on the mail road. Snow had so drifted that even the road was all but impassable, but we knew where we were.

We reached home in the purple dusk. Not a thing was wrong, supper was on the table, and the men had a guest. After he had talked of everything on earth it seemed to me, I asked him if he had ever known anyone named Emil.

'Why, yes. Emil Gensalen. He was a queer duck. He came from Switzerland. I guess that is where the Swiss come from. He had a claim down the country a ways. He had a notion that goats were the thing to raise. Said he was going to try grapes too. He was a dandy good fellow, but queer. He went to war and has never come back. I never heard that he was mentioned in the casualty list, but no one has ever heard a word from him. I guess he went West.'

I asked what became of his things.

'Oh, he just left everything. He was a little foolish about his cabin. At the dance that we gave for the boys who were leaving for war, he said publicly that he wanted everyone to feel welcome in his cabin, but that if anyone misused the privilege, some great misfortune would overtake them. Belham went over there to make some moonshine, and you know how quick the prohibition officers got him. Hanson went over after a load of logs that Emil had cut and piled up there, expecting to build a stable. He did n't get home with the logs before he broke his leg. That is where the sheriff got Dave Peters. He had made that his headquarters while he was in the rustlin' game. Did n't last long, though.'

The men had so many other things to talk of that no one wanted to discuss Emil. I had much to think of, and Emil had a place in my thoughts. I am not superstitious but I could n't help wondering.

All those misfortunes were merely coincidences. What misfortune will overtake me? None has, and I feel just as if I had had an adventure that is deeper in significance than appears on the surface.

But I have no feeling of fear. Can two paths of life cross each other invisibly? Why?

I must stop this long jumble. You won't love me pretty soon. Perhaps I shall never get to mail this to you. The postmaster has had no envelopes for a month or more. That happens often. With much love to you and tenderest remembrance of the day,

Your friend,
ELINORE P. STEWART.

TAPESTRY

BY WILLIAM DOUGLAS

I SAW the brown deer feeding,
Dappled like adder's-tongue,
And quietly were they leading
Their nimble-footed young;

By some enchantment herded
Among the bamboo trees,
Whose stems with light were girded
In flickering fantasies.

And as I stood there gazing,
In sunlight and in shade,
They raised small heads from grazing,
With soft eyes unafraid.

I could not pull my golden dart
Out of its brodered case.
It seemed as if my very heart
Were silent in its place.

A LESSON IN MODERN MAGIC

BY M. D. PENROSE

THE confusion of ringing bells, tramping feet, and roll-taking was over. I rose to face my new class in Contemporary Poetry.

As my tongue began the lecture, my mind wandered off on a surreptitious tour of investigation. Who were these people before me? Could I possibly interest them in poetry? Could I weld their different personalities into an enthusiastic whole which would gladly follow me in the pursuit of beauty? Or should I have to drive them before me, with always the strain of feeling certain wandering, reluctant sheep lagging behind?

There in the back row was Arthur Wells. He would do steady, faithful work, I knew, and occasionally might have an idea of his own. I noted other former students of mine, some colorless, one or two unusually bright, several of average ability.

Then my eye fell on the occupant of the first seat on the end of the first row: Mynerd Peterhof! his square Dutch face gazing at mine with determined intensity, his pen and notebook ready to catch each word of wisdom that fell from my lips, the perspiration of despair on his brow as the words 'Free Verse' and 'Polyphonic Prose' smote his ears.

Inspiration seemed to leave me as I looked at him. Visions of prosy, badly written, albeit most logically developed themes in Freshman English stood before me in his place. Long hours spent in conference over the dangling participle and the comma splice came to

mind to dim the sunshine of the spring day. The spectre of his personal essay, which just would n't be light or amusing or personal no matter how long we struggled over it together, came back to haunt me. Mynerd Peterhof, whose tongue still stumbled over English words, whose broad back and big hands stood him in good stead every summer in the harvest field! Why, oh, why had he chosen to take Contemporary Poetry instead of Physics, and how could I ever plant the germ of poetry in his all-too-solid breast?

I soon learned why he was taking poetry. His major professor had told him that he needed to develop the literary side of his nature; he was too scientific. So he was going to get this thing called poetry if it killed him. The zeal of the biologist following the contortions of a beetle under a microscope was in his eye as he told me about it.

The course began with that apostle of the New Movement, Amy Lowell. My misgivings at the thought of trying to teach poetry to Mynerd Peterhof gave place to curiosity as to how this conscientious son of Holland from Idaho would take to the unconventional daughter of the Puritans from Massachusetts. In the parlance of the day, he gave the lady the careful 'once over.' Every afternoon I would find him in the library doggedly tracking Miss Lowell through *Sword Blades and Poppy Seed*, trying to understand these lines in 'A Lady':—

You are beautiful and faded,
Like an old opera tune
Played upon a harpsichord;
Or like the sun-flooded silks
Of an eighteenth-century boudoir.

Or wondering why these lines from
'Red Slippers' got into a book of
poetry:—

The row of white, sparkling shopfronts is
gashed and bleeding, it bleeds red slippers.
They spout under the electric light, fluid
and fluctuating, a hot rain—and freeze
again to red slippers, myriadly multiplied
in the mirror side of the window.

He said very little in class. It was
not until he handed in a paper on free
verse that I read his verdict. He
thus disposed of Miss Lowell: 'Amy
Lowell would be a better poet if she
knew life better. She needs to mix
with a little dirt and hard work.
She ought to go through Hell. It
would do her good to work in a harvest
field. Her best poem is "Patterns,"
written after her lover was killed in the
war. She needs more hard knocks
like that to give her poems sincerity.'

I could not repress a smile at the
picture of Miss Lowell, in coveralls,
mourning for a dead lover, and I began
to look forward to other literary
criticisms from Mynerd Peterhof.

But nothing relieved the gloom of
Alfred Kreymborg and Ezra Pound.
He couldn't rise to the heights of
Kreymborg's 'Parasite':—

Good woman.
Don't love the man.
Love yourself,
As you have done so exquisitely before.
Like that tortoise-shell cat of yours
Washing away the flies; or are they fleas?
You've hurt him again?
Good!

Of Ezra Pound, a compatriot of his
from Idaho who wants to conceal the
fact, he only said that he agreed
heartily with his line from 'Further
Instructions':—

And I? I have gone half cracked.

The next assignment was Vachel
Lindsay. The class were discussing
'General William Booth Enters into
Heaven.' We first read the poem in
unison, out loud. I had given careful
instructions just how each stanza was
to be rendered, emphasizing particular-
ly that I would read the last one alone.
Lindsay's directions are: 'Reverently
sung—no instruments.' I began that
pathetic last verse:—

'And when Booth halted by the curb for
prayer

He saw his Master through the flag-filled air.
Christ came gently with a robe and crown
For Booth the soldier while the throng knelt
down.

He saw King Jesus—they were face to face,
And he knelt a-weeping in that holy place.

Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?'

But instead of the silence that I wanted,
several voices carelessly broke in, then
stopped, and giggled. The reverence
was sadly marred by snickers. I
looked up from the book in disgust—
to meet the serious face of Mynerd
Peterhof, his eyes shining with tears.
A small girl with protruding eyes and
thick ear-bobs piped up that she
did n't like Vachel Lindsay because he
wrote about such ugly, disgusting
things. 'I don't think a poem ought
to describe'—and she quoted:—

'Walking lepers followed, rank on rank,
Lurching bravos from the ditches dank,
Drabs from the alleyways and drug-fiends
pale—

Minds still passion-ridden, soul powers frail!
Vermin-eaten saints with mouldy breath,
Unwashed legions with the ways of death—'

I tried to explain that this poem
represented the point of view and the
triumphant spirit of the Salvation
Army. It was Mynerd Peterhof who
came to my rescue. With eyes in
which anger had dried the tears, he
turned upon the offended maiden with
vehement finality in his voice. 'This

poem is worth a dozen of the other kind. A real poem does n't have to stick to just *pretty* things,'—with immense disgust in his emphasis of *pretty*.

Again the picture of Mynerd struggling over themes came to my mind. But this time the sun kept on shining. As I wondered at the change in him, I remembered Lindsay's lovely poem, 'The Chinese Nightingale.' Mynerd Peterhof was like the Chinaman in that poem, ironing away all night in his hot little laundry, but with the magic nightingale singing songs to him that no one else could hear.

I will tell you a secret, Chang replied;
My breast with vision is satisfied,
And I see green trees and fluttering wings,
And my deathless bird from Shanghai sings.

Mynerd, and with him the class, — for I now began mentally to centre the class around him, — liked Robert Frost, as I knew he would. 'That fellow knows what he's talking about,' he said, as we were laughing over the discomfited farmer in 'The Code — Heroics.' To my surprise it was he who first caught the subtle magic hidden in the first lines of 'Mending Wall,' that touch of eeriness in nature of which Frost, the poet-farmer, is always aware.

Something there is that does n't love a wall,
That sends the frozen ground-swell under it,
And spills the upper boulders in the sun;
And makes gaps even two can pass abreast.

To a farmer boy it was unnecessary to point out the simple, gripping realism, in 'After Apple-Picking,' of lines like

My instep arch not only keeps the ache,
It keeps the pressure of a ladder-round.
I feel the ladder sway as the boughs bend.
And I keep hearing from the cellar-bin
The rumbling sound
Of load on load of apples coming in.

But it was John Masefield who won his allegiance, complete and absolute.

In class we shivered and sweated through 'Dauber,' and shuddered at his ghastly death on the deck.

'Is it a tragedy?' I asked the class.

'No, it's a triumph!' shouted Peterhof. 'Dauber failed as a painter but he got there as a man.'

Again there was that gleam in his eye, unknown in the days of Freshman themes, when I read from Masefield's 'A Consecration': —

'Others may sing of the wine and the wealth
and the mirth,
The portly presence of potentates goodly in
girth; —
Mine be the dirt and the dross, the dust and
scum of the earth!
Theirs be the music, the color, the glory, the
gold;
Mine be a handful of ashes, a mouthful of
mould.
Of the maimed, of the halt and the blind in the
rain and the cold —
Of these shall my songs be fashioned, my tales
be told.'

We swung through the *Salt-Water Ballads* and listened to the touching music of the *Sonnets*, and felt the solemn thrill of war in 'August 1914.' Then I assigned 'The Everlasting Mercy,' and a paper commenting upon it. Here is the criticism that came from Mynerd Peterhof, who a year before, to save his life, could not be interesting or personal.

'The gripping realism of the "Everlasting Mercy" is what impressed me most with the poem. There is none of the doctrine of a poet of a former age who tried to avoid the low, the ugly, and the degrading in life and in life's sufferings. John Masefield actually saw what he describes in this poem, is the conviction left in the mind of the reader. Perhaps he did not see these particular incidents, but he had lived the life of the sailor; he knew about the alehouses; he knew about the drunken crowd of "sops" which usually frequent these places; he knew the deg-

radiation of the women at these places; he knew about the prize-ring and its participants; and above all he had the desire to picture these things as they actually were. He had undergone many sufferings, and also knew of the battle against religious doubt and of the final victory that he makes his theme in "The Everlasting Mercy."

'Masefield paints many beautiful pictures in the plainest of language. He seems to have a fine psychological understanding of people and their actions. His swinging cadence also perhaps aids in picturing the beautiful out of the ordinary. To me the picture of the continual knocking of Christ at the heart of Saul Kane who is the most degenerate among degenerates is beautifully done. At the end the picture of the ploughman, to represent the peace of perfect faith, is the height of simplicity but still exceedingly beautiful.'

I was not surprised to read on his examination paper that John Masefield was his favorite poet of the year.

The class in Contemporary Poetry had assembled for the last day of the term. How different I felt from that first day! How pleasantly tried and familiar those faces in front of me looked.

. My mariners,
Souls that have toiled, and wrought and
thought with me —

I quoted to myself. I felt a similar pang to that of Ulysses in saying farewell to them.

Mynerd Peterhof stopped for a moment at the desk after class. 'I've decided to go out for that English Essay Contest you told us about,' he said. 'I want to write on the New Poetry. Will you help me? And say,' he went on in an unusual burst of confidence about his personal affairs, 'I was washing dishes last night down at the boarding-house. A Russian kid who's been working there in the kitchen for a few weeks asked me if I had anything good to read. I told him I'd just gotten a book of poems from the library that I had n't read yet, *One Hundred Lyrics*, edited by Sara Teasdale. I wanted the book to help me on my essay. So we read the book together. That Russian kid liked this poem the best. He said it had a big kick in it, and I agreed. Want to hear it?'

With his Dutch tongue still hesitating over some of the syllables, he read this poem, 'Gifts': —

'You ask me what — since we must part —
You shall bring back to me.
Bring back a pure and faithful heart
As true as mine to thee.

'You talk of gems from foreign lands,
Of treasure, spoil, and prize.
Ah, love! I shall not search your hands
But look into your eyes.'

This time the shine was in *my* eyes, and the Chinese Nightingale singing in my heart. The walls of the classroom faded away, and Mynerd Peterhof, the Russian kid, and I were standing in the Elysian fields where poetry is truly loved because it is shared.

LION'S COURAGE

BY G. B. MACKENZIE

I

FRESH from the nearest approach to a bath that he ever allowed himself, Monsieur Eugène Danou pulled his woolen undervest, still warm from a recent night's use, again over his head, stretched toward the foot of the bed where hung his trousers, and so progressed from stage to stage, until his mirror and an habitual feeling of correctness indicated the practical completion of a careful and unhurried toilet.

He then shook a little brillian-tine into his hand, rubbed the palms together, and devoted two minutes to the violent friction of his rather scanty, graying hair. This done, he plied comb and brush with care, flicked a suspicion of dandruff from the shoulders of his shiny black coat, and, striding across the small bedroom, flung open the casement window.

The freshness of a bright May morning in this pleasant suburb of Paris had its effect on the impressionable little commercial traveler, and his rising spirits found outlet in a gay snatch of tune. He accepted his unaccustomed cheerfulness as a favorable omen, and stood for a little, breathing the fine air and watching the approaching paper-boy follow a leisurely and erratic course along the street.

For the first time in his twenty years' experience of the Road, M. Danou was without a situation. Nor was he suffering for any fault of his own. When it came to selling gentlemen's hats, it was

admitted that, despite a vague timidity of manner (the peeping skeleton in an otherwise perfect cupboard), the quiet little hard-working traveler was without a rival. His employers, expert character-readers, had hesitated before promoting him to the position of head salesman; but a fuller sense of his own importance seemed to fill M. Danou from that moment, and they never had reason to regret their decision. In his selling, indeed, appeared occasional flashes of brilliance. He took daring chances for his firm, and was consistently successful; more than once he displayed a boldness that astonished his rivals.

'Success has been the making of our little Danou,' his fellow travelers would whisper behind their hands of an evening in the small-town commercial hotels; 'since he has become chief *représentant* for Monod Frères he is bold as a lion.'

And Danou, whose hearing was good, caught the sense of these remarks in his corner before the fire, and swelled inwardly with gratification.

'The lion's boldness is bluff; he is a coward at heart,' muttered an old man once on the opposite side of the chimney. His words were, however, lost in the general noise of the talk, and M. Danou retired early, the compliment still ringing in his ears. During the night suggestion did its work, and when he awoke, the lion was bolder than before.

One day a friend sat in a railway carriage listening to M. Danou's tale of a recent daring coup. 'And what would have happened had you been unsuccessful?' queried the friend.

'My firm would have lost some fifty thousand francs,' replied their représentant, not without pride.

'And you — would you have lost your situation?'

M. Danou thought for a moment; then he gave a little shrug. 'It is a thing I have not considered,' he replied briefly, and changed the subject.

A chance question in a railway carriage —

Maria, his wife, noticed the change within five minutes of his home-coming the following Friday. She was almost the only person who realized his weakness, and it had been her especial care for years to watch over him, lending him her strength when he required it. From this day forward she redoubled her efforts.

Learning by a few keen questions the reason of his sudden *malaise*, she at once set about her task of reassuring him. She dwelt upon his great experience, his wonderful successes. She argued with the skill of a lawyer, the conviction of a fanatic, the intensity of her love. She named him half a dozen firms who would jump at the chance of his services should the occasion arise, and eventually she succeeded — succeeded, that is, in restoring his self-confidence as a salesman. What might lie beyond, it was fortunately unnecessary for her to consider.

When M. Danou returned home one gray evening in March, he brought the news that MM. Lefèvre et Cie., of Nancy, one of the most important hat-making establishments in France, had closed its doors. Maria watched him carefully as he sat after supper smoking before the fire. The serving-girl had washed up the dishes and gone home.

It was an hour when they generally talked together of the day's happenings, or, if M. Danou had been away, gave one another a survey of their week's events.

This evening he was unusually silent, and when it came to nine o'clock, rose and fetched his boots. 'I think I'll go along as far as the station,' he remarked; 'the late paper ought to be in by now.'

There was only a short paragraph about the failure. As they already knew, it was due to the slump following the war boom, coupled with reviving competition from abroad. M. Danou took a serious view of the situation. 'There will be more to follow,' he prophesied, shaking his head; and for once all Maria's efforts to reassure him were unsuccessful. That night they both went to bed depressed: a fortnight later the old-established firm of Monod Frères discharged its three hundred employees, and followed its rival into liquidation.

In face of this unparalleled situation, M. Danou almost went to pieces. The nightmare of his life had become a reality; for with every firm in France cutting down staffs and reducing expenditure, the chance of finding employment for months, and possibly years, to come, appeared hopeless.

'How,' he kept asking, 'can a man, already past middle age and with his knowledge and experience so specialized, adopt any other line of business than his own?'

As for traveling salesmen — they were clamoring for work by the hundred in the columns of every newspaper he took up; and as day followed unsuccessful day, and he trailed home in the evening, weary and hopeless from his fruitless seeking, even Maria at last began to look grave.

During the first week it had been bearable. When she met him at the

station, as she made a point of doing when she knew the hour of his train, he would smile and joke, and ask her how she liked being among the unemployed. The knowledge that they would not immediately starve was a comfort for which he learned to thank Our Lady with greater fervency every day; and the few hundred francs a month which the revenue of his wife's untouched *dot* assured them certainly kept him from a premature despair. But there was hardly more than would keep body and soul together, and the need for finding a situation grew daily more pressing.

During the second week of unemployment, he ceased to joke; at the end of the second month, he was wallowing in gloom. 'Je ne suis bon à rien,' he would mutter over and over to himself while she was washing up the supper things; 'I am good for nothing, nobody wants me; it is finished.'

When the dishes were dry and piled in place in the old-fashioned buffet, she would draw her chair close to his and take his hand; and while she stroked it like a child's, little by little her influence would gain upon him. Generally she let him do the talking first; then, when he was wearied, she had her turn, sympathizing, reassuring, comforting. They spoke of old times, of his long and successful career, and a hundred little triumphs.

Then, with a bravery he never imagined, she turned to the future; and as she talked, he caught the spirit of her optimism. And there was a future for them yet — she knew it, if only her work of years would bear the test. She strove as never before to save what still remained as the fruit of her labors; and each night, when bedtime came, she found her Eugène again grown almost cheerful. But her triumphs were, as a rule, pitifully short-lived. His self-confidence had a habit

of draining away in the night, and he would awake each morning, despite her, to the hopeless darkness of the day before.

II

This morning was a notable exception. Could it be the swallows, swaying and chirruping on the telephone wires, or that cheery rascal of a paper-boy whistling his careless way out of sight? M. Danou's own little song changed to a whistle as he turned to wish his wife good-morning: such sleepy interchange of words as might take place on their awakening was never considered in the nature of a formal greeting.

His beloved Maria, short and well-covered, entered smiling from the kitchen. She seemed indifferent to the dirtiness of her yellow dressing-gown, and the numerous strands of chestnut hair that straggled untidily over her ample forehead. She would have cared as little had she realized the greasy smudge disfiguring an otherwise rosy cheek; for, although Parisian-born, — or perhaps because of it, — she considered that nothing should be allowed to interfere with the work to be done. Later, she would dress and powder with the best; but that would be in the afternoon, when the house was dusted and the remains of her midday meal had disappeared. In the morning she had more important things in hand.

'The newspaper, Eugène! Say now, there will perhaps be something to-day. But you must read it while you are drinking your chocolate: if we do not take our breakfast at once, I shall never have the time to go along to the market.'

M. Danou, his favorite *Petit Parisien* in his hand, followed his wife into the small kitchen, where two cups of chocolate were already cooling, set out on a piece of oilcloth at one end of the table. Maria produced the long loaf of

crusty bread left by the baker's boy an hour before, and with neither butter nor jam to color the meal, they began to eat.

Disregarding the news, the little man munched and drank in silence, while his eyes were running with the speed of custom from one likely advertisement to another. The 'Situations Vacant' column was not a long one that morning in the *Petit Parisien*, and he was nearing the bottom of a seemingly hopeless list, when —

Suddenly the honest little man's heart missed a beat. *Enfin!* There it was at last! But was it? He must make certain — Yes, indeed —

M. Danou forgot his very first rule of good society: 'Maiah! Maiah, — oo!' he exploded in the middle of an enormous mouthful of crusty bread. A gulp of chocolate helped to render him coherent: then in an excited voice, a trembling finger to guide him, he read off his find.

'*Voilà, Maria!* There is my affair! Who would have thought to discover it to-day? and in the *journal*? Ah, and we have searched so long! I know the Maison Barthélmy in the Boulevard de Nîmes: they are a serious firm, who pay well their employees. M. Barthélmy, the principal, is a shrewd man, but bears a good reputation. If only I can manage to arrive before it is too late —'

'But it is perfect!' His wife had risen, and now leaned over the table by his side, her arm through his, to read the magic words.

"Head traveler . . . push the sale of gentlemen's hats." It's exactly what you're waiting for, dearest, is n't it? But, Eugène — why do they put "only those with absolute confidence in themselves need apply"? I don't think I quite like that: it sounds so — so funny.'

'Not at all, darling — quite essen-

tial.' His words came hastily in jerks, between mouthfuls. 'Confidence? We travelers have to have confidence of course — never get on without — Absolute self-confidence — that's the secret — Often have to take important decisions — might be question of a hundred thousand francs one day. Thank God at least I've never suffered from nerves.

And a moment after, 'For goodness' sake, hurry up with these boots, Maria; I know you're going to make me miss my train.'

An hour later a little man, neatly but quietly dressed, entered M. Barthélmy's private office on the Boulevard de Nîmes. Behind the counter a girl sat, typing. She glanced at his card. 'If you've come about the advertisement,' she said, 'M. Barthélmy can't see you till four o'clock.'

'My business is with your employer, mademoiselle, and not with you. Will you kindly tell him I am here?'

'Is it about the advertisement?'

M. Danou interested himself in a calendar on the wall, and made no reply.

With an angry glance that was entirely wasted upon him, the girl rose from her chair and pushed open a heavy door in the rear of the office. Hardly had she disappeared, before M. Danou had taken four swift strides round the counter. The inner-office door was not yet closed when it was opening again before him.

'Did n't he tell you his business?' The short wiry man with the pointed gray beard and searching eyes was tapping his desk irritably with the corner of M. Danou's card. He swung round sharply at the interruption.

'And what do you mean, monsieur, by coming in here without my permission?'

Briefly M. Danou explained his

visit. 'My twenty years' experience on the road,' he added, 'has taught me to walk straight in when occasion demands. It has also taught me to arrive before the crowd. If I have annoyed you, I demand your pardon; but you see my business methods in operation — and at least you will hardly deny that I am here.'

He took out a colored handkerchief and mopped his brow. The first round was his; had M. Barthélmy decided to turn him into the street without consideration, he would not continue to sit and study him as he was doing. This little success gave him just the fillip he required. The whole world seemed now at his feet if only he conducted himself carefully, and he found himself thinking back with amazement upon his recent long periods of depression.

'Will you give yourself the trouble of sitting down?'

In the outer office began the tap-tap of the young girl's typewriter; here, the atmosphere was different, and very peaceful. Double windows, tightly closed, cut off the noises of the busy boulevard; heavy curtains and other wall hangings seemed to deaden even the ticking of the large ormolu clock, set over the fireplace, below which a mass of glowing *boulets* sufficiently explained the oppressiveness of the atmosphere.

Although the furniture was a mixture of antique and modern, there was no suspicion of out-of-date-ness in the general effect; and if the principal of the firm himself appeared to belong to the preceding generation, it was only as long as he remained silent and absorbed. The penetration of his eyes and voice amazed M. Danou: they were almost sinister.

'Yes,' resumed M. Barthélmy slowly after a few moments' scrutiny of the intruder, 'yes, you are here. Do you

smoke, monsieur? Accept a cigarette. And your credentials?'

Cursorily he glanced through the papers produced. He appeared more interested in observing the subject of them sitting before him, and while M. Danou chose a cigarette and proceeded to light it, followed attentively his every gesture. He noted the careless flick of match on box, the moment's guarding of the flame, the sudden glow of the closely-packed tobacco. M. Danou smoked rapidly, inhaling sharply and blowing out the pale blue clouds one upon another in quick succession.

M. Barthélmy handed back the reference. 'It is easy to light a cigarette when one uses the Swedish matches, monsieur,' he observed.

The other took a couple of quick puffs. 'My faith, yes; I have never known them to fail. A pipe is sometimes difficult in the wind, but a cigarette' — he waved his hand, 'so simple!'

'Yes — It is largely a matter of confidence, is it not? You know how we all of us feel when we have but one match that remains. Remember the care with which we rub the tip — how easily the stem may break — how small a breath extinguishes the flame.'

M. Danou glanced quickly at the speaker. 'A salesman has little time for nerves, monsieur,' he replied shortly.

'And you?'

'I flatter myself —' He jerked off the first long ash into the waste-paper basket, and sat back in his chair puzzled. He seemed to have lost, all of a sudden, the helm of this interview. Where, exactly, were they drifting?

M. Barthélmy remained silent.

'You have seen from my papers, monsieur, that as a salesman I have given satisfaction. Do I gather that the qualities you most demand are confidence and experience? And if that is so, is there any way in which I may satisfy you?'

He took three more quick pulls at his cigarette, but this time failed to displace the still-glowing ash.

M. Barthélmy cleared his throat. 'As to your experience, I am satisfied. That you can fulfill my requirements, provided you have the necessary self-confidence, I have little doubt; but in this, my demands are above the average — and precise. I propose, with your agreement, to try a little experiment that has just occurred to me. It deals with just this point, and the result should be interesting. You permit?'

He placed his elbows on the desk, and allowed the tips of his thin, white fingers to rest lightly together.

M. Danou bowed.

'You will not, then, consider it an impertinence if I put to you rather a personal question.' He paused. 'You have, possibly, — er, — certain private moneys, monsieur? Savings, perhaps, on which you are living at present — a legacy from some dead relative?'

'There is my wife's *dot*,' said M. Danou.

'Exactly! The only barrier between yourself and starvation — am I not right? the thing above all others that you fear to lose?'

The other nodded.

'You smoke quickly, monsieur.' M. Danou's cigarette was more than half consumed. 'Is it because they are such simple things to light, that you smoke your cigarettes so quickly?'

M. Danou, utterly befogged, laughed nervously.

'This is my proposition.' A harder note crept into M. Barthélmy's voice. He continued: 'When you have finished this cigarette — no, no! smoke it to the end, I beg of you! — you will choose another, from my case or from your own, as you prefer. From your box you will select one match. If you succeed, monsieur, in lighting your cigar-

ette with the single match, you will have this situation; and my terms, you will find, are generous.'

He stopped. M. Danou waited a moment for him to continue; then, with a quick motion, threw his glowing stump into the fire, where it caught and burned up in a flash of yellow.

'Is that your only condition?' He had seized the first cigarette his fingers touched in the other man's case, and was already selecting a match.

'Not quite! You will remark that, if it were, you would have everything to gain by success, while in failing you would be losing nothing — nothing, that is, that belongs to you already. I can gauge a man's self-confidence by what he will stake on his success. By the way, I assume that you control this money of your wife's? Good! I make, then, this condition: you will give me your word of honor, in the presence of my typist, that, if you attempt my little experiment and fail, you will pay over to myself the full amount of your wife's *dot*, whatever that may be. That is my only condition. Have I made myself plain?'

He sat back, a little smile of irony twisting the pale lips, half-hidden by his moustache.

M. Danou deliberately laid down match and cigarette upon the desk. 'If I fail —' he began slowly.

'And I happen to know that you will fail.'

From outside, the muffled sounds of thronging traffic scarcely reached them. One huge vehicle, lumbering on its way, shook the glass in the windows and passed into the distance. Even from the chimneypiece the faint ticking of the clock was hardly audible while the two men eyed one another across the broad desk.

'You happen to know —'

'That you will fail.'

A full minute passed while neither

moved. Suddenly from within the clock came a sharp rattle. M. Danou jumped: 'Fetch her in!' he snapped. He reached forward for the cigarette again, and as he examined it, his fingers were trembling.

The girl, summoned from her typing by the pressure of a button, quietly entered and stood by the door.

'Are you ready?'

The matches from the box were now scattered over the desk, and he was nervously examining each in turn.

'A moment, while I explain!'

In a few words M. Barthélmy had put the situation before his secretary. Wide-eyed, she nodded her understanding.

'And now,' he continued turning to M. Danou, 'you will give the required assurance to this lady and myself. Repeat these words: "I promise —"'

M. Danou was choosing and rejecting match after match. His hands were shaking now so that he could scarcely pick them up. When he tried to speak, he made a husky sound in his throat, and had to swallow twice before he succeeded. 'I promise —' he repeated, word after word to the end.

Another pause: the atmosphere itself seemed strung to breaking-point.

'All ready,' said M. Barthélmy, lean-

ing forward. Selecting one of the cigarettes himself, he picked up the match nearest to him — ignited it with a careless sweep on the side of the box. The next moment he was inhaling deeply.

For the space of several seconds M. Danou gazed at him, fascinated; then with a decisive movement forced his own cigarette between dry lips, grasped the box in his left hand, and snatched up a match. The safety-head was quivering on the striking surface: all he wanted was just to flick it along — only — to — flick — it — along — 'But you will fail —'

It was like Maria's sob as the girl caught her breath.

With a sudden cry the little man was on his feet. Behind him, his chair crashed to the floor: match and box flew wildly toward the fire.

'*Mon dieu! mon dieu!* What am I doing? Maria! Maria!'

Next morning a charwoman, sweeping out an office in the Boulevard de Nîmes, discovered an unsmoked cigarette beneath the broad desk, where it must have rolled unnoticed. 'It is well,' she said, 'my husband will be glad of this'; and she slipped it among the contents of her capacious pocket.

NOT EIGHTEEN

BY CHARLOTTE KELLOGG

I

TRUSTEE WILLIAMSON had come down to Trustee Maguire's house, to look me over. 'Pretty thin — most all eyes,' I caught after his first look; and after the second, a terrifying, 'Not eighteen!'

I shivered. I felt myself dwindling and shrinking under the hard blue eyes of the huge, hairy trustee, who recognized a letter as his only when he saw that the name on it spanned the width of the envelope — his was the longest name among those of the dozen pioneers in this remote California corner of tumbled hills, of stony, stubborn hills, for all their soft and gentle look. 'Not eighteen.' This rough, illiterate giant had some discernment, after all.

I had just been elected to Stony Hollow School. With what consternation the kindly board chairman, who came in person after a late session to bring the good news, had watched me burst into tears on receiving it! How could he hear the little gate of my girlhood closing behind me? How could he know how desperately distant Stony Hollow sounded in my untraveled ears? Or guess my tumultuous questioning of what awaited me at the journey's end? A week later I had climbed into a cart, and with the reins grasped tightly in one hand had waved the other in gay good-bye to mother. And after two days — days so gloriously gold and blue, despite the thick dust of the rough wagon-roads; days stretching so

deliciously from ridge to ridge and valley to valley that I wanted only to go on — I reached the Hollow.

I had been warned as I set off that more important than any mere teaching of spelling and arithmetic to children was the job of converting Trustee Williamson to education. For he sardonically refused to send any of his six boys and girls to the struggling school, which seemed doomed to lapse without them. School? Not for his offspring! That old Southern mammy knew what she was talking about when she said, 'Lor, chile, when yuh aint got an eddication, yuse jes' got to use yo brains.'

And now of me, his 'Not eighteen'! The sharp appraisal was no auspicious beginning. And what of mother, depending on me, if he should press for proof of my age qualification? My grammar-school principal, fatherly friend, had been certain that I would succeed. Our town board had been glad to ignore the lacking year, as they assured me I would succeed. I myself believed I could succeed if left alone with the children. But this first Saturday morning I was shaken with fears.

'You'll be coming right over to spend the night. You can see the chickens.' He turned to me with a gruff word of welcome.

This I took more as a command than an invitation; for I knew that inter-trustee jealousies would brook no delay in my visiting round.

It had been conceded that Trustee Maguire's house would be my boarding-place, partly because of its central position, but chiefly because this trustee, with his shock of white hair and stubby white moustache, sent occasional news-items to the *Silverado Enterprise*. His title of correspondent made the Maguires social dictators of the barren hill-country.

Mrs. Maguire's hair was as slick and black as her husband's was white and wiry, and wound in a tight knot at the back of her head; her longish narrow face was as sallow as his round one was ruddy; and her small near-set black eyes were as sharp as his blue ones were twinkling and kindly. But I learned to know that she was, after all, better than her disposition.

'Begosh, and I hope ye'll make out,' she had said, as, arms akimbo, she watched me on my arrival trying to settle myself in my tiny lean-to room. 'It's, begosh, a long ways you've come.'

There was no unpacking to be done, for the obvious reason that there was no place to put anything I might unpack; but Mamie and Malvina and Dannie, my pupils, and all three within as many years of my own age, were as eager as their mother to see what my mysterious little wooden trunk held. So, before pushing it under the bed, I spread the contents upon it: the three crisp white blouses, and the bright plaited gingham dress (how mother had worked over folding them), and then — and that was what they were breathlessly waiting for — the party dress. Malvina and Mamie smoothed and shook the full white China silk, my grammar-school graduation dress, with delighted hands. They ran their fingers fondly over the broad shirring around the waist and throat, and I promised to teach them how to shirr. But we were not allowed to linger over the white silk, for Mr. Maguire was calling me,

impatiently, from the field. We refolded the treasure, pushed the diminutive trunk under the cot bed, and I hastened outside.

'You see that hill, yonder,' — the correspondent pointed across the black adobe flat on which the rough pine house stood, — 'you go over there and stand at the bottom of it, and I'll go over to this one' — waving toward the opposite slope. 'All you've got to do when you get there's listen!'

I struggled wonderingly across the sticky field, shooing off turkeys and patting a horse on my way, and took up my position. From across the flat he motioned me still farther along the hill base; then, satisfied, he stopped, and, after waiting a moment till convinced that I was all attention, lifted his hands to his lips, and I caught faintly, incredulously, from across the clearing, 'Ship ahoy!' And then, louder and unmistakably, 'Ship ahoy!'

I was dazed, but there was no doubting that call. So I cupped my hands and returned with all my might, — 'Ship ahoy!'

He waved his arms ecstatically. I had heard. And I felt that, in some amazing way, I had made good. We met in the middle of the field, and there I knew his secret. Exiled old mariner that he was, fast anchored here among stony hills, he was consumed night and day with longing for the sea. He did not dare try the neighbors, and family sympathy and interest had long since gone dry. I was the one hope of some easing of his pain. And I had proved to him that a passing ship could still catch his 'Ship ahoy!' I would help him to evoke the great spirit of his past.

'You can teach that school, eighteen or not,' he finished delightedly. 'You can teach the school.'

And from then on, day after day, when my work was finished, we took our positions on the opposite hill bases

and called back and forth across the adobe sea, in the still twilight — 'Ship ahoy!'

I had never seen the sea. This was my first intimate touch with its mastery over men who give themselves to it. During all my girlhood I had dreamed of it, thinking that I realized its immensity when we sang in Sunday school,—

'There's a wideness in God's mercy
Like the wideness of the sea';

thrilling to its adventure and dangers through Drake and Nelson of the school reader, then breathlessly following Ulysses, and finally losing myself in its mystery and enchantment when Keats made of my own rude window-sill a magic casement. And here, among the silent hills, was proof of all I had believed of the sea. More and more I fell under the spell of our game, transported to the dazzling ocean world with its endless processions of passing ships, and, each time as we called, seeing fresh peril averted. 'Ship ahoy!' and I could teach the school!

There was another game that we played, and in which, on peaceful evenings, the family joined — the game of unwinding the ball. This was an imaginary ball of yarn held in the correspondent's hand, the tightly wound chronicle of the day's events; and, as he told them off one by one, a diminishing ball. Our part in the game consisted in prompting — 'But don't you remember, Mag broke her tie-rope'; or, 'No, it was *six* o'clock when Ed Jones galloped up with the weekly mail'; until the ball was quite unwound and ready to begin rewinding itself with the morrow's dawn.

II

Yes, I might teach, so far as this ruddy sailor was concerned. But he

was only one of three, and day and night I was tormented with the thought of the impending visit to big Bill Williamson's house. Several times I planned to hitch up the rickety old cart at night, and flee over the hills and safely back to Silverado. But mother!

It was only when shut safely inside the flimsy wooden box set up on pegs, my schoolhouse, with my twelve children, that I forgot all else. I arrived as early as I could, pulse high after my rapid walk through the radiant morning, hurried eagerly up the five steep steps, — carefully skipping the most worn one, through whose wide crack a rattlesnake one day thrust its head, — and stayed as late as I dared. After the last papers and copy books were blue- and red-penciled, I stood, until I could no longer see, before the old blackboard, lost in the joy of grappling with a trigonometry problem. I had left home hugging an elementary 'Trig' and a first Greek grammar; and when shut in alone, in the gathering dusk, with these two precious red volumes, I was rich and happy beyond compare. Beyond the blackboard I saw college doors swinging to let me in! The fact that there was no high school in the town where I grew up, and that I could hope for no more than my grammar-school course, did not dim that vision. All through those grammar-school years I had said my morning prayers kneeling before a green-shuttered window, looking up through the shutters, as I prayed, at the resplendent cross on top of the high steeple of a Catholic church near by. For me, then, it was quite detached from any religion; it was simply the golden promise of the realization of my university dream.

As often as they could, Dora Nash and Dan Maguire, my two brightest pupils, — and, incidentally, both older than I, — stayed on with me for an

hour or more after the four-o'clock dismissal. Poor Dan! overgrown, undernourished, yet with fine blue eyes and high forehead; sensitive, silent Dan — how I longed, as I helped him with some simple problems in physics, to be able to lift him out of this stony trap, where no farm had yet paid, and set him down where he might have half a chance.

With Dora, to whom I was glad to teach extra algebra and what little botany I knew, it was different; she would always have a chance. She was strong, breezy, and, despite her thin, straw-colored hair and freckles, good-looking. Her father had not been caught in this implacable corner, but had luckily settled on friendlier ground some distance away. Her mother had died when she was a little girl, so Dora kept the house. After supper, when there was nothing more to be done for the fruit trees, the tall, straight-backed old man, with his gentle blue eyes and long white beard, used to sit looking out across the spicy garden at his beehives, while Dora played for him, on the melodeon, hymns he used to sing with her mother. The bees were his delight. He swarmed them without mask or gloves, working among them as successfully as he did fearlessly. 'They never sting a Christian,' he asserted with smiling faith.

Because of the melodeon, Dora was my music-master in school, where we gathered about her each morning for our nine-o'clock singing. She was also my mainstay in Sunday school. The Maguires objected to this service; but knowing what it meant to the other isolated families I insisted on keeping the schoolhouse open on Sunday. With Dora to lead the singing and to help teach her week-day classmates, I had all the assistance I needed. Indeed, holding Sunday service was easier for me than the more unfamiliar schoolday

task, for the parsonage had been a kind of second home to me. When fifteen, as president of the Junior League, I had been sent out in its interest to cover the district circuit, much as the itinerant preacher did, and speak from successive pulpits during part of the church hour.

Yes, all Sunday mornings were happy ones, and all school mornings and afternoons. And the noontimes! At noon, partly because I could not eat my lunch and the children must not know that I could n't, and partly for more important reasons, I made a practice of slipping away as soon as they were comfortably settled out of doors, and busy over their lard-can-lunch-pails. I hurried along the curving hill-slope at the left of the rough clearing, watching for rattlesnakes as I went, and when just out of sight of the ugly wooden box turned and climbed straight up the hillside, until I reached a narrow plateau, a field of shimmering white, where myraids of exquisite fragrant little mountain pinks spread their silken corollas in the sun. With a shout I opened my pail, and extracting the daily, thick, underdone, saffron-colored biscuits, with their slice of bacon, flung them as far as I could to the squirrels. Then I sank down deliciously upon this fairy-like, silken bed. Its sheer beauty was rest and refreshment. And, as I lay, it became suddenly the shining magic carpet that lifted up and up through the luminous noontide reaches, high above the rounded hills; and then off we were, and over the blue horizon, just far enough for me to glimpse the grand buildings, — my old Scotch friend had thus described the university, — the grand buildings, with their great doors that opened on the world. Incredible, glistening bower, hung there aloft so lavishly by the same Nature that so grimly denied the stony slope below it!

All would have gone well: I could have stood the frequently stormy nights at the Maguires' — I still see sensitive Dan's flushed face as words grew louder and angrier. I could have stood even that dreadful night when coffeepot and rolling-pin went whizzing toward opposite heads. And the rattlesnakes; though when I opened my eyes one dawn upon a particularly long and thick one gliding in over my low window-sill and ran calling for help to Mrs. Maguire, I felt that the snakes would win the victory. Mrs. Maguire flew to the rescue with a kettle of boiling water, and thus another bridge was crossed.

III

Yes, the days were bright enough, except for the shadow that fell so persistently across their sunny spaces — the unreasoned dread of the visit to the big trustee's. Finally, it could not be postponed another day. And as I started for school on a Wednesday morning, I carried a little paper parcel, my visiting-outfit. Mrs. Maguire was almost as unhappy as I over this approaching ordeal, and made no attempt to conceal her anxiety. In her eyes big Bill W. was a heathen monster. 'Begosh, and I hope ye'll come back all right,' she said, apprehensively wiping a corner of her eye. As I went through the door, I thought for one incredulous moment that she was going to gather me in her arms. If she had, I probably should n't have started.

Her sailor husband laughed at us both, and, walking with me a few steps, 'Now don't you let that bushy giant see you're afraid of him, for one minute,' he said. 'He's never eaten anybody yet. You *argue* him; if you can make him send those poor lost children of his to school that'll be the biggest feather you ever stuck in your

cap.' And then, as I rounded the hill, I heard, 'Ship ahoy!' and turned to see him waving cheerily.

Fortunately that school day was an especially full one — no time for foolish forebodings. It was past five o'clock when I smoothed down my gingham plaits, tucked my parcel under my arm and started slowly along the Williamson trail. I had not yet seen Mrs. Williamson (Jasmine), or one of the six children; and I hoped, as I followed the winding stony way between hills, that the trustee might be off somewhere, and that I could begin my visit with the others. But no, as I sighted the sagging gate, there he was mightily digging beside it. Mustering courage, I called cheerfully as I approached, — 'Good-evening, Mr. Williamson!'

'Well,' he said, 'you come at last; thought the chickens would all be to roost 'fore you got here.'

And without delay he started off with me for the coops and sheds. After I had listened to the ejaculatory story of the perils of chicken-raising in this wild country, which back in Kentucky they had told him was all tamed and soft, he made me count out loud, as he listened delightedly, every hen and chick. These were his fortune. I was, in a way, making a twilight appraisal of it for him. From the chickens themselves we turned to the nests and the eggs, and I do not know how far into the dusk he would have kept me there adding, had not little Minnie come to tell us that supper had been waiting already a long time.

Outside, with the chickens, I could largely forget my terrors; but inside the narrow, high-peaked kitchen, despite the timid greetings of Jasmine and her six children, all pathetically glad to see me, they came flooding back. For all through our supper at the long board table, I felt the family fear of the master: no word from any of the

children, except the eldest, twenty-two-year-old Lem, almost as big as his father, and simple-minded. He prattled on like a good-natured baby. Jasmine had done her best with the supper, and she knew how to cook: fried chicken and fluffy biscuits and quince jelly. She was delighted with my compliments; and by fixing our attention entirely on our food, we managed to get through the meal with what must have been distinct success. If only I could have escaped directly afterward!

But when the dishes were washed, we filed into a small splintery-floored room off the kitchen, where there was a primitive stove and some odds and ends of chairs. Jasmine stirred the fire, and then we settled down in a circle to our 'evening.'

But we were no sooner down than up we got; for big Bill loudly proposed, 'Hide-and-seek.' I wondered for a moment if he had divined Jim Maguire's parting, 'You argue him,' and was bent cleverly on checkmating us. But as we dashed from door to door, under beds and behind boxes, I was convinced that he was but following his own bent: he adored 'Hide-and-seek' and gave it up only after even the three youngest had sunk back panting within the circle.

'Spin the plate,' he quickly proposed.

Lem ran for a pie tin, and we crouched and tumbled and spun, the huge trustee always the most boisterous in the tumbling and the spinning, until he again changed the bill. We ran down his list of romping and guessing games. No arguing; no feather; I saw that quickly. I tried then to do what I could with the children and their mother. When finally both list and players were exhausted, and big Bill announced that he was going to 'turn in,' that meant that the rest of us must.

I found to my intense relief that I was to have a tiny room alone. It was

almost filled by a wide, ugly walnut bedstead, carried along with greatest difficulty in the prairie schooner, more than halfway across the continent — the family altar. Jasmine shyly pressed my hand in good-night, and I heard the children scattering to their cots as I partly undressed. The spectacle of the gamboling giant had not been a calming one, and I found it impossible to commit myself to any unguarded sleep beneath this uncanny roof. I slipped under the quilts, but remained sitting straight up against the walnut headboard.

However, despite my resolve to keep awake, I did fall into sleep, — for how long I do not know, — but only to be violently shaken out of it as I felt the bed rocking, the house lurching. My heart pounded; I clutched the sheet and held my breath in the utter blackness, making a superhuman effort not to scream; for I was sure that this was some diabolical prank of the huge trustee, or worse. Then, amid a loud confusion outside, I heard him shouting, 'Earthquake!' and I sank tremblingly, thankfully back, and breathed once again. I had felt only tremors before, never one like this, but earthquakes might come by the dozen; let them come! The shed-house stood the shock, and gradually settled with creakings and cracklings back to quiet. When I crawled out from under the quilts at dawn, big Bill was already with his chickens, and I could quietly and humanely help his wife with the breakfast. Part of her scant stock of dishes, alas, had been smashed in the night.

During breakfast big Bill was taciturn, entirely occupied with the worries of patching up after this shaking. And I did not dare even mention the school of which he was a trustee.

Utterly discouraged, and yet thankful just to be still alive, I started off,

promising poor Jasmine that I would come again, while I urged her to try to get to the schoolhouse Sunday morning. As I started, overgrown, feeble-minded Lem stepped up beside me and took my lunch-pail. He had made up what mind he had; he was going to school! It needed no family council for that; nobody objected; learning could not hurt Lem! And from that day on, Lem was completely dedicated to education and to me. He took his place obediently on the bench with the four little tots in first-reader class, struggled valiantly with 'The cat ate the rat'; carried water from the well; brought me a rare rose or a wild flower; drove rattlesnakes from under the schoolhouse, hunted them indefatigably all about it; he even once managed to get to the far-distant post-office and surprise me with a letter.

One alarming day, when, raising his hand, he called me by my first name, the whole class was galvanized into fascinated expectation of what teacher would do. But since teacher evidently considered this the most natural occurrence in the world, tension slackened and heads went back to their books. When, after school, I tried to explain to him how he could make my work easier by sticking to the forms, he smiled happily and said he understood. And he partly did, and tried, poor Lem; but with only intermittent success.

I did not win the other children, though they were allowed to attend Sunday School. However, nothing more was said about the age qualification, and the big trustee came with his entire family to the school dance.

'Don't be downcast,' kindly Jim Maguire had said; 'you've done more than anyone before you. It's a job for the police.'

But I could not be cheered into forgetting how I had failed those sad children and sadder Jasmine.

IV

To direct the Sunday School was simple; to engineer the schoolhouse dance was formidable. All the guns of the church in which I had been brought up were focused on the evils of dancing. I had never danced; how was I to preside as floor-manager at the most important of the whole term's events? Perhaps my chief chance of success lay in making this particular party the prettiest picture the Hollow had yet seen. I unfolded my white China silk — yes, it would do. Then began plans with the children. There must be a swift scrubbing of the splintery floor. My platform would be pushed back against the rear wall and embowered in oak boughs, to serve as dais for the three fiddlers. The school benches would follow the walls, which must quite disappear behind latticed greenery (the little children would sleep on these benches); the ceiling became easily a leafy bower; bunches of wild flowers would give brightness to dark corners. But the stove — hideous object — thrusting like a dangerous rock from the middle of the floor: we were in despair over the stove. And yet, when hillsides had been scoured and the few nearby coverts made to contribute their ferns and blossoms, even the stove, transformed into a mossy mound, seemed a part of the general loveliness. The children could scarcely wait until mothers should see and exclaim.

While we were busy in the schoolhouse, they were busting about the ovens. Each vied with her neighbor in the bread-making and cake-making, and in the boiling of the hams and chickens. For neighbors from the hills beyond the hills, whom they rarely saw except at this one social function of the year, would be there. Mrs. McLaughlin, of course, was making a whole row of her sour-milk pies.

Dusk had already fallen when Annie and Katie and I, tired but excited, ran across the adobe flat, and I began helping them to arrange their hair, which had been carefully wound in rags the night before, and to slip into their pink and blue lawns. Mrs. Maguire already had on her black silk, with its full gathered skirt and passementerie trimming, and was packing the ham and chickens in the wash-boiler, and piling up the tin milk-pans in which the sandwiches were to be passed. The cart was out, and Trustee Jim was buckling the last strap of shaggy Maggie's harness.

There was no time for any special twisting of my own hair, for I must be the first to return to the schoolhouse. I hooked my white silk down the front, and calling good-bye as I threw a little shawl over my shoulders, hurried on ahead through the star-filled evening. And I had no more than reached the school door before my faithful Dora ran panting up the steps.

Very soon, others began to arrive — Bob Brown and his crowd from very far away, of whom I had been warned as the 'rough ones.' I watched them tie their horses under a clump of trees and deposit mysterious packages in the undergrowth. With each family group came the clothes-boiler and milk-pans; these were gathered near the sandwich table we had set in the corner beside the platform, where the fiddlers, with their long gray beards and long hair, were already tuning up. Through the open door we could see the fathers building the campfire for the coffee-pot.

Every woman had on her black dress, silk or poplin as might be, and her embroidered apron to protect it as she cut sandwiches and cakes; and there were a few coral and garnet necklaces and some pretty old jet and gold earrings — treasures antedating these

bitter pioneering days. I had all but forgotten the dancing in my pleasure in their proud happiness over the table they were piling high. And I had not noticed that the young girls had retreated, as one, to a corner, and that all the young men had disappeared. They were outdoors fortifying themselves from the mysterious packages.

Then the first fiddler began beating time with his foot; and as the three bows scraped the catgut, he called the opening quadrille. There was a bold rush up the steps, and a good-natured assault on the solid corner. One by one the girls were pulled out, either by an arm or the waist, and with much stamping of feet and laughter the figures were made and the bowing and crossing and turning begun. Fathers and mothers joined in with great zest. I sank back against the pine boughs — and then turned to arrange sandwiches. From quadrille, to galloping polka and schottische, on and on through the breathless hours we went, with, for midnight climax, a romping Virginia reel.

And now came the event toward which the whole evening had progressed. We had long been catching tantalizing whiffs from the huge coffee-pot boiling over the campfire. Lem slipped a stout stick through its handle and brought it steaming to the sandwich table, while we lined up to hold tin cups under it. Mothers called as they passed the heavy milk-pans, 'That's Sallie's chicken sandwich,' or, 'Try this ham one, it's Annie's.' Innumerable sandwiches were followed by innumerable thick slices of layer cake and wide cuts of pie. Such feasting! And for the fiddlers on their dais, too, of course. By this time all my anxieties had taken wing, for I had supposed all along that the supper ended the party. But now, wide-eyed, I found that we had only begun! One o'clock, two o'clock, three

o'clock; if the first half had been a jolly success, the second half was a riotous one. Reel after reel, till the first silver of dawn flooded the clearing. That was the signal.

The faithful fiddlers sheathed their bows and, with breakfast sandwiches in their hands, led off on the trail. The little children were shaken from their sleep on the benches, boilers and milk-pans and coffepot were loaded into uncertain carts and wagons. I had expected to walk home, but 'rough' Bob Brown, whose way lay in quite a different direction, gallantly insisted that I ride his white horse, while he walked beside it as far as the Maguire flat. As he helped me seat myself sideways on the cross-saddle, I saw that all the others who had horses were falling in behind me. Tired as I was, this friendliness almost brought tears. I remember, too, my delight in riding thus in white silk on a white horse at dawn. I had seen copies of Italian frescoes, and I wondered if, from some far height, Gozzoli or Ghirlandajo might be looking down upon our own rude little cavalcade winding in and out among the young hills.

The Rumbles had come to the dance, despite the fact that I had not yet spent the night with them — Mr. Rumble was the third trustee. Until then I had not seen him. I might be seventeen or nineteen, both were one to him. Between the Maguires and the Rumbles was bitter feud over an ancient fence, and if the Maguires could have prevented it, I should never have visited the Rumbles, school or no school. Their two little freckled, red-haired girls, in my fourth and sixth grades, were encouragingly quiet and obedient, but they had a stepbrother, almost thirty, and the hills echoed with tales of his mad ways. He had finally, some four years before I came, been committed to an asylum, from

which he had just been released as cured. But according to the Maguires there existed no cure for such an evil one; and, though I tried in every way to forget him, terror of the 'released' shackled my steps as I started on the Monday evening after the dance for the Rumbles. I knew their house was no more than a barn-like, single room. How could I hope to escape him?

And yet they seemed, as they welcomed me, the most crushed and colorless family in the whole district. All through the evening meal, at the plank table near the stove, we chatted easily enough about the dance, the little girls' lessons, the fruitless struggle to wring anything from this corner of the California whose every acre they had pictured running with milk and honey. And in their talk I heard again the answer to the question I had at first asked myself almost hourly. Economically their struggle was hopeless. For though, as part of a vast Spanish grant, this land had once yielded to the great herds turned loose upon its slopes and fed them well, all later attempts like these to call paying green farms from its hard surfaces it resisted pitilessly. Why was this handful of men and women fighting on? Why was there any school at all; or one trustee, even such a one as Bill Williamson? Part of the answer I now knew. The glamour of the golden hills was upon them. Barren they might be, yet they were flowing with the milk and honey of poetry, and to these enduring pioneers this was compensation.

Always as we talked I kept close watch of the strangely silent 'released,' with his carrot-colored hair and trailing moustaches. I noticed with relief that there was a loft built out over a third of the kitchen, with a ladder running up to it; perhaps I was to sleep there. Luckily I was; and soon after supper I climbed the ladder with the two little

girls. Yet after we had crawled into our cots and the lamp was out below, it seemed so easy to roll off the unbalanced platform and down to where lay the 'mad one,' that I gripped the cot bars, determined not to loosen my hold. But again I fell asleep, and awakened only when I heard the three grown-ups stirring about the stove. The pump and the tin wash-basin were outside, not far from the door, and after I had let the little girls climb down to get an early turn at the washing, I dressed and followed.

In the doorway I stopped transfixed. The grindstone stood close to the well, and beside it, with a long, sickle-like knife in his hand, which he alternately brandished and pressed against the glittering wheel, stood the 'released.' What an ugly knife, and what desperate flourishing of it! Not a word to me, only an intent look — no halt in the knife-waving! How I forced myself forward I do not know, but somehow I reached the pump, and then, trembling from head to foot, got back to the kitchen and the breakfast-making.

It was after that desperate morning picture that I sent word to mother, begging that my brother (he was nine!) be allowed to come to visit me. And as soon as she could despatch him, the blessed child arrived, laden with Sunday-School papers. From that day I experienced a wonderful sense of protection.

Saturday afternoons I helped Mamie herd the turkeys. She was chiefly responsible for a roving flock of forty. This was genuine sport, for, except where we ran upon certain old Indian paths, the hillsides were trailless and covered with a thick undergrowth of chemical and manzanita; and the half-wild birds scattered far. No matter how often repeated, I always started on a hunt with zest. For it we had two

mongrel horses, but no saddles; and to stick on, bareback, as we dashed through and over and under the dense brushwood required vigilant balancing. The search greatly excited the horses, and with every gobble I had to take an extra grip with my knees. It was astonishing that anything short of a big-game hunt could hold so many thrills and suspenses. Once I was thrown backward, but, fortunately, early in the ride, while my thick braids were still bound across the back of my head and acted as a shock-absorber. Mamie was badly frightened; for some minutes she thought me dead; but I was soon astride again and we were off, shoulder-deep in brush.

One by one we frightened the big birds out from under cover and pursued their flapping wings down the slope, until they seemed safely on their way to the roost — a clump of straggling trees on the outskirts of the black clearing. Of course, some of them always turned back and the scurrying and shooing had to be repeated. It was often deep dusk before, red-cheeked and with hair streaming, — no pins were proof against this riding, — we reined our sweating horses on the flat. As we leaped to the ground and began twisting our hair, Mrs. Maguire would appear in the doorway, thrusting back her own black wisps and shaking a fist at the turkey trees.

'Begosh, and I'd like to see ivery evil neck of thim wrung; next time may the coyotes get thim!' Then, peering, as Mamie and I started for the roost, she called sharply, 'Sure you got all, Mamie? Count right!'

If luck were good and the count tallied, we quickly rubbed down our horses, and then began a meticulous search for woodticks — it was just as well to forestall their unpleasant practice of burrowing with their heads into soft flesh. That over, unless it was

quite dark, I hurried for a dip in a stream a half-hour away; then supper, which we ate with gusto, no matter how under-baked or over-fried.

After the first hunt Mamie and I were pals. In the house and at school she had seemed just palely fat and silent, but out scurrying over the hill-sides she wakened into life. We talked of other adventuring, of the world beyond the myriad hills. Mamie was twenty, and had never seen a railway train. When, one day, I said that somehow I was going to manage to borrow the cart and take her the two days' journey (forty miles) to the nearest track and show her a train, her eyes, usually so expressionless, shone with excitement. Could I? Would I? We kept our prodigious plan a secret until the hour was ripe. Then, one bright holiday morning, I boldly announced it; and before the family could catch its breath, we were off, behind shaggy old Maggie, in a cloud of dust.

It was pleasant to see Mamie's face as we caught our first glimpse of the golden wheat-fields of San Jacinto Valley; and again, the second day, as we rounded the shoulder of Mt. May, and the lovelier expanse of Silverado Valley lay spread out below us. And then, as we dropped down, and I saw the first railway tracks not far ahead, I pulled Maggie to a stop, praying for a train. Mamie stood up in the cart in her excitement, straining her eyes. And lo, my prayer was answered! I sighted a line of faded-red freight-cars slowly approaching; crawling, they seemed to me to be, but not to Mamie.

She sank down close beside me. 'Let's back up,' she begged, as she took my hand. I pulled farther away. And then to her gasping terror and delight the terrific monster, with its amazing retinue, rolled by. It was about the slowest freight I had ever seen. Watching Mamie, I wondered what would have happened to her had her first experience been an express.

She continued to hold my hand tightly, silently, as our eyes followed along the shining rails until the mighty live thing had shrunk to only the thinnest line, and then was blotted out against the blue. In Mamie's soul something stirred. All the long way home she plied me with questions. How far was it going? To what kind of country? What was this freight that it carried? For Mamie market sources and outlets were the adobe flat on which she had grown up. Was the whole round earth striped with these marvelous silver bands? And the flying passenger train — was it like a shooting star? Would she ever have a chance to get on one? Would she dare? And above all (as old Mag's own particular snorting told us we were nearing the barn) would I take her again, to see just one more train go by?

Poor Mamie, how I longed to; but there was no further opportunity that term. And then I was moved far across the hills to a larger district. And finally, on a great day, I climbed to the platform of a train bearing southward, toward the grand buildings with the doors that opened on the world. And I thought of Mamie.

CHANGING THOUGHTS OF DEATH

BY SARAH N. CLEGHORN

THREE times before I was ten years old, death came into our house.

Grandmother, who lived with us, and who had taught Fanny and me to read, died when I was six. Fanny and I talked about her death. Fanny was eight. When Christmas came again, Fanny astonished me by asserting that Grandmother had been alive at the previous Christmas. This I could not believe, truthful as I knew Fanny to be. Death had instantaneously removed Grandmother far in time, as she was far in space; far from associating with such things as Christmases; they were incongruous even to speak of in connection with her. I could have summed up my whole conception of death then in the word 'gulf.' So engulfing a thing it was to die, that Grandmother seemed thenceforth never to have lived. She had only moved mysteriously and touchingly among those of us who were really alive, as one who was set apart to die.

When I was eight years old, Fanny herself died; bright-haired Fanny, the fast runner. I never asked father or mother where she had gone. I felt that a sort of dark disgrace had crept over her, and drawn her away; and again, as with Grandmother, the shadow reached backward and darkened all her previous life. She too had been set apart to die. It seemed as if we must have known it always, and as if she must have known it, too, and felt the black magic, like a witch, whispering doom at her elbow. Strange, gruesome, and unfathomable death! turning

grandmothers and sisters into ghostly strangers!

Our mother, and the two aunts who came out West to spend the winter with us, all three dressed in black. They wore crape veils. When people asked about Fanny, what had been the matter with her, they talked with loving yearning about her illness; how unexpected, how baffling it had been.

My little brother and I were rosy and fat, we romped and played, we went to bed early and slept well, we had good appetites, our nerves were tranquil, our lives were regular and pleasant. We seemed to have nothing morbid in our minds; and yet I believe that from my own mind, at least, the shadow of death was never wholly absent. If I 'caught cold,' I thought that I was an acolyte of death, and that fatal 'complications' would 'develop'; an hour of hearty indigestion would make me feel the sides of my coffin rising round me.

At Easter of that year our mother died, and Carl and I slipped naturally into the already homelike care of those two loving and familiar aunts. They brought us up in the New England village of our ancestors, a village thenceforth deeply beloved by us. It is in a valley renowned for its beauty. The beauty of this valley, without any reason that I know of, did away with some of my superstitious fear of death. How do bliss and beauty do away with fear? Perhaps they only fill the heart and crowd fear out. They flood the

darkness with light (a thing to remember in bringing up children).

When I was older, I sometimes went to funerals. They overshadowed me a little, perhaps. But it was only Cousin Ellen's funeral that ever gave me a wakeful night. Cousin Ellen had been moderately old, not very old. She had been a dearly prized friend and crony of mine. Her bound *St. Nicholas* was one of my delights; and she respected the secrets I told her. She was buried on a bleak, raw, dark, windy, snowy December afternoon. Carl and I went to her funeral. We went coasting afterward. But in the night I woke up, scourged with the sense of the desolation of death. It had less witchcraft now, but more of utter loss, and infinite removal.

I was then about fourteen. As I grew older, I had some nocturnal miseries of remorse for cross or flouting conduct toward my aunts, and in those bad quarters of hours I was helpless before the insupportable thought of their deaths. Their deaths I simply could not bear. I could not live through losing them. I felt prophetically then the simple grievousness of death. Most of its horror had fallen away from it, even that secondary horror of mere grimness, which the weather of Cousin Ellen's funeral had dramatized. The false face was now pretty well worn through, and one could see the natural countenance of Death, as the supreme author of loneliness, of anguish, the irrevocable Parter.

All these years the scenery of the traditional Heaven had been familiar to me, as to everyone; but along with it, I had been aware, as we all are, of the pious hush in our voices when we spoke of it, the unnatural passive smoothness of our assent to it, the absence of any matter-of-fact assumptions about it, any homely, whimsical detail. And when there was any casual talk of death

among the grown-up members of our family and their friends, if I was listening, as I often listened, the impression that I gathered was of a frank ignorance, on their part, of everything to do with 'the next world.' They would speculate a little, and repeat the hypothesis of some author they had been reading, but would close their conversation by saying, 'Well! Nobody knows.' Especially was this so when I heard my father talking about death — my father, whom we always regarded without awe, as one who, on his visits to Vermont, did nothing else of his own free will but play with us.

Yet in the worn prayer-books of our elders, when we were dusting their bureaus, we used to find old clippings sticking out of the pages, containing poetry about the meeting again in Heaven of those who have been long parted by death. In my father's prayer-book were always five or six such clippings, describing the meeting, beyond the grave, of parents with lost children.

What little was left of my childhood sense of black magic and foreordination in death was finally cleared away by my brother's desperate illness when I was seventeen. He seemed at one time to be almost visibly sinking into the grave. When he recovered, a crowd of attenuated old superstitions blew away from me forever. Death remained, though unmasked of all his shadowy trimmings, the stark creator of loneliness, the Parter, the black threat over life. The symbolic skeleton exactly expressed death to me in these years.

And yet there was already sprouting in my mind the sense of death's possible fascination and magnificence. The courage of those who risk death, the dazzling courage of the martyr, took hold of my imagination as of a musical instrument, and began to trail sounds

and echoes round the thought of voluntary death. I shuddered away from it, yet thrilled toward it, and faintly understood the jubilation Latimer is said to have felt before his burning, when he shouted to Master Ridley that they two would light a candle that day in England that would never be put out.

In a period of some youthful sadness of his own, which coincided with a period of sadness in my life also, my brother once inquired,

'Did you ever think of the possibility of successive lives on earth?'

An instantaneous assent to this theory leaped up in my mind. It seemed to me most comfortingly homelike and natural, and pleasant, too, above all other possibilities. I greatly wished it to be true. I suppose it fulfilled a lifelong need which I had felt, which probably we all feel, for bringing death within range, for domesticating death. Though I was obliged in honesty to admit to myself that there were puzzling difficulties involved in this hypothesis, I rested in it throughout my twenties, as the most congenial notion about death that I had ever had.

People to whom I spoke of it, however, seldom liked the idea. They regarded it as a vast risk, if not an actual punishment, to return to earth again. But would you not like, I asked in wonder, to live your life over again — you, a member of the owning class, whose life, I should think, has surely been very pleasant? Not for worlds! they said. I could not find, among all the people I asked, more than two or three who tolerated the idea.

When death took away, first, the elder of our mothering aunts, and a few years later, our father, I experienced exactly what older friends had long told me I should experience — a feeling of intimacy, a solid sense of acquaintance with death. We who remained had seemed almost to go

through the gate, almost for a moment had seemed to shut it behind us, to shut ourselves into the hereafter with the tranquilly, dreamily dying ones whose hands we clasped. For a few weeks we almost seemed to have the key of the gate, almost felt that we had visited them actually in dreams, which utterly laid the ghosts of all imaginable misunderstandings. These intenser dreams often leave a lasting impression. In my own experience the effect of one such dream has remained conclusive for twenty-two years.

Somewhere in his writings, William James speculates whether personal immortality may be achievable rather than inevitable. This notion impressed me very much. I remember several times thinking, 'Well, perhaps we can have immortality if we want it enough to create it.' In a book by Henry Holt I was struck by the notion that we perhaps are dipped up from the stream of cosmic being like a dipperful of water, are kept separate for a time, then poured back again. Both these notions, however, I failed to realize emotionally, or otherwise to incorporate them into my life; and in the same way I failed to make any use of Spinoza's noble conception that we are immortal while we are occupied with immortal values, and only then.

But during my thirties I began to think of death as a pleasurable adventure. This view I think resulted partly from the fact that my life had been a sort of crescendo, each decade turning out to be happier than the one before it, though all were happy. Then, too, I became a Socialist during this time, and felt to the full the adventurous happiness that such a step involved, when taken by a woman born a Victorian in some of the worst senses of that word. It was natural, accordingly, to think of death as a still more abounding experience; and the

mood of two old persons whom I knew endorsed this feeling. Each of them was in the nineties. The granddaughter of one of them said to me afterward, —

'You know, my grandmother was a woman of a very pleasant disposition; but when she became very old, and all her old friends died, she was positively disappointed at being left alive. She was actually a little cross about it, like a schoolgirl left out of a picnic.'

The other old Vermonter, when he was eighty-nine, said to me, —

'I am sometimes extremely impatient to see what is on the other side of the door.'

And going myself to tea one evening with three other women, one of whom was greatly the senior of the rest of us, I remember feeling a momentary faint envy of her, as probably destined to enjoy before the rest of us the prime adventure of dying.

I remained for about eight or ten years under this conception of death. It was possibly colored a little by a winter which we spent in Italy during this time, where I, who had never before cared to travel, was especially enthralled by the dark glimmering beauty of the Italian gardens. In a poem which I wrote that year called 'Death the Adventure,' it was natural to use the expression: —

Courage! Home is not all; there are houses and gardens elsewhere

Elsewhere gardens, perhaps, more lovely than are the Italian.

In these years I began to practice self-suggestion, at first for an expensive sinus ailment, and then to release my social passions into my verses. Self-suggestion finally brought me into the habit of daily realizing by contemplation such hopes and aspirations as the hope of immortality, and that of social sharing. For a year or two I used to look out the window every night on going to bed, and to conceive of the

spirit as going out of the small room of mortal life into the invigorating fresh air of the everlasting life. A cousin of ours died, during the early years of the World War, from a distressing malady; and this use of self-suggestion enabled me to bear the fruitless recollection of her sufferings by dwelling on her approach to immortal health and freedom. Unspeakable refreshment of spirit always resulted from these contemplations; and the sleep which followed them was a revelation of what sleep might be.

My forties have been extraordinarily lucky. They begin to cast forward toward death a shaft of beaming brightness. So full now is my sense of life, that the best of earlier expectations seem pale to me now, as not good enough to be true. Is it because of this satisfaction with earthly life at its pleasantest, that concern for our personal immortality has been fast drifting away? Though I am sure experience has always been the motive of the changes in my thoughts of death, reading too, of course, has influenced them. Masfield's series of great sonnets on beauty, love, and death has had, for instance, a large, though vague, power over my imagination. Much more clearly I am aware of the effect on me of reading the popular new histories of the world. In these rapid sketches of the whole of terrestrial time, the earth appears (to me for the first time) as a live creature, with strong bents, motives, and creative powers of its own. To read so swiftly the tale of evolution gives me a vivid, confident, warm feeling toward the earth. In its age of reptiles — in its ages, before that, of sterile rock — in its ages, before that, of steaming flame, the earth was conceiving me — conceiving Buddha, and Jesus! In such an earth shall we not confide? And if, at death, our elements scatter

again into loam, dew, and rocky salts, how can we, even so, lose a jot or tittle of what we are? How can we lose one fleeting trace of lovability that our friends prize in us?

No energy can ever be lost; then, not our fiery predilections! Electron with loved electron will meet again, for none are lost, and all are evermore moving. Where they meet, there bliss will be; and whether in life of man, or beast, or tree, in ocean or volcano, what matter? In those moods when we long for a shared, a communal life, a life without exclusions, the thought of deeply mingling at death with the life of others

presents a lovely face. It seems only an enlargement of the process that all loving sets up, the process of escaping from self into absorption in another's life. Lovers, parents, saints, all who practise the self-escaping life, who plunge into the vicissitudes of others, forgetting their own, are perpetually bewildered by finding themselves freer, happier, more fully themselves, more blithely alive, than ever. Why may not death, developing this experience, enable us to give and take a warmer than mortal embrace, and prove the moment of keenest pleasure that we have ever known?

ADVENTURES IN CHRISTIANITY

BY PHILIP CABOT

I

I AM here trying to set down the conclusions of fifty years of what might be called experimental living and about five years of sorting out and arranging the results, and although these conclusions are none of them new I am now clear that they are essential to my life. But I had to discover them for myself through years of the most painful search, which very nearly killed me. They were not taught me, nor even hinted at by others, and I have now written them down without shame (commonplace though they are) because I hope that they may be suggestive to others.

We have passed through, I think, a period of great change, which has rendered the visibility of our world so low that each of us has been like a ship

captain navigating in a fog where his compass was useless and he could get no observation of the sun. Now it is clearing, and like the lookout in the crosstrees I report what I see.

If anybody who happens to read this should observe that it is all to be found in the works of abstract thinkers, some of which were written centuries ago, I shall not be surprised. In fact, I should be both surprised and shocked if it were otherwise; for if the experience of my own life is not borne out by the experience of the race from the dawn of history I am either a lunatic or have failed to understand my own life.

I have not read the books and probably should have learned nothing from them if I had, for I do not learn much

from books, nor do most other men. The books of great abstract thinkers are truly closed to most of us. I landed high and dry in the first chapters of Saint Augustine, Kant, and Swedenborg, and there stuck fast for thirty years, and I am not ashamed of it. It is exactly what one must expect, for no man can think abstractly to any purpose until he has lived concretely, and no other man can understand my words unless he has had my experience. The only book which is open to all is the Book of Life — a man's own personal experience. I therefore make no apology for interpreting what I see in terms of my own experience. I can do nothing else, and I am not without hope that a glimpse of how I have reduced my religious conceptions from chaos to disorder may be suggestive to other men.

In the *Atlantic* for August 1923 I attempted to record the process by which I arrived at the conclusion that without faith in God a man may be hard put to it to prove that he can accurately be called alive; and I shall now try to outline a method by which such a faith may be revived and maintained.

But some man may have the curiosity to inquire what I mean by faith in God; or, in other words, what is the nature of the relation of man to his God which I desire to maintain. It is a fair question. If I cannot give him an answer it is useless to expect him to go farther.

I can give him an answer which meets my own need in regard to those aspects of man's relation to God with which I have here to deal. As Christians, we believe that God is the source of life and power; but so do men of all religions. One of the most essential teachings of Christ, however, — a thread which runs through the whole fabric of it, — seems to me to be not only that God is the *source* of all power,

but that all power *remains* in God. Power is not given to man to act as and of himself. In an age when we are surrounded with the appearance of material power, such a belief is particularly difficult for a business man to grasp. His daily life seems to be passed in exercising the powers which modern science has bestowed upon him, and it is hard for him to imagine that he has no power in himself.

This, I suppose, is what we mean when we say we live in a material or scientific age.

The great pioneers of science are often accused of undermining our religious faith; but I do not find it so, for the industries in which I have worked and which have deeply affected my character furnish me with the most vivid symbols of my faith. I worked for years with electrical engineers, and I take an example from that field of industry.

Using the language of the trade, if we call God the Power House, or Generating Station, and man the transmitting wire to the factory or to the job, we get what is to me an illuminating analogy. In that case, there is no power in the *wire*: the wire simply passes the power on. It is true that appearances are otherwise, for if you carelessly take hold of a live wire it may kill you. Many of us have seen a broken trolley-wire squirming and blazing in the street. Some of us have been in the high-tension room of a power house during a thunder storm, when the lightning broke across the horn-gaps of the transformers with the sound of machine-gun fire, or at the main switchboard when the sudden dead grounding of the transmission line blew out a main breaker with a roar like a riven oak. Such scenes make fine images of a type of Hell which is now out of fashion, but which may return.

It is hard to imagine that there is

no power in the wire, but it is true all the same. Disconnect it for a second from the power house and it is dead. The wire has no power. It merely passes it on.

And so it is, I think, with God and man. We may pray for power to do something for ourselves, but we shall not get it. If we ask for power to do the will of God, He will pass the power through us and His purpose will be carried out.

And the simile goes still farther. Many men have observed that when they pray fiercely, demanding help from God, they do not get it. Only when they surrender themselves to God's will and ask Him to work through them, is their prayer answered. It is just so with the transmission wire. The current will follow the path of least resistance. If there is resistance in one wire the current will take another path; there are plenty more. And thus God has many servants who can execute His will, and He chooses those who do not resist but who surrender themselves to Him.

Sometimes the prayer for personal power appears to be answered; but it is the prayer of the worshipers of Mammon. The Devil does give personal power, but he sells it at a price. You may make a compact with the Devil for worldly power and he will give it; but you must serve him and you must live in Hell. As he said to Jesus, after showing him all the kingdoms of the world: 'All these things will I give thee if thou wilt fall down and worship me.' He got his answer. Most men, if they see clearly, will give the same one.

II

It has taken me more than thirty years to grasp this relationship of man to God, and it is not surprising, therefore, that I am keenly interested to dis-

cover how such a faith can be found and laid hold upon before it is too late. Obviously, we should be taught it at a very early age. But why was it not taught to me? Mainly, I think, because I was too dull to learn, but there were other contributing causes.

To our fathers the faith in God by which they lived and which radiated through their lives was taught in their homes and in their schools. For they were born at a time when the school-teachers were mostly ministers, and when even in the colleges the Christian religion was still taught. But in our day Democracy has banished religious teaching from the schools and we know full well that it is not taught in our homes, for men cannot teach what they do not know.

Just what has been the cause of the decay of religious faith it would be folly to try to state. No man knows the cause, but we can see some of the causes. During the last hundred years science has torn aside the veil of mystery in so many places and exposed such marvels to our view that our attention has become concentrated on the material world, on the laws of evolution and change, and on what we call 'progress.' With minds fixed upon the ideas of time and change the conception of a God of Infinite Power, to Whom there is no such thing as change — to Whom Past, Present, and Future are the Everlasting Now — is almost impossible. We can hardly be so engrossed in the visible world and give much thought to the Unseen.

And then too, the Protestant churches, at least, must deal with a class of men in whom the poetic imagination and the stirrings of emotion have been stifled by the intellect. With such men the religious poetry of the ancient faith gets a scant hearing. The modern system of pseudo-scientific education has so loaded our

minds with undigested (perhaps indigestible) facts that the imaginative faculty, which is essential to religion, has been smothered.

But, I repeat, religious faith must be taught, and if it cannot be done in the ways of our fathers we must find another. 'Where hope and faith have vanished and even love grows dim,' the old avenues of approach are blocked and the motives which set our fathers going will not move us. One great motive force, however, remains to us — the power of Fear.

In all the ages of the past fear has been one of the most powerful motives of the race. The most ancient teachers of religion were forever preaching the terrors of Hell, a practice which has been followed by most preachers of the Gospel, down to this generation. In the present day the practice has fallen into disrepute because it seems to have the effect of driving worshipers out of the church instead of into it. In an ordered world where every effect has a cause there must, I think, be a reason for this, and if you will be patient with me, perhaps I can throw some light upon this point.

But in the meantime, I repeat, if our faith is to be revived we must fall back upon the power of fear. In doing this we shall have one great advantage, namely, that we are not attempting to introduce a new motive; quite the opposite, in fact, for our lives are now dominated mainly by fear or by fears. It is our heritage from the brutes. All animals live in habitual fear of their enemies; our great-grandfathers ten thousand times removed lived in terror of dinosaurs and demons; the Psalmists lived in terror of their enemies, and we also live among fears. The workman fears unemployment, and the shop girl fears old-maidhood; the business man fears hard times, his wife fears to be out of fashion.

I am afraid of a draught, Jones is afraid of his wife, who browbeats him, and she lives in terror of her cook. We all unite in the fear of death.

And, moreover, we know very well that anger and hatred are the children of Fear. Fear was what finally drove us to war with Germany, and the present condition of Europe is due to fear.

That most of our fears are groundless (what the medico-psychologists call 'phobias') increases rather than weakens their power over us. No man can look his world squarely in the face and deny that we are the servants, or the slaves of, fear, so that when I suggest the power of fear as a working motive, I am not advocating the introduction of fear into a world ruled by love, but the substitution of one Holy Fear — the Fear of the Lord — for the multitude of fears and phobias which now control it.

To make the suggestion practical, I propose that we follow the example of the business world. We live in an era of combination rather than competition in industry. We combine factories into trusts for the sake of efficiency and economy in operation. If carried too far this process collides with the Sherman Anti-Trust Act; but suppose we were to combine all our fears in one huge combination or trust — the Trust in God. The result would be to abolish all independent fears and free us from the slavery of fear under which we groan. Just fancy the increase of efficiency and the economy of such a Trust; all our fears, the fear of the poorhouse, the fear of accident and disease, the fear of our neighbors and a bleak old age, even the fear of death, wiped out by consolidation into the Trust of God. 'The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom,' indeed — I think almost the whole of it; and it is also the beginning and the whole of liberty.

For the benefit of the lawyers who are expert in dealing with fear, I pause to remark that such a Trust not being 'in restraint of trade' may be made a complete monopoly without violating the Sherman Act and that the Mosaic Law does not appear to contain any statute against monopolies.

III

The fear of God I take to be the reverence and awe with which men regard His Goodness and Wisdom, and the terror and misery in which men live when they have disobeyed and broken His law. No man may see the face of God, and we must learn to fear Him by personal experience of the consequences of sin so biting as to make this truth eat into our very souls. We can, however, be taught much in regard to it, and we ought to be. I lived in Hell for years without knowing how to get out of it, and it was what seemed like accident and the fear of death which finally brought me the knowledge.

The first point to make clear to ourselves is, of course, what we mean by Hell. The early Christian conception and one which is still held by a large porportion of Christian worshipers, was of a place in which the souls of men *after death* suffered eternal torment on account of the sins committed during their lives. Some of the greatest works of art produced by the race have pictured this place with the minutest detail. But these descriptions are at best the efforts of the finite mind to measure the Infinite. To grasp and to hold them as part of his faith a man's centre of gravity must be in the heart and not in the head, and for many Protestant Christians such a poetic conception is quite impossible. Its place is occupied by a very nebulous or unreal substitute. This will not do. Hell is a reality, vital to our lives.

When Hell has faded away, Faith fades too, and spiritual death is the result. Imaginative torpor has doubtless served to dim the vision of Hell, but there is, I think, another cause.

The Hell of the early Christian was a main pillar of the ecclesiastical structure of the Roman Catholic Church, which taught its members that someone in Heaven (usually symbolized as Saint Peter) kept a ledger account with every human soul in which every act of his life was appraised with divine precision and duly set down upon the books. The complications of such a system to the mind of the modern expert accountant are staggering, for besides the billions of accounts which were always open, the normal birth and death rate of mankind required the opening and closing of several hundred thousand accounts each day. And worse than that it did not conform to the standards of sound bookkeeping. Price, Waterhouse & Co. would utterly condemn it, for the accounts were never balanced until the debtor died. At all other times it was impossible for a man to learn how his account stood and whether he was headed for Heaven or Hell. This left him in a state of intolerable suspense from which he absolutely must escape, and if his Church did not provide him with a method he must leave it and go to another. This, I think, is the reason why Protestant preachers in this generation are so shy of taking the terrors of Hell for a text. It results, they find, in emptying their churches.

But the Roman Church did provide a method of escape. It faced and conquered this dilemma with the skillful ecclesiastical strategy which has ever characterized it. The Pope, being the direct successor of Saint Peter, had a perfect understanding with him, and while he could not furnish a man with an accurate statement of his account in

Heaven, because it was not made up, he could guarantee that the credits would exceed the debits and that the true believer would not go to Hell. For the Pope, as Christ's deputy, and his priests, as deputies from him, had the power to forgive a man his sins after confession and penance.

But the Protestant, who denied the power of any man, even the Pope, to forgive the sins of another, had lost this refuge from the storm, and if he continued to believe in Heaven and Hell his position was one of unbearable anxiety. With Hell burning, so to speak, before his eyes, he did not know and no man could tell him up to the day of his death, whether he was bound there or not.

The leaders of the Reformation, when they cut adrift from the Church of Rome, and denied some (but not all) of its dogmas, do not appear to have grasped the fact that this structure is a connected whole and that you cannot destroy a part of it and keep the rest. Augustine and Aquinas were not feeble-minded persons. The structure which they built was a masterpiece of art, and the reformers who tore away the doctrine of forgiveness of sin simply brought it down about their ears. Their efforts to shore it up have been lamentable failures. The high priests have continued to live among the ruins but the congregations have fled.

This is, I think, one of the main causes of the vanishing of Hell from the thought of our daily lives. Men were forced to it, for the agony of believing vividly in Hell and of never knowing how you could escape it would drive men mad. But 'Necessity is the mother of invention,' and the individual (though not his church) has found a way out, which is ingenious and complete. The Protestant who could never be sure that the debits in his account would not exceed the credits

solved the equation by boldly wiping out *all the debits*. This he accomplished by reasoning himself clean out of his belief in Hell, and some of us, I fear, are more ingenious than honest, for we have wiped out the debits and let the credits stand. Hell has disappeared but Heaven remains — a little misty perhaps, but there nevertheless.

This is no jest, for it is what I did, and it can fairly be called the business man's solution of the problem. We have been subconsciously ashamed of it, and it would have been impossible but for the feebleness of our faith.

I lived in that belief for many years, but now I think I have learned a better one. The fear of death drove me in upon myself and taught me another conception of Hell. It is one which I believe I share with many of my contemporaries, and while it is far less poetic than that of the early Christians, it is perhaps better adapted to my type of mind. Some of my contemporaries seem to feel that they have made an advance and have arrived at a higher point of religious development; but while I share their view of Hell, I do not look upon it as an advance, for we are here struggling with an impossible task, the effort to grasp and describe the Infinite. The finite mind cannot do it. We can only fall back upon poetry and music to give us some image or symbol of the thing for which we seek; and it seems to me that the Hell of Dante, for example, is in a way finer and more poetic than the intellectual Protestant conception which I shall try to sketch.

IV

Following the example of science, I match the theory of the conservation of energy which assumes that energy is immortal and every blow is conserved, with the theory of the immortality of the soul and every act irrev-

ocable. I believe, in short, that every act and every thought is etched indelibly upon the soul and will remain there for all eternity. For the accounting system of Saint Peter I substitute an automatic system kept for itself by each individual soul, the balance of which is struck every instant; and the spiritual habitation of each soul is known to itself. Instead of waiting until we die to go to Heaven or to Hell, we live in Heaven or in Hell here and now, and thereafter forevermore, according to the import of our daily lives.

Do not imagine that such a Hell is inferior in its terrors to the Hell of Dante. No man, who has so mismanaged his life as to experience it will complain that it lacks anything in variety or fierceness of tortures. To be suddenly confronted in the watches of the night with your irrevocable act in all its naked ugliness will whiten the face of the boldest. These tortures commonly take the form of fears (real or imaginary) whose number is legion, which drive a man through a welter of needless hurry to the injury of his work and the ruin of his nerves and which destroy the joy of life. They are, in fact, those very fears to which I have previously referred.

Of the Heaven which stands against it, I cannot speak. I have never been there, but such glimpses of it as I have obtained are deeply cheering. It will never be described in words for it is a harmony beyond their reach, like music; as well try to set down in plain English a great Beethoven symphony.

Such a Heaven and Hell are perhaps better suited to the scientific temper of our day than the dramatic terror of the fires of Dante's Hell and the ineffable bliss of a Heaven up in the clouds. Our anxious wives have trained us to beware of damp cellars, and for a man who wears Jaeger underclothing, the garments of the angels look suspiciously

like cotton. That I am unable to grasp the Hell of Dante may well be a serious spiritual color-blindness (I rather think it is) but being color-blind is my misfortune and not my fault. It is no use to make believe that I can see when I cannot. I must make the best of such powers as I have.

And if some of the faithful seek to entice me into argument by charging that I have dragged down Hell to the level of my own degraded soul, I must reply that the point is not debatable. The most masterly descriptions of Hell are at best working hypotheses, the purpose of which is to help men to understand the Universe in which they live and to tune themselves in harmony with it. You may call my Hell, if you choose, the Hell of the stockbroker, but stockbrokers as well as saints have souls to be saved and they are more in need of saving. If this conception of Hell catches my mind and lights up my imagination, it has served its purpose: namely, as a starting-point or a jumping-off place for a faith in God by which I can steer my course through life. In such a Hell I can and do believe.

But mark this well. Your stockbroker, with his conception of Hell organized on strictly business principles, may have achieved a measure of certainty which he craves; he can find out, if he wants to, whether he is headed for Heaven or Hell by consulting his own soul. But he has not escaped from the penalties of sin. If confession, penance, and absolution are beyond his reach, where shall he look for help to save him from the penalty of his sins? The question cuts deep, and he who shall seek to arouse another to such a belief in Hell must beware lest he succeed and drive his poor brother to the madhouse, fleeing in panic terror from the Hell to which his sins, by the evidence of his own soul, condemn him, from which he is

powerless to save himself, and from which no man can save him. But to this there is an answer. It is true that he is *powerless to save himself*, but his God can save him. Let him conceive of himself as the transmission wire to which I have referred and pray his God to use him.

'Thou wilt not leave my soul in hell.' No, by no means if you will help to get it out.

V

For those who are unable to believe that any man, however saintly, can grant absolution for the sin of another, and who at the same time hold the doctrine of the irrevocable nature of every act, repentance and the confessional may seem to have lost their value. But it is not so; for them these are even more vital than for others. The feeling of repentance and the desire to be forgiven are not enough while they remain in the sphere of emotion and sentiment. Complete repentance demands that the sin be dragged out into the daylight of the mind, be stripped naked and fully exposed to view. To accomplish this the spoken word is for most of us essential, for we think best when we think aloud, that is — when we talk. It is not for nothing that the confessional has survived all these centuries despite its frequent abuse.

In strict theory a man can and perhaps should confess directly to God, but it is a hard thing to do. Most men need a father confessor to help them explore their souls, root out the sins from their hiding-places, and to define and sort them out. Few of us can do this unaided. The confessor need not necessarily be a priest. A man may confess to his wife or to his friend, but most of us will find help in confession to someone.

He who cannot confess his sin to man must confess it to God. His prayers of confession must cover every feature of his sin and expose every part of it to view. Only so can it be made utterly vivid to the man himself.

He must exhaust his imagination and his will-power to develop the technique of his praying to the highest possible pitch. Then he can ask forgiveness of his God and he will experience an incredible sense of relief. But to what is this sense of relief due? We can hardly suppose that an all-wise God would violate His own law on our behalf. If the act is irrevocable the stain cannot be wiped away. Whence, then, this wave of calmness? What has taken place? For me, the answer is this. The prayers and longings of true repentance have converted the sin into an experience and stamped it so indelibly upon the soul that real growth has taken place. I can never sin in quite that fashion again. Achievements such as this are the stones out of which our character is built. We may well believe that such a process of building is the purpose of our lives in this world, and this may perhaps explain the common experience of men that they often gain more from sin and failure than from what look like virtue and success. Beware the man who never sinned. Like the bond salesman 'in business for forty years, sir, and never lost a dollar for a customer'; he is either a liar or a lunatic.

This view of the effect of repentance is, I think, quite in harmony with the teachings of Christ. 'Your Father knoweth what things ye have need of before ye ask him.' It could not well be otherwise if God is all-wise. But if this be true it must also be true that God knows our sins before we confess them or even before we commit them. We cannot give any information to our God, and therefore the purpose of confession

must be mainly for its effect upon the character of the man himself. I confess and examine my sin, in order that I may not commit another by seeking to hide it from my God. I cannot hide it and I must not try.

My picture of the stockbroker fleeing in terror from the judgment of his own soul is, however, fanciful, not to say fantastic. He often lives in Hell but his descent has been gradual; he has become habituated to it and many of his friends are there too. He recognizes where he is well enough but he will make no effort to escape. Of course, it is the office of the Church to teach him the folly of this course, but it is no easy task. His soul is asleep. Call him never so loudly you shall not wake him. But there comes a time in middle life when most of us awake to see the road stretch straight and dusty to the grave, and then is the opportunity of the priest. If he seize it with vigor he may succeed.

But how shall he do it? Let us not deceive ourselves. No conception of Hell and no theory of atonement and salvation by the prayer of confession will achieve any important results so long as they remain theories. Such intellectual conceptions are in the brain, an organ easily accessible but powerless to produce action. Countless works of religion and philosophy have dealt with the nature of God, His relation to man, the nature of Hell, and the problems of prayer, confession and forgiveness of sin. Every type of heart and mind can find a statement suited to its need, but they are of no use as long as they remain in the mind. Not until they get into the great region of the emotions, which is the seat of action, can they become the working motives that control men's lives.

The Christian religion, as I see it in the Protestant churches, might be compared to a great Rolls-Royce car,

perfect in most particulars but with a burnt-out ignition system; a cunningly devised machine of great power, but one which in this condition is useless. The problem of these churches is to get their ignition systems running. If they fail they will remain as empty as they now are. Their records appear to show that their membership is rapidly increasing, but my own observation leads me to suspect that if the congregations were counted instead of the membership the figures would not agree, for the fact is most of them are nearly empty and in summer many are closed.

When Jesus found the Temple at Jerusalem full of traders he exclaimed, 'My house shall be called the house of prayer; but ye have made it a den of thieves.' But are our churches in better case? The ancient Hebrews, I fancy, were in the same dilemma as ourselves. In the periods between festivals there was not enough business to occupy the Temple as 'a house of prayer,' and so, being a commercial people, they used it for a stock exchange. But at least they *used* it while our closed or empty churches have been turned not 'into dens of thieves' but into dens of spiders.

It is a tragic situation and one which must be remedied or we shall perish. But how can it be done? How can the practice of worship be revived? What type of ignition system can we devise which will restart this great engine?

VI

Be of good cheer. The task is not hopeless, for the dilemma is no new one. Men in the past have grappled with this demon and defeated him. It can be done again. The method most often tried is exhortation by the ministers, but it is commonly ineffective. The congregations sleep on. As one minister

said when I advised him to preach more often about Hell, 'I have been preaching Hell for twenty years without the slightest effect.'

The revivalists were somewhat more effective. Men like Moody converted thousands, and on the whole they left their world better than they found it. They were preachers of extraordinary power, and they were shrewd enough to have a partner with them. Moody would have been powerless without Sankey and Billy Sunday without Rodeheaver. They began by stirring the emotions by the power of music, and when the audience was thoroughly afire the appeal of the preacher found its mark.

Many were converted, but the method had serious defects, for it is notorious that most of the conversions were only temporary and evil passions as well as good ones were aroused, so that the practice has fallen into disrepute as it ought to have. The remedy was incomplete. Those men brought an ignition system with them and started many a man's engine for him, but when the revival was over they packed their trunks, put the starting mechanism in their pockets, and went away.

When a man's engine ran down he had no way to start it again. It is no use to take your motor-car to a repair shop, repair the ignition and set it going if you leave without the starting-crank. A man must have a self-starter, which the method of the great revivalists does not provide. Their system of ignition was more like a bonfire. It went off with an explosion that often did more harm than good and then it went out.

The fact appears to be that permanent awakening of a man's soul does not result from the action of *another man*. Some way must be found to enable a man to tap some source of

power which will do for him what the revivalist sought to do. When awakened and set in motion by the act of another his soul may run for a time, but for a time only. Then it will run down and it must be wound up again.

Unfortunately, there is no key with which the soul can be wound up like a watch. From the earliest times ingenious minds have been at work upon the problem. Many devices have been invented and patents duly applied for. Under favorable conditions and in special cases many of them work well, but as a class they impressed me very much like patent medicines. They work temporarily but the effect wears off and you have to go and buy another one.

There used to be, however, what the engineers call 'a standard practice,' used throughout the world for thousands of years with success but of late generally abandoned. It is high time it was revived. I refer to fasting as a preparation for prayer. In ancient, and in fact, down to quite modern times, fasting and prayer were so closely connected that it was almost like the marriage tie, but nowadays fasting is regarded as unhygienic and a little disreputable.

During the last season of Lent, our daily papers reported a sermon by a well-known minister preached to a fashionable congregation on the injunction to fast as it should now be interpreted. It was a good sermon by a truly spiritual man, and, considering the prejudices of his audience and their habits of eating, what he said was doubtless wise, for he pointed out that perhaps it was not intended that we should take this particular teaching in a too literal sense; that spiritual, rather than bodily, fasting was meant and the public, as represented in the press, appeared to regard this as good common sense.

Nor was the preacher alone. I have myself heard fasting referred to very often as if it were disreputable, and I have never heard anyone remark upon the possible unwisdom of feeding a body already overfed and starving a soul nearly reduced to coma. Perhaps this is an application of the teaching that, 'For he that hath, to him shall be given: and he that hath not, from him shall be taken even that which he hath.' But to me this is dangerous literalism.

My criticism of this preacher was that (as is all too often the case with men of his cloth) he had no personal knowledge of that whereof he spoke, while the ancient prophet who gave the law undeniably had. For to men of all races in their primitive state famine was a common occurrence and all men were familiar with the sensations of starvation even to the point of death. In which fact lies the explanation of the knowledge which came to the acuter minds of every race whose history we know that a certain degree of starvation would produce a state of mind highly favorable to religious worship and to the purging of the soul by confession of sin.

Only men of very recent times indeed have been deprived of this essential experience by being practically guaranteed three square meals a day for life. It is an achievement of doubtful value.

The priests or 'medicine men' of every race knew this fact by experience and were deeply skilled in the use of it to control the minds and souls of their worshipers or patients, and it is, I think, something more than a coincidence that the northern and Asiatic races which, on account of climatic conditions, have had more experience of fasting than the people of the tropics, have originated and developed all of the great religions of the world.

VII

It is important to make clear the distinction between fasting as a religious exercise and starvation, for the effects are quite opposite. Starvation when forced upon a man will bring out all that is worst in him, and the reason is not far to seek. A starving man will labor terribly to provide himself with food, thus drawing down an already reduced vitality and flooding his mind with a feeling of anger and of fear. His whole attitude is one of fighting an enemy, while that of the worshiper who fasts as an aid to prayer is exactly the reverse. With him it is an act which he does of his own will, entered upon and carried out with calmness and purpose. Instead of fighting madly to escape, he rests with a clear and quiet mind, conserving his bodily strength so that his vitality is not impaired. As compared with a man at work, one third of the supply of food will maintain a man at rest, especially if his mind as well as his body is at ease and he has no cause for anxiety. This distinction between fasting and starving is vital.

The practice of fasting is, I believe, the way in which a man may reach the spring of action in his own soul. If he will put his finger on it periodically there is more than a chance that his conversion will be permanent.

This is not a mere notion of mine, for it has been my fortune to have been forced by disease into a course of regulated fasting extending over about ten years, and as a result I can testify of my own knowledge to the effects of it. My fasting has covered the whole range from complete starvation for short periods up to about one third of the diet of a normal working man. For many years it has never exceeded that, and I know that in my own case mental

and spiritual conditions which very closely resemble those described by the Holy Men of the East and by the Saints of Europe can thus be produced.

Everyone is familiar with the feeling which follows a heavy meal, in which vapors ascending from the stomach seem to cloud the brain with the grosser and more sensual conceptions. With me fasting has just the opposite effect. The mind becomes clear and calm, the imagination is more active, music and poetry stimulate more, and the whole region of emotional and spiritual consciousness is brought into the foreground. After the first discomfort has passed away complete starvation will produce a feeling of exhilarating lightness and great mental activity, in which the prayer of confession, involving the keenest self-analysis, is most effective.

After such a period a small amount of food will go to your head like wine and produce sensations of religious emotion and mystic joy which are not accessible to me by any other road. It is, perhaps, only honest to say that I have known one man in whom alcohol would produce just such an effect, and Mr. L. P. Jacks describes such a man in Snarley Bob, in his *Mad Shepherds*. But such cases are extremely rare and are, I believe, quite irrelevant, for the emotional reactions produced by alcohol are *usually* like the dream states of chloroform and ether which Professor James investigated. These anæsthetics do actually bring into the sphere of consciousness imaginative conceptions indistinguishable from the revelations of the mystic, except in one essential particular — they vanish and leave no trace.

But there is no question that for me fasting, regulated with skill, will accomplish two results. It will subordinate and bring under control the lusts of the flesh which poison the religious emo-

tion, and it will make audible the 'still small voice,' or, as I prefer to call it, the harmonic or overtone, which is the Voice of God, and which is inaudible to most men in the normal clatter of their lives. The Communion of Silence, which is the time when God speaks to us, is to me another version of the same fact.

And as to the lusts of the flesh, which shut us off from such communion, I have this suggestion. It is a well-known fact that true and lasting conversion most commonly takes place after a man is forty, and I think it is more than a coincidence that this is the period in men's lives when nervous breakdown is most common in Americans. Many a doctor has told such a patient in effect that what he needed was not a tonic but a faith.

The sudden awakening to which I referred before comes at this period, which seems to resemble the climacteric in women, and I have come to believe that if at a very much earlier age the lusts of the flesh were brought under control by systematic periods of fasting, permanent conversion could be produced earlier and many a shattering collapse of middle life averted.

But fasting is too dangerous a thing to be practised by an amateur without direction. There is nothing new about that. The old books are full of instructions as to how, and how far, to proceed, but the amazing progress of medical science in our time has put them out of date. The doctors can and will instruct a man better how to proceed and what he may safely do. Their patients consult them freely when the insurance agent tells them that they are dangerously overweight, and any man will fast quick enough when he has a belly ache. But an ache of the soul gets far less attention, although it is far more dangerous. Few men die of a stomach ache, but a diseased soul is

the cause of half the deaths of the body — and yet we commonly disregard it. Far be it from me to say that we are worshipers of a belly god, but I am bold enough to suggest that the god of our bellies seems to be more real to most of us than the God of our souls. Many a man has said to me when I urged upon him the importance of worship, 'Oh, I get along very well without that sort of thing!' — and the worst of it is that he honestly thinks so.

I am firmly convinced, however, that he is wrong, and that the best thing that most men could do to improve their health and their whole operating efficiency would be to lay down all their private and business affairs for at least a week several times a year, and retire to some quiet place where, with the aid of their doctor and their priest, they could orient and reanimate their souls.

My own experiences of the last ten years, coupled with much random thinking, have led me to the conclusion that the ignition system and self-starter which we Protestant Christians are searching for is to be found in systematic fasting and prayer, and by 'systematic,' I mean a system of places of retreat where we can go periodically to fast and pray, and to obtain such

medical and spiritual advice and aid as we require. But do not imagine that I am considering for myself or recommending to others a life of monastic retirement. On the contrary, I am searching for a way by which we can do our work in the world better. There are, it is true, a few men in each generation of such spiritual power that the greatest service they can do for the world is to retire from the welter of it which hides their illumination, to some quiet hill top from which it can be seen afar. Most of us, however, are fit only to do the chores of life. It is our duty to do them well.

No one can be more conscious than I am of the feebleness of the tallow dip with which I have attempted to light up this subject, but I have some hope that a stronger soul will light his torch at my candle and carry it to some worthy destination. There is, I believe, great power in the conceptions after which I have been groping, and I venture without fear the prediction that the preacher who, during the coming year, shall handle them with insight and with power will have to put up in his Church a sign, 'Standing Room Only,' and will have to call loudly for more room to house the applicants for his Bible Classes.

MUSTAPHA KEMAL IN THE SADDLE

THE STORY OF MARK O. PRENTISS IN A NEW ILIAD OF GREEK HISTORY

RECORDED BY JOHN BAKELESS

I

ALL night long, while Smyrna burned, and thousands of helpless men and women crouched by the edge of the quay, weak from fear, wounds, hunger, and exposure, our little group of American naval officers and relief workers sat on the deck of the United States Destroyer Litchfield, with cinders raining all around us, and watched it burn. It was like having an orchestra seat at a tragedy that one would almost rather not have seen, yet from whose dreadful fascination the eye refused to turn aside, even for a moment. All that human strength could do to help the suffering people, we had done. The little vessel was loaded until it could hold no more. We could stand by, helplessly waiting for morning and whatever it might bring — that was all.

As I sat with my glasses fixed upon the dancing reflections of fire and smoke in the harbor, I saw, suddenly, a head that bobbed unsteadily up and down in the waves — for the harbor at this hour was always rough — while it splashed its way questioningly toward the Litchfield. I could make out obscure figures on one of the vessels lying near us, which pointed toward the destroyer, and could hear them crying to the moving head, 'American, American!'

The head came on toward the Litchfield until it was just opposite the place where I was sitting, amidships, and some thirty yards away. It turned, and moved slowly through the water toward the bow and parallel to the ship, with the fiery ribbons dancing in the waves all around it; turned again, and so made a complete circle, still fairly close to the vessel.

A sailor in the bow yelled in amazement, 'Good God, it's a girl!' and made a clean dive from the side.

The girl, exhausted and almost ready to sink, was slowly guided around to the ladder and carried up — sheer disobedience of orders, for the Litchfield was loaded to capacity; but nobody worried over that. She had only a single garment, which she had knotted up over her back in order to be able to swim. We carried her below, unconscious; and presently, reviving a little, she began to murmur faintly in unintelligible Greek. We called an interpreter, who listened attentively, smiled a little, and then turned to us.

'She thinks she's dead. She thinks this ship is Heaven.'

And indeed it was heaven enough, — though I am not sure whether naval uniforms and grimy civilian clothes are much affected in the mansions of the blest, — when we looked back across

that fiery sea to the inferno of rocketing fire, with the pitiful hordes of black shapes crouching on the water-front.

She was a very pretty middle-class Greek girl, whose father, mother, brothers, and sisters, still somewhere among the flames and falling buildings on shore, had allowed her to leave their refuge when the fire made it of no more avail, in order to save her if possible from the soldiers. Her name was Maria Jordanoglou. I did not learn all about her until months later, when Maria was safely in Brussels and wrote me her own story. Because it is typical of thousands, I am going to quote it here.

'Now I will tell you how I happened to be in the water. When Smyrna was occupied by the Turks, I was frightened and could neither eat nor sleep. Therefore, on the second day, my parents, to quiet me, wanted to take me to a store on the quay of Smyrna, because the ships were near by and I would have been better protected there, as the Turks opened houses and looted property, dishonored, killed, and ran away.

'On Monday my elder brother took me and my younger sister to the store to protect us. We were there without any bed and rest, and we had only a blanket and our bed was the floor. At night the Turks on the parallel streets were gathering women and children and driving them with their spears [Maria apparently means bayonets] toward the Government House. At night my father came, so that we might not be left alone. When I heard the noise I fainted, and my little sister was very much frightened and said, "Maria, I prefer to stay with our mother." She ran away but I had no strength to walk and stayed with my father, who was trying to revive me. The fire began on Wednesday. When I saw it coming I asked my father to open the door and let me run away; but he understood I had bad intentions and kept me. When

night came and the fire advanced toward our store and the fire and the flames reached us, we opened the door to run away.

'We saw the Turks to our right, who prevented us. It was then midnight. On the left hand we saw the Turks were driving the people toward the Government House. Then I said to my father that it would be better if he left me to get drowned; but he held me with all his strength, so that I might not run away. . . . When he saw how the Turks near us took hold of the people and did evil things, he preferred that I get drowned rather than fall into the hands of the Turks, so he decided to let me go. Then I embraced my father and kissed him for the last time.

'When I reached the shore I saw that the ships did not take anybody in. I saw many people falling into the sea. . . . I thought then that there was no better way than death, so I fell into the sea in order to swim deep and far, because I had to get tired in order to go far and get drowned. When I was passing by an English ship I heard people shouting that I should go near the American ship, and that they would save me there. I approached your ship but the waves pushed me away. Then I saw a man swimming to me who pushed me to the ship. When I came there, as good Americans they took me in immediately to the ship.'

At six o'clock next morning the destroyer Edsall appeared. She ran in and lay gunwale to gunwale with our ship, the two were lashed together, and our whole 670, plus Maria, were passed over into the Edsall, which was the speedier of the two destroyers. And then the senior officer said something that gave me a thrill:

'I've been thinking this over,' he remarked, slowly, 'and I've decided that the Navy can't mix up in this. The United States is neutral. We've

never been at war with Turkey. We have n't any authority for taking these people off and we have n't any authority for landing them. We can't involve the Government, whatever happens. Now, you're a civilian and unofficial. With the exception of navigation, I'll turn this job over to you. You've got to land these refugees. Where can we take 'em?'

It was a perplexing situation. Would the Greeks allow us to land them, and if so, where? We decided on Saloniki as the most promising port, and were off at thirty knots an hour.

It was a trying trip. The destroyer's stores, ample for her own little crew, were nothing for 670, and there was a more serious complication. A fair proportion of our passengers were babies, who had suffered a good deal already, and there was no milk. A small supply of condensed milk belonged to the officers' mess, the babies' only hope. We watered these few cans until we had milk enough to go around—a very thin and doubtful-looking fluid, but the only milk to be had in the middle of the *Ægean* Sea in time of war. That was for the babies. For the others there was only stew. All day long Lieutenant-Commander Morris went about, carrying a big kettle, and ladling out their rations to one wretched little group after another.

The most unpleasant event of the voyage was the discovery that an Armenian boy, who had come on board with pockets bulging with milk chocolate, was retailing it at fabulous prices to the starving people, who were ready to barter almost anything for food of any kind. The boy was in a fair way to become wealthy when he was discovered, but thereafter he had to be protected from the infuriated sailors, who vowed he deserved to be thrown overboard. He was not thrown overboard, but his chocolate was taken

in lieu of passage-money, and went to swell the common stock of provisions.

In war or peace the officers' mess of a naval vessel dines formally each evening, and halfway to Saloniki we invited little Maria Jordanoglou to dinner. She came in what clothes she had, and a sorry state they were in after a half-mile swim in salt water and an impromptu drying in the boiler-room. Her stockings were the most difficult portion of her wardrobe. Her garters lay somewhere at the bottom of Smyrna harbor, and as she came into the ward-room, the stockings began to slip down. Eight officers of the United States Navy, who had risen with formal courtesy to receive their guest, stood at an impeccable attention. There was a pause that lasted a fraction of a second. Lieutenant-Commander Morris's eyes mutely sought mine.

Then he slipped into his office, and emerged triumphantly bearing two immense and official-looking rubber bands, which he passed to me. I handed them to Maria, indicating, by gestures as decorous as possible, their use. The Greek girl took them, smiled, blushed, turned aside, and lifted her foot to put one on. Sixteen heels clicked. Eight officers executed about-face as provided in the drill regulations, and then we all found ourselves with our backs to Maria, looking at one another, a little amused, a little pleased at the automatic unanimity of that about-face. Then we sat down to dinner. We spoke no Greek, Maria no English, but I don't think she found it dull. It was probably the only dinner she had eaten in two weeks.

We made Saloniki at midnight, and the Greek military, naval, civil, and police authorities met us in a body, warned of our coming by the local manager of the Standard Oil Company and the American consul, to whom we had wirelessly, asking them to prepare

the way for our cargo of refugees.

Captain Hepburn had told me to get permission first of all to land the refugees we had on board, — otherwise we should have been left floating about the *Ægean* with them; for we certainly could not take them back to Smyrna, — and then to induce the Greeks, if I could, to send ships enough to take off the thousands who remained. The Greek officials crowded into the destroyer's little wardroom — all inclined to be rather formal. Three or four who could speak English served as interpreters.

It was no time for the forms and ceremonies of diplomacy. There was one definite thing to do; to secure their consent; and that could be done only by a dramatic appeal that would touch their hearts — the simple story of what we had seen in Smyrna, without any discussion of where the guilt lay. I told the circle of silent Greeks that hundreds of thousands of their kin were suffering agony, with no prospect but starvation and death. I told what we had all seen. Our 670, who had had a day's rest and at least a little food, were hardly fair specimens of the misery we had left behind. Then I asked for ships.

The Greek officials were tremendously affected. One went out and, climbing up on a ladder, welcomed the fugitives to their Fatherland. They gave immediate permission to land our passengers, and though they had no authority to promise ships, they urged the authorities at Athens to send them — urged to such good effect that a small fleet was speedily on its way to Smyrna.

Under the searchlights of the Edsall and of two Greek ships that lay near by, we checked the refugees as they filed down the gangplank. We had not lost one, and of the 671, who had had no chance to wash — even if they had

wanted to — since the Greek retreat, 670, I am sure, kissed me enthusiastically as they passed. Gratitude, no doubt, is chief of the virtues, but somehow I should have preferred to dispense with it, just then. Little Maria, I am sorry to say, was the sole exception.

Maria was too helpless, too forlorn, and far too pretty, to be left adrift in Saloniki. The American consul made room for her in his car, and I placed her in his special care. It was time to be starting back, and I was halfway up the gangplank when there was a cry from Maria. In an instant she had sprung from her seat and was running to the radiator of the consul's motor, where a tiny American flag was fluttering in a brisk sea breeze. She snapped the slender staff short off, and leaped back into the car, waving the little flag. The effect was electric. As the young Greek girl raised her tiny banner, forty or fifty sailors and a half dozen of the destroyer's officers, who were standing near, stiffened crisply to salute. The Greek officers saluted. The refugees burst out cheering there in the night, while the city slept behind us. It was a climax.

Maria turned and held out her arms as if I were deserting her. That was too much. I turned back, and as I did so, the girl, overwrought with all she had been through, crumpled up in the tonneau. It was dramatic — too dramatic to seem theatrical, so dramatic that it could be nothing but real life.

The Edsall turned back toward the ruined city. Behind us the Greeks were combing their harbors for ships and sending them over one after another. At Athens they must have nearly emptied the Piræus. In all, twenty-seven Greek merchantmen came ploughing across the *Ægean* to our aid. There was still hope for the suffering in Smyrna.

II

Within a day or two of our return to Smyrna, I went with a few officials, under Turkish escort, into the country behind the city. If anything could be worse than what we had been seeing, it was the devastation of the countryside. Whole villages were in ruins, isolated houses here and there were heaps of ashes, and everywhere, on a trip that took us more than two hundred miles back from the coast, we saw bodies of all ages and both sexes. Not even the children had escaped.

Most of the bodies were mutilated. I am not going to describe those mutilations—they could not be described outside a surgical textbook. Many of the Turkish civilians were still alive but horribly maltreated—cripples for life. After the Turkish army had advanced victorious, to find its own soil and its own people left like that by the defeated enemy, I wondered that a single Greek had escaped their vengeance in Smyrna.

Mustapha Kemal himself described to me the terror of General Tricoupis, the Greek commander-in-chief, who was captured early in the offensive and brought before his conqueror. The Greek general was trembling violently. He could scarcely stand and had to be supported by his guards.

'I had seen the devastation of our country,' said Kemal, 'the work of the retreating Greeks, and it broke my heart. I was beside myself with anger.'

"Why did you do it?" I asked the Greek commander.

"It was not I, Pasha," he said. "I did not do it. It was my soldiers, and you see that God has punished them."

"Get out of my sight!" I yelled at him; and the guards led him away, still whining that he was not responsible for the killing of Turkish women and children by the soldiers he commanded.'

I left with a distinct impression that Kemal intended to execute his late opponent.

At Magnissa, sixty-six kilometres from Smyrna, less than 1000 out of 16,000 houses were still standing, and these were located in suburbs of the city far up in the hills. The normal population was 50,000, of whom only 8000 were Greeks. No question, then, which side was responsible for the destruction. Cassaba, ninety-three kilometres inland, was a total waste. There were several concentration camps crowded with Turkish refugees, who took the wiping-out of all they owned or loved with true Oriental fatalism. There was no weeping, no appearance of distress, though they were suffering and hungry. I found a number of extremely old people who had been shot, hacked with hatchets, or stabbed with bayonets by Greek soldiers.

Two thirds of Salihli, with a population of 10,000, only a tenth of whom were Greeks, had been burned over, seventy-six people were known to have burned to death, and a hundred young girls were said to have been taken away by Greek soldiers. I talked with many victims of Greek atrocities. Let me quote some of my notes:—

Very old man stabbed and had one ear hacked off.

Boy of eight years shot by soldiers.

Girl of eight years reported being robbed, and later soldiers chopped off her father's head.

Boy of seven said he saw his brother beheaded.

Boy of eight with severe scalp wound said Greek soldiers killed his father and mother before they struck him.

Old woman shot through hand.

Sixty wounded children were being cared for at Salihli and forty others had been sent to the hospital in Smyrna.

Three miles from Menemen there

was a well into which it was said the Greeks had thrown the bodies of eighteen peasants who had been murdered by their soldiers. The odor from this well was almost intolerable; and a Turkish soldier who dredged in its muddy depths with a long pole gave me only too convincing ocular evidence of the reason. At another place, one fresh grave after another was opened to convince me of the atrocities committed by the Greeks.

Most heart-rending of all, however, was the stoicism of the little ones. A child should cry when it is sick and hungry, but these Turkish children endured in silence. I commented on this to a Turk, who replied briefly: 'We shed our tears three years ago' — that is, in 1919, when the Greeks first came in. The Turks were entirely stolid, utterly impassive. I told the people of one starving village that I would do my best to get them food — which, one would have thought, was about the best news they could hear; but I might have been discussing the weather for all the interest or enthusiasm that they showed. After the victory at Smyrna one could hear exultant voices, sometimes, in the night, or soldiers singing; but I never heard anybody cheer. I never saw anybody throw a fez in the air. At a great demonstration in Constantinople I saw flags waved, but as for cheering, the Turks just don't do it.

I had had my first meeting with Mustapha Kemal in Smyrna, a few days after the Turks came in. I was on the quay when I saw him coming toward me, surrounded by staff officers, some of whom I knew. The *Ghazi* was in high spirits, laughing and talking with his aides, and gazing round at the buildings of the city he had captured, with an interest so naïve that he might almost have been mistaken for a countryman on his first visit to a city —

though Kemal has, of course, been well-educated, and has traveled much.

Being acquainted with some of the officers, I joined the group and was presented to their commander-in-chief. I apologized for taking up his time, but he replied jovially: 'Plenty of time. Come with us'; and I fell into step with the rest and went with them to headquarters. Kemal does not speak English very well, and consequently preferred to converse through an interpreter. I commented on the magnificent condition of his troops, in spite of their arduous campaign, but he waved all compliment aside. His men were always like that, and 'You know,' — in a burst of confidence, — 'they really fought for only five days. After that they could n't catch up to the Greeks to fight with them.'

Kemal's headquarters were in a private house which once must have been richly furnished; but everything had been cleared away and a severe, soldierly simplicity reigned. There were tables, desks, chairs. That was all. On Kemal's desk were two field-telephones, whose wires stretched along the wall. Into these telephones, or directly to the subordinates who approached him with marks of respect that seemed exaggerated even in an army, he snapped sharp, quick commands with the rapidity of a machine gun. He did not seem like a professional soldier, even as he sat there in the midst of his staff in the city he had conquered. It would have been easier to think of him as the superintendent of a big railway. Not the president, not the titular head, but the manager with his hands on the wires, the man who every minute of the day is getting things done — though a railroad manager, to be sure, does not play ceaselessly with a tasseled, silken string of prayer beads, while he talks.

He kept reminding me, incongruously

enough, of Colonel Roosevelt — the same way of biting off his words, the same vigor, the same zest in the game he played. The word 'bully' is not in the Turkish vocabulary, but the attitude toward life that it suggests is Kemal's.

While we were returning to Smyrna from the interior, the train on which our party was traveling met the Pasha's on its way back to Angora; and as they stopped on adjacent tracks, I talked with him a second time. Kemal's special train was unpretentious enough — a few flat-cars for automobiles and a passenger coach or two for himself and his staff. There, standing along the track with Kemal and his officers, I heard the men who executed it describe the defeat of the Greek army. With supreme contempt for the art of war that prescribes for the commander-in-chief a post far to the rear of his troops, Kemal placed his headquarters on a hilltop, within two miles of the Greek lines, and there for six months he stayed, ceaselessly studying them, so close that with his glasses he could discern the figures of individual soldiers. Meantime, at Angora, his army was drilling, drilling, drilling, for the day when it would be launched against the enemy.

The Turks' bold announcement of their contemplated offensive, weeks in advance, was never taken seriously. When all was ready, Kemal struck first with his right, then with his left; again with the right and again with the left; and then sent his cavalry pouring in behind the defeated Greeks.

Except for a few thousand taken during the first day of the advance, the Turks did not trouble about prisoners. That is Kemal's own statement. He remarked to me that the Greeks fought well enough for the first two days, but after that the battle became a mere pursuit. The surprise was so complete

that, when a Turkish captain kicked in the door of the room where the chief of the Greek Intelligence Service lay asleep, the Greek officer — mistaking the intruder for a servant — turned over in bed and called out that it was not time to get up yet.

'Oh, yes it is,' replied his captor grimly; and the surprised officer climbed sheepishly out of bed and began to dress. The Greeks felt so secure that many of the officers had their wives with them, only a little way behind the front line.

All the papers of the Greek intelligence staff were captured, and Kemal's chief intelligence officer took huge delight in assuring me that every bit of Greek information regarding the Turkish strength and positions was erroneous. Six days after the offensive began, when the fighting was all but finished, a full Greek division, marching down from the north, unaware of what was happening, fell into the hands of the Turks.

'You made them all prisoners?' I asked. But the Turkish officers only shrugged their shoulders. It was not until long after General Tricoupis was a prisoner and his army shattered that his commission as commander-in-chief arrived from Athens, together with a message of congratulation — both destined to fall into Turkish hands. Kemal and his staff were quite willing to talk freely about their army, its equipment, and its training. I asked repeatedly about their numbers and always got the same answer, 'Under 200,000'; although Kemal added that when he marched to Constantinople he would have 250,000 troops at his back. At several places in the interior I saw large bodies of young men who, I was told, were still being called to the colors.

They were quite frank about Turkish Nationalist relations with Soviet

Russia, though for some reason they were unwilling to describe their agreement as a formal treaty. Their understanding provided simply that the Bolsheviki should supply them with money and munitions and should refrain from propaganda in Turkish territory. In return, the Turks agreed to make no peace treaty not approved by Russia.

I heard the essential points of the Lausanne Treaty, as it was finally signed, outlined by Turkish officers there in the theatre of war, months before the Conference met. The Turks were perfectly aware of what they wanted and intended to fight until they got it. Kemal felt himself almost the father of the new Turkey. When I told him he reminded me of Roosevelt, he took it very seriously, — far more seriously than I ever intended, — pondered a while, and finally replied that if he were to be compared to any American, he preferred George Washington! He felt that he was fighting for the freedom of the new Turkey as Washington had fought for American independence.

The development of their country lay very close to the hearts of these Turkish leaders. When I first met Noureddin Pasha in Smyrna, immediately after the victory which he

had planned, I asked him what the next step would be. I expected the conventional talk about conquest and glory; but Noureddin quietly began to discuss the economic future of Anatolia, the need for getting rid of the Capitulations, which hampered Turkey's development, and his desire for American participation in the work of reconstruction. It was the biggest surprise I had in the Near East.

Kemal and his staff officers told me that the cloth for their uniforms was brought from Russia, but that the uniforms themselves were made in Turkey. Most of their arms, they said, also came from Russia. Many of the rifles were plainly of German and French manufacture, — I could see that for myself, — but even these may very well have come by the Bolshevik route.

I asked everyone I could get to talk with me, whether there were any foreigners in their army in any capacity whatever, and they all said, 'No.' The Turks boasted of the popularity of their cause and of the voluntary taxes that were levied in Constantinople for their benefit, while the Allies held the city, and were sent on to Angora by secret couriers. Contributions to their Nationalist treasury had poured in from all over the Moslem world.

(The story of the experiences of MARK O. PRENTISS will be concluded in the January Atlantic.)

THE PRISONS OF DESPAIR

AN EXPERIENCE IN THE RUSSIAN CHEKA

BY ELGIN E. GROSECLOSE

[The narrator of this experience was on his way home to America from Tabriz, Persia, where for a year previous he had been working in connection with the Near East Relief. It was necessary for him to pass through the Caucasus, and because of the absence of banking facilities, it seemed important that he provide himself with foreign specie. Somewhat recklessly he procured American gold to the extent of about one hundred dollars. Gold is contraband, and Mr. Groseclose was promptly arrested. The difficulty might have been arranged, but the Cheka found on his person, also, an American Legion card, and a tiny slip of paper carrying a memorandum of his life-insurance policy. This they had translated 'New York Life Police,' and judging it in connection with his Legion card, the Russian authorities connected him in some way with the government Secret Service. Instantly the suspicion arose that Mr. Groseclose was a spy, and the dreadful dilemma in which he found himself was an immediate consequence.]

I

EVEN during the noisy harangue in Russian, of which I could catch only the raspingly repeated word *contraband* which the greasy official boomed at me, I was not alarmed. But when he ceased what seemed to me his gleeful pouring of the tiny handful of gold from one palm to the other, to step to the wall telephone and shout 'Cheka' into the mouthpiece, I knew I had something to think about. Cheka—the Commission Extraordinary, the secret police of the Communists, which holds every activity in Russia under its scrutiny and its unnumbered victims in its mysterious prisons, with its power to arrest even high commissars and condemn them without trial, its clandestine executions—it is the element in Bolshevism of which even its masters are afraid. I remember how Dodge, the broad-shouldered young Englishman had laughingly referred to his two days in the prison of the Cheka, and how, later, after he had been ordered out of the country, it was whispered that the

Cheka had executed his Georgian interpreter for the sole reason that he had been connected with the Englishman.

I had time for only a word with Martin, as I was hurried out of the door into a Ford truck which the soldiers had peremptorily requisitioned from him. I was put in the back, with a sullen-looking soldier carrying a fixed bayonet, and off we bumped down the cobbled street of the water-front. The car soon turned off into the boulevard that borders the upper beach. At the upper end of this boulevard stood the American personnel house, and an American flag flew from the roof. We were getting near enough for me to distinguish the colors and the stars, when the car stopped and I was ordered out. I withstood the insistence of the soldier long enough to fill my mind with the picture of that waving flag before I entered the building. How little I realized that even a prison wall could not separate me from that bit of

color, that even then a corner of it, as it were, was to flutter through the bars and cover me with its protecting fold!

I was left alone in a small outer room, where I sat for an interminable time, it seemed. My mind became the background for a moving shadow-show of shapes and fancies, plans, doubts, fears. I heard faintly the rolling whistle of a ship, and the ghost of a vessel seemed to pass across the screen, bearing with it my companions. The afternoon sun crept in, giving a Midas touch to a heap of débris in a far corner of the room. Outside I could see it glinting against the towering crosses of the cathedral. That was before that fatal Christmas Day when the Communists burned Christ and all the prophets in effigy, and tore down those resplendent crosses, to replace them with a red flag. Soon the great bells sounded their deep-toned music for the evening Mass, Russian church bells, — so few of which are now permitted to ring, — which I shall never forget. Their song, too, was to flutter through the bars, until it seemed as if the Orthodox Church had stretched out some mysterious wing to hover over me with its protection and comfort.

II

My thoughts were interrupted by a guard, who silently appeared and with a grunt motioned me to follow him. I was led down a corridor to a small room, in which sat a man wearing a green cap. In two short words he asked my name, which he wrote down, and then began to examine my luggage. It consisted merely of a bed-roll and a handbag containing toilet articles and extra linen. After fingering disdainfully every article it contained, with much turning of the pockets and examining of the seams, he turned his attention to

the bag itself. This he thumped carefully all round, to see if it contained a secret pocket, felt along the edges, and would have ripped open a partially torn seam had not the fabric been too tough, so that he dubiously desisted. Finally he extracted all the straps, the cords from the bed-roll, my collars and belt and every other article of which I might make use in strangling myself, laboriously wrote out a receipt for them and gave it to me, and then motioned for me to go.

The guard obligingly took my handbag, while with one hand I grasped the bed-roll and with the other supported my sagging trousers, and then off, through a long barracks-room filled with lounging Red soldiers of a very filthy sort, into a large court at the back. Here the prisoners had just finished their afternoon promenade and were filing back into the cell, when I was thrust into their midst. A voice with a shipyard accent called out in English, —

‘Come right in, stranger, and make yourself at home.’

This voice belonged to Louis, a man I was to learn to love. Louis was a young Russian-American, who claimed parentage on both sides of the Atlantic and whose life had been spent between, and who was to assume the task of sponsor, interpreter, and good friend.

The prison cell was a long room, with a double row of shelves along either side, six feet deep, and serving for bunks. If one were lucky, as I, to have a bed-roll at the time of arrest, he could sleep comfortably; if not, he lay on the rough boards with nothing to cover him but his coat. In the centre of the room were a long table and a long bench. At the end was a tiny fireplace, where a tinier fire valiantly endeavored to ward off the chill. On the fire a pot of tea was brewing. When the strength of the tea had been thoroughly extracted by

vigorous boiling, the pot was set on the table.

'Come on, stranger,' invited Louis; 'dinner is served in courses, and we'll now have the first. Here is a cup.'

The cup was a condensed-milk can, with the edges carefully bent down so that one might not cut one's lips. We sweetened our tea with tiny tablets of saccharine, and with it ate black bread. When Louis saw that I was not relishing the bread, he advised me to toast it, and showed me how, by running a big lump of it on a splinter of wood and holding it over the fire. The taste was slightly improved.

'If ye don't like it, don't eat it. We serve plenty in this tavern. The next course will soon follow.'

In a few minutes a dishpan full of thin soup was drawn from the fire and put on the table. The prisoners gathered around it and began to ladle with big wooden spoons.

'Here,' said Louis, 'ye're a gentleman from America, and ye're not used to Russian customs. Eat yours here.'

He started to fill my empty cup with the soup, so that I might eat apart. I assured him, however, that I preferred to eat with the others, stating that they might get more than I did; and he roared his approval.

I forgot, in the general air of *camaraderie*, the seriousness of our situation, and soon was on terms of intimate acquaintance with the others. The fact that I was an American put me in a superior position in their eyes, and my action toward the soup had only increased the favor, I found. When the meal was over, I started to assist in clearing the table, but I was stopped. The prisoners had established themselves in a most military-like fashion. A chief ruled over the room like a petty tsar, and two persons were delegated each day to the necessary tasks of policing the room. The chief was a

young and very energetic Russian, who had formerly held a position of responsibility in the Communist government, in charge of food-distribution. He had cleverly forged seals and signatures, and had organized a complete system of goods-distribution on his own account, selling and transporting government wares throughout Russia by means of a whole corps of clandestine agents. He had been discovered, and was saved from summary execution only by his passionate enthusiasm for the Communistic system. The ardor of the officials soon cooled, his case was forgotten, and not long after, he was released. Meanwhile his energy had found an outlet in organizing and directing this band of prisoners, over which he had despotically appointed himself master.

'In this tavern,' Louis began in explanation, 'the management provides only quarters and black bread. This organization is our own idea, or rather his. Now and then our friends on the outside are allowed to send in food, that is, if they happen to have it to send and if they happen to know we are here and not elsewhere. My wife sent me some last time, and,' clenching a brawny fist, 'there's skimping to pay. But with what we get we make this soup, because it goes further that way. Eat hearty, for ye may not have it every day. We can also have a broom, water, and wood. We can chop our own wood, so that some of us get out in the open now and then. The broom came from the barracks, but those soldiers never used it, so they gave it to us. They are from north Russia, and are dirty, not clean like us. But what's the matter with yer clothes, stranger?'

Louis had observed how, in the absence of a belt, my loose trousers were hard put to maintain themselves, and in a moment he had produced a string and was fastening it around the

loops in such a way that a belt was not necessary. Meanwhile the dishpan had been washed, the spoons put away, and the table well scrubbed. From some hidden corner sets of chess and checkers were produced. Such things were forbidden, and these had been made by wetting the black bread into a dough, moulding it in the desired shapes, and then letting it dry. They had been discovered once or twice by the guards, until it was threatened to cut down the bread ration; and now, when they were not in use, they were hidden in adroitly concealed places.

During this time I had been carrying on a conversation through the medium of Louis; but he had been interpreting all my remarks in a way that set the whole company into laughter. I suspected that he was robbing me of my robe of honor, when a quiet Russian in the corner of the room addressed me in French to advise me of this very thing. This man was a former Russian noble, named Nicholas. He had campaigned in Mongolia, had hunted with the Tsar, and during the war had served as a high emissary. He had been in this prison now six months, and no charge had ever been laid against him except that he was a former noble. He took his fate with that calm stoicism and childlike simplicity so peculiar to the Russians, regarding it as only another of those adventures which Providence had for him, and full of the powerful faith bred by the Orthodox Church that this same Providence which had so often cared for him still guarded him. When I expressed sympathy for him, he turned it aside and began to question me.

'You will not be here long,' he said. 'They want only your money, because they need it badly; and when you have been here long enough to give it up and be glad, they will turn you loose. But if they thought you a spy, you could

expect nothing — neither trial, nor sight of your friends, nor priest. But you will be free soon, for the Americans will learn of this, and they will use their influence.'

Had I known that 'the Americans' were to come every day for weeks, vainly trying to secure my release, or to get to speak to me, or to learn what my condition was, and that they were always to be politely refused by the officials of the Cheka, I should not have been so reassured. But Louis, who, I learned later, was the moving spirit of the affair, was suggesting games and asking me to join in, which I did. The most popular game it seemed, for newcomers at least, was one played with a spoon and blanket. Two people were placed on a bench and covered with a blanket, while the others marched round and thumped one or the other lightly on the head, with the idea that the person should guess who had touched him. I shortly found myself on the bench, with Louis opposite me. I had seen this game played before, and I had quietly provided myself with a spoon from the rack and had hidden it under my arm. The group circled around, and I saw Louis's arm slip out from under the blanket and rise in the air. But before it could descend, I had given him a resounding whack on the head with the spoon I carried. He bellowed something in Russian, and then tore off the blanket and looked at me, grinning.

'Ah, Amerikanski, I thought ye had told us ye had never been in jail before. Ye must have been, or where did ye learn that trick?' he roared; and from that time Louis was my staunchest friend.

I fell asleep that night in better spirits than I had imagined possible. Morning found me again somewhat disconsolate. I had distributed my blankets to those who had no covering,

and the one I had retained had not warded off the chill and had but little assuaged the hardness of the planking. My head was light from the vileness of the air, for, Russian fashion, all had insisted that the window be kept tightly closed during the night. Outside there was a murky drizzle which only increased the general spirit of despondency. The others had already made tea, and Louis came up to me with a cupful and a piece of bread. I thanked him, but found little comfort in it. After a little, the rain cleared somewhat and Louis asked me if I would like to cut some wood.

'I'll get the guard to put yer name down and mine, because he likes me, and we'll spend the morning that way.'

The woodpile was outside in the court, and about it were scattered two or three dull axes and a saw. Under a balcony sat the guard who was over us, idly pivoting his rifle on the pavement, while lounging around in groups were other soldiers, talking and joking. Every now and then Louis interposed a sally of his own, which set them all in laughter. To this our guard was indifferent. I wondered at Louis's familiarity with them.

'Oh, they are good enough,' he said, 'if ye just treat them right. They're no more Communist than I am, but they are hungry, and in the army they get fed. The only trouble with them is that they are dirty, not clean like we are. They're from north Russia. They send the soldiers from here up there, and bring those fellows down here, where they don't have any friends, and so don't mind doing the dirty work their officers make them do. They don't have any more liberty than we, and sometimes not as much to eat.'

A little later I lighted a cigarette. One of the soldiers saw me and came up and asked for one. I gave him the

rest of my package, which he took and distributed among his fellows.

We worked slowly, according to Louis's suggestion, in order that the work might hold out longer, and so managed to stay in the open air all morning. But the afternoon, save for the fifteen minutes' promenade, was spent back in the evil-smelling cell, to which even our constant scrubbing could not give a pleasing odor. Nicholas gave me a greasy and well-thumbed copy of a novel of Dumas, in French, which he had in some manner secured; but under the circumstances the scintillating adventures of its heroes only seemed tawdry and unreal. The afternoon finally closed and the light that seeped in turned into a muddy haze. Outside, the cathedral bells began to ring, first the smaller and softer chimes in a thin thread of music, and then a deep-toned anthem as the larger bells joined. Inside, the pale faces of the prisoners raised in prayer glowed through the dusk like wisps of cloud, while the sound filled every crevice of the cell with the brooding spirit of the Church. Comforted, I drew my blanket over me and soon fell asleep.

III

I had now been in the prison of the Cheka a week. I had become somewhat inured to the tension and to the passage of time — a passage broken by the occasional chopping of wood, the brief daily routine of cleaning our cell, the daily changing of the guards, and the occasional appearance of a new prisoner or the disappearance of an old one. A new prisoner was always an occasion for learning the news of the world outside and of introducing him to the various *divertissements* which Louis was always contriving; but I found it best not to let my mind wander to the fate of those who disappeared. Some, we

knew, were free; but the destiny of others, especially those who disappeared during the night, we could only conjecture. To some, freedom; to others, another prison; and to some, a disappearance for all time. There were no trials: one was awakened and told to come; was led somewhere distant from the city, where one was given a spade and told to dig; and then undress; an injection of numbing opiate in the fleshy part of the neck to quiet the struggle; a shot; the earth raked over the hole into which the body had fallen; the clothes divided, and next day sold in the market. Here relatives might by chance come across them and thus gain the only knowledge of his fate.

Louis had been put here for a small civil offense; and although it was not likely that he would be executed, he had no idea how long his incarceration would last. He was always full of optimism, and he was constantly deriding the soldiers and joking with them. This had caught their fancy so that he often received small favors from them. His lightheartedness sometimes annoyed the more sullen of the prisoners, and he was sometimes interdicted from speaking by the chief; but it never failed to strengthen my flagging spirit, and he was constantly encouraging me by assurances that I should soon be free. When I should be, he wanted me to go to his wife and see if she needed anything and tell her not to worry. He wanted me to take her some condensed milk for the baby.

Almost daily the church bells rang and they never failed to put some new hope in me. Their music soothed and comforted me, and I would sit long in expectancy of them. At times they seemed joyous, riotous; at others, their music was wild or sad. Sometimes it was a chant the striker seemed to be playing, sometimes the sprightly music

of an opera; but always there was to be felt the imperial and benign message of the Church calling to its own and asserting its unquenchable spirit.

I had many long talks with Nicholas — about the hopes for his country, about the fate of the Church, but never about himself. In spite of the injustice and precariousness of his own situation, he was remarkably free from malice toward the Communists. He regarded them as children, as fools, as beasts or villains; but he looked upon it all as the natural outcome of the sins of the Tsarist system and as only a phase in the great struggle the Russian people were waging to gain complete control of their destiny. He was full of deep patriotism and manifested a passionate resentment against the acts of the Allies toward his country, especially in their encroachments in what he considered the Russian sphere of activity in the Near East. I questioned him about the Church. Toward it his attitude was one of contempt and devout veneration mingled. The icons were frauds, and he laughed at the ignorance of the priests.

'But the people love them, and to them they mean something. Let the Bolsheviks tear down every church in Holy Russia, the people will not resist. We have a better understanding than you of the meaning of humility, the humility of Christ. It is more powerful than any expressed resentment. Though a red flag wave over every cathedral in Russia, the Church lives and watches over its children. Yes, lives, lives, freed from the shackles of tradition and superstition.'

His chief worry was for the fate of a large collection of rare Afghan laces which he had amassed in years of travel in Transcaspia.

'The Bolsheviks wish to encourage art, and the opera at Tiflis is still as good as at Naples, but they are igno-

rant and careless of art objects, and they stifle everything creative.'

One night I heard the guard enter and lead him out. I waited, horrified, but in about an hour he returned. His face was, as ever, calm, but I detected a slight quivering as he lay down by me. He laughed, however, and whispered, —

'What do you suppose they wanted? They asked me about you, whether I thought you a *contrebandier*. I laughed and said, No. They said they did n't think so either. And then they told me my case has been fully examined and that in a few days I am to go to Archangel. Archangel, where the snow is a verst deep, where I may live free, so long as I do not leave Archangel. And so the Government does not have to give me even black bread; if I starve to death or freeze in the snows, the Government may say that they have not done it. *Tavarish*, clutching my blanket, 'if you get out before I am taken away, go to my brother, I pray, and tell him to send me my sealskin coat when they next allow food to be brought in. I may need it.'

I thought long about Nicholas, until I fell into a horrible dreaming sleep. But next morning he seemed even calmer and more vivacious than usual. During that day there was put among us a poor fellow whose condition was more pitiable, and who for the time drew me away from the case of the Russian noble. He was a young German, pale and nervous, who had been brought in from another cell, where he had been alone for five months past, and had seen no one but his guard. His diet during this time had been only the black bread and pale tea which the Government gave. Previously he had spent six months in solitary confinement in that terrible cellar in Moscow and he was now so weak that they had finally put him in with us, where he

might find slightly more nourishing food and something to reawaken his lagging interest in life.

He had been connected with the German consulate at Tiflis, and was on his way back to Germany by way of Moscow, when he was suddenly arrested and imprisoned. His name on the register had been changed, so as to deceive any official inquiry by the German Government. I wrote his name in the lining of my shoe, and promised to get word to his people when I was released. But that night something happened which threw grave doubts on any hopes I had for release, or at least put it off indefinitely. And when I was finally released, it was only to learn a few days later that he had been among the ninety-four who were executed in Tiflis when the Communists went through their prisons and decimated the list in a terrible reprisal for the assassination of a local commissar.

IV

I had fallen into a deep sleep that night, and the last thing I had heard was the change of guard and the monotonous counting of the prisoners: —
'*Ahdine, dua, tri —*'

I do not know what time it was when I was awakened by a rough shaking and pulling on my blanket. I turned, to see the heavy form of a soldier and bayonet silhouetted against the pale outline of the window. The soldier said something in Russian, which I knew meant for me to follow him. As I slipped into my shoes and overcoat, I quietly awakened Louis. He was immediately alert.

'Louis, they are taking me away. In case I don't come back —' But I did not finish. I realized with a thud that his case was as hopeless as mine.

Going ahead and followed by this stolid figure, I was made to march out

into the courtyard and then into a passage opposite. After several turns a door opened and I stood before a rough desk, behind which sat an officer in the eternal green cap and a man dressed as a sailor, who spoke to me in broken English: he was the interpreter.

'What is your name?' he asked.

My mind vaguely turned on the foolishness of the question as I told him.

'What are you doing in Russia? Where were you in December, 1917 — in November, 1920? Are you a Communist? Who was your father? Have you ever been exiled by the former Russian government?'

I answered all his questions as best I could, and the answers were all written down in a big form which I was afterward to sign. I was examined and cross-examined for what seemed ages, until my mind was thoroughly fagged. The officer finished his grueling. A moment's silence; then he burst out, —

'We have evidence that you are a member of the American secret police. The papers we have found on you indicate as much. What have you to say?'

'Have you had the papers translated?' I asked.

'We have not had them all translated yet. It is difficult. But one of the cards is yellow, and resembles those which all police agents carry.'

'But have you not questioned the Americans here in charge of the relief work? Surely you can trust them, and they will tell you who I am.'

'All the Americans are spies, no doubt,' he said. 'Else why are they carrying on this relief work? It is to get into the country to report, and to carry on the capitalistic propaganda. Your country has no love for the Communists.'

'At any rate, you will remember that I am an American citizen.'

'Yes, we remember.'

The guard led me back. The sky was beginning to turn gray, and against it the bare branches of a tree stretching above the wall made a great scrawling silhouette. I felt, rather than heard, the key rasp in the lock, and somehow I found my pallet. But I was too disturbed to sleep. Espionage. I remembered the words of Nicholas, and they drummed sickeningly in my ears.

'If they thought you a spy, you could expect nothing, neither trial, nor sight of your friends, nor priest.'

There was light enough in the chamber to distinguish faintly the forms of the huddled sleepers. A wisp of morning breeze, brought in as the door opened, set some of them to coughing slightly. Louis was awake and spoke to me.

'Louis,' I whispered, 'they think I am a spy.'

'I know it; don't worry. They think we are all counter-revolutionaries. Ye must get word to yer friends, so that they will know what to do. Here's a pencil. Take good care of it, for it's the only one on the place as far as I know. Write a note as small as ye can and give it to me, and I'll see that yer friends get it.'

Obedying him, I went over to the window and wrote a note on a greasy bit of paper in which food had been sent in. It was brief, anonymous, and stated only this new development. When it was finished I gave it to Louis.

That morning at the woodpile a stick of wood flew up and landed at the feet of one of the guards — the same one, I noticed, who had asked me for the cigarette. Louis went after it, and as he did so he brushed against him. That night he told me how he had sent the note.

'The soldiers are good fellows, only they are dirty; and they know how hard it is for us. But you have to be

careful, for they are paid to tell on one another.'

But the cheerful genius of Louis no longer reassured me. Dim forebodings weighed on me like heavy lead. The church bells were ringing outside, and for the moment they lifted me out of my despair into the exaltation of another world. But they soon ceased and I seemed more oppressed than ever. In the middle of the night, the door of the cell was hurled open, and the commandant stood before us flanked by a squad of soldiers.

'Someone here sent out a letter,' he roared. 'Who was it!'

Louis interpreted what the man had said, and as he did so, he quietly gripped my leg. The other prisoners, terror-stricken, were silent.

'Search the place,' the officer commanded.

I realized with horror that I still had the pencil in my pocket. There was no time to conceal it now. Fearfully, while the soldiers were engaged with the others, I drew it out and slipped it into my trouser cuff. Soon a greasy soldier was feeling all over my body and running his fingers into all the pockets of my clothing. He exuded a vile smell and, as he bent over, the dirty peak of his cap grazed my face. He finally grunted and turned his attention to another, and I breathed in relief. The commandant and his soldiers finally withdrew, mumbling.

This was only a respite. Presently two guards reappeared and led Louis out. A moment later, we heard, even back in our cell, a bull-like roar. Then a series of yells, but they seemed more in anger than in pain. The prisoners pressed around the window to catch, if possible, any words that might reach us. Finally, Louis appeared: the door was flung open and he was hurled into our midst panting, triumphant. The prisoners enveloped him with a torrent

of questioning, which was to me an incoherent babbling.

'Oh, the dirty cowards!' he yelled. 'They were trying to make me tell who had sent the note. They think that I know, because I am the only one that talks to the soldiers. They tried to put me in the "little room," but I cursed them and told them I would n't, and they were afraid to touch me. They know there is revenge. Oh, they call this a government of the workingman, but if it is, why do they torture poor fellows like us, who have never done anything! The cowards! But they let me go.'

His tirade was interrupted by the appearance again of the commandant with his soldiers. He shouted something in Russian, and the soldiers started toward Louis. Louis jumped back in the bunk and caught the sides with his hands so as to brace himself. Then he raised his legs and began to kick, meantime filling the room with oaths and yells. The soldiers could not come at him except at the cost of a blow from those powerful extremities, and they hung back. The commandant yelled an order, and the soldiers fixed their bayonets.

'Oh, ye dirty cowards!' shouted Louis in English, forgetting himself in his excitement; 'why don't ye come at me like men!'

'Louis,' I called, 'I'll tell.'

'No ye don't,' he shouted, more excited than ever. 'T would never do. Let them go. They're cowards, I say, they're cowards. For God's sake, don't tell. It will ruin us all.'

The soldiers had raised their bayonets, but Louis only swung his great legs more viciously.

'Oh, oh, oh!' he yelled in mingled Russian and English, 'cowards, cowards, cowards!'

The commandant issued an order, and the soldiers suddenly desisted.

The door clanked behind them and we were left alone.

'I told ye they were cowards. They were afraid to take me.'

All was quiet the next day, and Louis was not afterward disturbed, as I later learned. I often wondered at this peculiar element in the character of our captors. When I thought of their brutality and their callous indifference to human suffering, their leniency in this case was amazing. Perhaps it was because they had unconsciously taken a liking to him, as all the rest of us in the cell had, and in their lordly indulgence had let him go; perhaps because, as Louis said, they were cowards at heart, and maintained themselves only because of the great passivity of the Russian people, affrighted when they met real and determined resistance.

That night I was taken to Tiflis. Before I left, Louis slipped me a note on which was finely written these words, —

'Be of good cheer. We are doing all we can.'

V

That journey was another illustration of the paradoxes that existed under the rule of the Bolsheviks. Although I had never been shown the slightest consideration while in prison, I was here treated as an honored guest. There was one other prisoner with me, and our guards were not common soldiers, but green-capped officials. We traveled in the finest compartment the train afforded. It was upholstered and fairly clean, but the only light was from a tallow candle which one of the officers produced.

The train started off, after much ringing of bells, and the two officers proceeded to make themselves and us as comfortable as possible. They took off their side arms — all they carried — and hung them up, produced cigarettes,

and offered them to us, and then began to engage us in a lively conversation. One of them spoke Turkish, with which I was familiar, and my prison companion spoke French.

After a while the train stopped at a large station where a 'Buffet' sign was hanging out. Both the officers descended, leaving us quite alone, and presently brought back a large slab of fat pork, some black bread, and a bottle of wine. These they spread out on the seat, and invited us to eat. This strange conduct on the part of our captors caused me to take hope. Perhaps I was going to my freedom. 'Be of good cheer,' the note had said. Perhaps they had succeeded in arranging for my release, and this was part of the necessary routine — to be taken to the seat of government. I gnawed at the fat pork, and even the black bread had a savory taste.

'What do you think of the Communists?' one of the officers began.

I gave a noncommittal reply.

'Only those should govern who produce,' he continued. 'See this,' — producing a small cigarette-lighter, — 'I made that, every bit of it, myself, with my own hands. I am a mechanic. I formerly worked for the Relief, when Haskell was here. One of the officers said he would take me to America, where I could earn four dollars a day, for I am a good worker. But I would not go. I hardly get that much a month, besides my rations, but I would rather stay here where the working-man rules, than go to your rich country, for here I am working for the Cause, working to make the Revolution a success.'

'Is it a success, your revolution?' I ventured.

'Not yet, it is still disorganized, and the workers have yet to perfect themselves in the art of government. But we are learning.'

'Why do you not allow prisoners trials, and why do you imprison them secretly and without warning?'

'We arrest men secretly and quickly, so that they may not have a chance to escape beforehand; and we keep them hidden so that we may investigate their affairs without interference, and so that they may not be able to hire false witnesses to tell us lies.'

'Then you trust no one.'

'In Russia trust does not exist.'

The candle began to gutter, and the wick sagged in a way to threaten our illumination.

'The candles are no longer good,' complained the officer. 'The chief of the Government candle factory is not an honest man. Before, if a man did not make good candles, he lost trade. But the Communists will remedy this, even though it cost one of their members. He will be arrested soon, and his accounts examined. If it is found that he has cheated the Government,'—and he drew his index finger in a crook, 'ping!'

I was on the point of suggesting a return to the time-worn method of securing efficiency; but the candle by now barely flickered and it became necessary to spread our blankets. The back of the seat was swung upward and horizontally, making a sort of padded shelf. One of the officers climbed up on this and fell asleep. I was given the seat on which to spread my roll, my companion spread his blanket on the floor, and the second officer curled up in the corner. In a few minutes all were breathing heavily except myself. It was too new an experience, this being escorted under guard, with both guards asleep, and with their arms hung up where either prisoner might take them at his leisure. The window was tightly fastened, as in all Russian trains in winter, but the door sagged open and creaked as the train rounded the curves

of the valley. The train stopped at a station dimly lighted with dirty incandescent globes, and the usual wretched crowd struggled into the third-class wagons ahead. After an interminable wait, the bells rang and the train glided into the darkness. There was no jar: in spite of the decrepitude of the coaches the trucks beneath moved silently, and I marveled at the wonderful construction of these Russian railways that still operated smoothly and efficiently after five years of neglect and disrepair.

I wondered at the indifference of the guards to their prisoners: whether it actually meant that we were on our way to freedom; whether it was another illustration of that childlike simplicity of mind that I had observed throughout the East; or whether it was a subtle offer to us to attempt an escape, with certain consequences. My companion had taken it all quite calmly and as a matter of course, and I must have adopted the first-named conclusion for in my wondering I soon drifted into sleep.

VI

The Tiflis prison was worse than the one at Batoum. I seemed to be in a horrible pit, like that described by Poe, which every day contracted, until in the end I and all of us should be crushed between its relentless walls. I had now lost all expectation of succor from my friends, since I was sure they did not know where I was. There was nothing to be anticipated from our captors: in their eyes I was a spy. I no longer had the friendly raillery of Louis to cheer me, or the religious calm of Nicholas. I did not even hear the cathedral bells, which all along had been to me the symbols of the free world without. There were a thousand men in these prisons, twenty in our cell, and they sat with that vacant stare of

men who live without hope. Above, on an upper floor, sat the Commission Extraordinary, which each night voted and determined who before morning should be led out to that secret place away from the city, there to dig their graves and lie in them. My soul withdrew into itself, and I sank back into the comatose state of those around me. Only my dreams were pleasant: by some psychology that inner mind still glowed bright, and each night brought me pictures of home and America, until I lay long hours inert that sleep might come to transport me to another world.

One glimpse of the world outside we had. On one side of our cell, and against the roof, was a window. This gave out on a street; but in the street outside a board screen had been set up so that no one might look through. This board screen had got slightly out of place, so that through a slight aperture at the side one might see what passed at a distance.

One of the prisoners sat constantly upon an upper bunk looking out into the street. On certain days his wife passed with their little child. We could tell when they passed by the way his face lighted up. One day his place was left vacant. Thereafter I sat on the bunk and looked out.

It was but a few days until Christmas, and people were passing bearing tiny trees. This was in spite of the proscription of the Communists. One day I saw two figures approaching whom I knew to be Americans. I could not call out, for the guard would have come and shot down into the cell. He had done this on one previous occasion. I remembered the story of Blondin and Richard—how *Cœur de Lion* had been rescued by a song. I started whistling the 'Star-Spangled Banner.' This song was unfamiliar to the Russians and attracted no attention among them; but the two figures turned and

looked intently toward the window. They gave no sign of recognition, however, and soon passed on. I was more hopeless than ever.

A day or so later the guard came and led me before Moghilevsky, who was the president of the Cheka.

'You are the American who was arrested for carrying contraband, is it not? Well, you are a spy. Your papers are quite suspicious, and we are unable to translate them. But one came today who explained their meaning, and we have now decided to free you. You may go.'

When they had given me back every piece of gold which they had taken, carefully wrapped in tissue paper, and a document with a red seal, which said I might leave the country, and when I was on board a greasy little Greek vessel bearing me to Constantinople, I let my mind consider in relief the experience through which I had passed. I had carried the message to Louis's wife, I had sent Nicholas his cloak, and I still carried in the lining of my shoe the unavailing message of the poor German. I wondered what it was that had saved me from the fate that was his. I had been in prison on the most serious charge known to the Communists: there had been no official representation of our Government; and had there been, it is doubtful whether the Cheka would have respected it. But I am convinced that, in the end, it was the American flag, which here did not march at the head of an army column or fly at the masthead of an embassy, but before a little band of harassed and often discouraged relief workers and over orphanages and relief stations,—the emblem of life to some thirty thousand orphans and uncounted refugees,—that finally moved the Cheka in their decisions and fluttered between me and their fury.

REALITIES AND EUROPE¹

BY GUSTAV CASSEL

I

It seems to be very difficult for human beings to acquire an adequate conception of what is going on in their own time. Naturally this difficulty increases in times when events reach such gigantic proportions and the situation in the world changes as rapidly as it has during the last few years.

The difficulty depends partly on the general inertia of the human mind, which reveals itself in the fact that even the individual is very much bound up with his old ideas and predominantly disposed to follow his old ways of thinking.

This inertia, however, is always a much stronger factor in the psychology of the masses, and it is strengthened to an extraordinary degree by the system of political parties, which drives us to judge each phenomenon in the first instance from the party point of view, and to adopt our party standpoint long before we have had time to observe what is going on, or to form a sufficiently clear conception of the reality we have before us.

To this general difficulty is now added the fact that the present reality is by no means agreeable; that what is actually happening differs very considerably from what, according to settled

public opinion, ought to happen, and from what political doctrine has, year after year, taught people was bound to happen.

The difficulties in the way of recognizing a disagreeable reality must reach their extreme in the cases where this reality seems to reduce ideals, for which people have been willing to make the highest sacrifices, to empty illusions, or where the actual results of these sacrifices are just the opposite to the high aims for which they were made.

Under such circumstances it is only natural that people's insight into the reality in which they live becomes inadequate; that people experience the utmost difficulty in adapting their judgment and their actions to the actual situation; and that public opinion, even where it is most advanced, is apt to remain some distance behind the actual development of events.

We must take account of all these adverse circumstances if we wish to understand how it is possible that the world should stand so completely disoriented before the real course of events, as without doubt it does at present with regard to what is called the Reparations question.

The leaders of the world once had much to say about the abolition of 'Militarism'—can we wonder that people now refuse to believe the evidence of their own eyes, when they

¹ An article giving the French point of view upon the questions discussed here appeared in the June *Atlantic* under the title, *France and the Ruhr*, by Abel Chevalley.—THE EDITOR.

see Europe more and more given up to the rule of military dictators? It was promised that the world should be made 'safe for democracy'—now public opinion refuses to recognize the fact that important parts of Central Europe are being brought to a condition which differs very little from slavery.

People used to be frightened at the idea of a coming supremacy of Germany, and during the long sequence of hard years strained every nerve to crush her—it is natural enough that they should now be extremely unwilling to recognize for themselves that by such action they have only contributed to a most extraordinary development of military despotism on the continent of Europe. We once believed in a lasting peace as the result of the Great War—it is very disappointing indeed to be told that the peace which Central Europe has obtained is nothing but a continuance of hostilities calculated to bring about the extinction of a people even more than actual war itself.

Still, whether palatable or not, it is absolutely necessary that we should begin to see the truth. The actual development of events has, particularly during the last year, become so extremely serious that everybody must begin to feel it to be imperative that he should know exactly what is going on.

II

The first thing that strikes a student of after-war politics is the quite disproportionate importance that has been given to the question of the debt which the war has left behind it. People have paid so much attention to the problem of payment for the reconstruction of Europe that reconstruction itself has been hampered. To a large extent the measures which

have been taken to enforce payment have even been purely destructive in their effects, and have thus directly counteracted the general work of reconstruction. For the world as a whole these questions of payment are altogether subordinate to the all-important interest that the world's productive machinery should be set going once more and be brought to work up to its full capacity.

People sometimes believe that the costs of the war and of Reparations form a burden on future generations. This is not so. The costs of the war were paid during the war, and the costs of the Reparations have been paid as the Reparations have been carried out. In a social community all present burdens must be borne by the present time. What is left to future generations is only the payment of debts by one class of people to another or by one country to another. But the difficulties of such payments, great as they may be, all belong to the problem of distribution of income among the members of the community, and this problem is always of secondary importance in comparison with the great task of increasing the total income of the community.

All that the peoples of the world are accomplishing by their incessant struggles over the payment of debts is the very considerable diminution of the social dividend and the hampering of a very much needed development of the productive resources of the world. It is doubtful whether any class or any country is winning anything by this struggle, but it is quite certain that the net losses are very severe and fall upon some peoples with an absolutely crushing weight.

The struggle is at present very much a struggle about the reasonableness of the claims and about the debtor's capacity to pay. People ask for such re-

duction or redistribution of the debts as seems necessary in view of the paying capacity of the debtors. Under such circumstances it seems strange that the world should expect a solution of the problem of indebtedness from the payment of immense sums by the weakest of the great countries concerned.

This singular idea has made the settlement of the Interallied debts dependent upon the payment of a German indemnity, which everybody knows to have been fixed very much above what Germany can ever be expected to pay, and naturally still more above what she can pay now. This brings into the problem of Interallied indebtedness an element of unreality which influences the whole discussion and makes a reasonable settlement almost hopeless.

France has now adopted the position that Germany must first pay fifty billions of gold marks, of which France shall have twenty-six billions to cover her Reparations, and that only what Germany can pay France over and above that sum shall be used in the payment of France's debts to her creditors, Great Britain and America. It is clear to everybody that Germany will never be able to pay anything like such sums. Even if Germany were relieved of all other payments, she could not, as we shall see presently, afford to pay France the sum of twenty-six billions of gold marks.

The French defense of their position is the general formula that France cannot pay if Germany does not pay her. The moral strength of this formula, however, is somewhat weakened by the fact that Germany is called upon to pay, although she has been forced to give up all her claims on other countries, and in addition has been deprived of nearly all resources which could have been used for international payments,

Of course a debtor cannot generally refuse to pay because he cannot collect his own claims. The big sums which Great Britain and America advanced to France during the war were real loans, by no means subject to the condition of an Allied victory, and, naturally, still less to the condition that it should be possible to extract from Germany in payment to France alone, first, a sum of twenty-six billions of gold marks, and then, over and above that, a sum to cover France's obligations to her allies!

No doubt it will be very difficult for France to pay her debts if she can get nothing out of Germany. But a reasonable settlement of the French debt to Great Britain and America could be expected with more justice if France would reduce her enormous expenditure on occupations, armaments, and subsidies, — in themselves an implicit threat of the military domination of Central Europe, — and if she showed any sign of doing what she could to satisfy her creditors.

For the friends of peace this experience of the value of war debts is in one sense rather encouraging. It will certainly not be so easy in the future to make people enthusiastic for war, when it is known that the enemy's promises to pay are empty phrases when he has once been crushed, and that the very crushing of the enemy will cause serious and widespread economic disturbances, with incalculable economic losses even for the victorious countries. Nor will it be so very easy to get advances from friendly Governments, since it has been proved that such loans, even in the most favorable case of a complete victory, are not acknowledged to be morally binding. When even a victorious country is sure to come out of the struggle more or less ruined, the prospects of war will not seem very tempting. If the experiences

we have now gathered about the after-war value of war indebtedness can do anything to prevent wars for the future or to limit their extension, something is undeniably gained for the preservation of peace.

It is not the place here to discuss what moral strength France's claims to payment for devastated provinces may have had originally. The claimant who does not himself do everything in his power to facilitate the payment of the debt can hardly reckon upon sympathy or help from outsiders. The policy of France in the present case has rather been such as directly to hinder Germany from paying.

The coöperation of German labor, German organization, and German capital for the reconstruction of the devastated provinces, which would have been the most natural solution of the indemnity question, has been rejected. Payment by export of commodities has for years been hampered by extra customs duties laid on the importation of German industrial products; while at the same time Germany's balance of payment has been weakened by the forced importation of French articles of luxury. The paying capacity which Germany might still have had she has had to spend in supporting the military occupation of her country by France.

But this is not all. France has, since the end of the war, systematically worked for the political and economic weakening of Germany. In this France has endeavored to strike at the very basis of German economic life, that is to say, her coal supplies. First France took the Saar district; then it was France who was responsible for the extremely fatal division of Upper Silesia; and finally she has occupied even the last of the most important of the German coal districts, the Ruhr. Day after day M. Poincaré repeats that an indus-

trial renaissance of Germany is a danger which France, and of course also the rest of the world, must fight by every possible means!

The truth is that the claimants of an indemnity from Germany have never been able to make up their minds as to whether they wish to have an indemnity or to have Germany completely crushed.

In France shortsighted protectionist interests have united themselves with that policy of fear and revenge. The result has been the devastation of Germany as a working economic organism, which has culminated in the occupation of the Ruhr, by which the very heart of German industrial life has been hit.

This extreme action of the policy of exhaustion has definitely destroyed the prospects of indemnity payments by Germany.

But the consequences of this act of violence are even more far-reaching. The highest authorities on law of the British Crown have declared the Ruhr occupation to be not justified by the Treaty of Versailles. If this is true, the whole occupation has the character of a war of aggression, and then, clearly, Germany must be entitled to an indemnity for this war and for the frightful disturbances it has caused in Germany's economic life.

It is certainly not to the interest of the world, and at any rate not to the interest of debtor countries like France herself, that International Law should be so interpreted that, in order to enforce payments from its debtors, a creditor country has the right to occupy with its military forces part of the debtor's territory, to sequester private property in such territory, and to subject its population to a condition of slavery. The argument that this extension of the rights of a creditor country, although inadmissible in general

International Law, has been created by the Versailles treaty, particularly in favor of the victorious countries, seems to be a singularly bad way out of the dilemma which France has created by her action. For if the Versailles treaty had really included such a clause, the whole treaty would in the world's conscience stand out as a *pactum turpe*, imposing upon the defenseless party a *laesio enormis*. How much moral strength such a treaty could retain in the long run, anybody may judge for himself.

III

Let us now consider the question which is at the bottom of the whole struggle, namely, what can Germany pay? Everybody knows that Germany's paying capacity was originally fantastically overestimated, and that even the sum eventually fixed by the London ultimatum, 132,000,000,000 gold marks, very much surpassed anything that Germany could conceivably pay. It seems now to be generally admitted that only the A and B bonds, representing together fifty billions of gold marks, can be seriously taken into consideration as realities, whereas the C bonds, representing the remaining eighty-two billions, are nothing but air. Still France insists upon regarding these C bonds as an asset which may be used as an object of exchange in the negotiations with her allies.

How much Germany can in reality pay is still an open question, and obviously a question of central importance for the whole European problem. For, clearly, whatever moral or legal right the victorious countries may have to claim an indemnity from Germany, all endeavors to get more than Germany can pay are futile, and all measures to enforce such payments must be regarded as extremely harmful, both to the object of securing the highest possi-

ble indemnity, and, by their disturbing influence on the world's economic and political life, to the general welfare of the world.

Under such circumstances a scientific investigation of Germany's paying capacity seems to be the only way out of the political struggles, and Secretary Hughes's proposal, that the whole question be referred to an international body of experts, was therefore very natural and sound.

There is, however, a danger that the difficulties attending such a calculation are underestimated. In fact, Germany's paying capacity is no given or fixed quantity, which we can sit down and calculate on the basis of available data. The first thing we have to take account of in studying Germany's paying capacity is that this capacity is a variable quantity, very much dependent upon the way in which Germany is treated by her creditors. If, from the first moment, Germany had been allowed freely to develop her production and her exports and retain her navy and her international trade-organization, and if Germany had had a reasonable prospect of being able, by hard work and great sacrifices, to free herself from her obligations, no doubt Germany would have had a considerable capacity to pay indemnities.

True, already before the war, Germany had a surplus of imports over exports. But 'invisible exports' and interests and dividends from foreign investments filled up the gap and created a certain surplus available for fresh investment abroad.

After the war, an annual paying capacity could have been established, on the one hand by increased efforts in production and increased exports, and on the other hand by a lowering of the standard of living of the German people.

The first development has not been allowed to take place. On the contrary, Germany's productive capacity has been so much reduced, particularly by the fatal lowering of the efficiency of German labor, and her export facilities have been so severely curtailed, that the value of exports has gone down from about eleven billions of gold marks in 1913 to about four billions in 1922.

It has proved impossible to reduce the imports in the same proportion. In spite of the very far-reaching reduction in the standard of living of the German people, a reduction which for important classes has already overstepped the borders of starvation, the value of imports surpasses that of exports. The balance of trade for 1923 shows a deficit of 2,300,000,000 gold marks. During the last few years this adverse balance seems to have been made up by the sale of securities and real estate, but primarily by the sale of German marks abroad. The latter extremely unsound source of income is now no longer available. The great problem of the present moment is, how it will be possible for Germany to pay for her necessary imports. If, as is most likely, sufficient means of payment cannot be found, a further reduction of consumption in Germany is unavoidable. But such reduction would doubtless mean a catastrophe involving actual starvation for millions of people. Under such circumstances it is of course pure nonsense to speak of Germany's capacity to pay.

The figures giving the value of German foreign trade are, of course, not quite reliable, nor could they ever be in a country not having the slightest stability in its standard of value. But the results arrived at are no doubt in the main valid. This can easily be seen if we take account of the weight sta-

tistics of exports. German exports of iron and iron manufactures in 1913 amounted to a monthly average of 541,000 tons. In 1922, this average had been reduced to 221,000 tons. But under the Ruhr occupation the figure has been forced down to 143,000 tons in April, 1923.

A corresponding reduction, though not quite to the same extent, has taken place in the export of machinery, electrical supplies, dyes and dye-stuffs. The considerable pre-war surplus of coal exports has for 1922 been converted into a surplus of imports (leaving out the 16,000,000 tons delivered for Reparations account).

It will immediately be clear to anybody that such a reduced export is absolutely insufficient even to pay only for Germany's most necessary imports. Germany's power of competition in foreign markets has also, particularly during the last few months, been very much curtailed, and is now so weak that the prospects of a speedy revival of German exports are practically *nil*.

The truth, which can no longer be concealed, is that, by the action of the victorious countries, and particularly by the policy of France, but also as a result of the social disintegration which has taken place within the country itself, Germany has been brought to the point of starvation, and that it will require the most vigorous efforts to save the German people from a most frightful catastrophe. Already important classes of the German population are reduced to such misery that they are continually dependent upon foreign benevolence.

Under such circumstances it is strange, to say the least, that people should expect a solution of all the difficulties of Europe by what is called a settlement of the dispute between France and Germany about the Ruhr

question. This seems indeed to be the most empty of all illusions. Of course, Germany can give way in the matter of passive resistance and such things, and accept every condition France chooses to impose upon her. But she cannot thereby acquire any paying capacity, and there will be no solution of the problem.

If we wish to get a true conception of what the payment of a big external debt really means, and under what conditions such payment is possible, we need only to study the British debt to the United States. Without doubt the payments on this debt, now agreed upon, involve very large sacrifices for Great Britain. An English authority, J. M. Keynes, describes the burden of the American debt in the following words:—

We shall be paying to the United States each year for sixty years a sum equivalent to two thirds the cost of our Navy, nearly equal to the State expenditure on Education, more than the total burden of our pre-war debt, more than the total profits of the whole of our mercantile marine and the whole of our mines together. With these sums we could endow and splendidly house *every month* for sixty years one university, one hospital, one institute of research, etc., etc. With an equal sacrifice over an equal period we could abolish slums and re-house in comfort the half of our population which is now inadequately sheltered. *The Nation and the Athenæum, August 4, 1923.*

Still, the sum to be paid yearly, about thirty-five million pounds, is only little more than one half of the value of British exports for one month—about sixty million pounds. Thus we may conclude that the obligation to pay annually to a foreign country the value of half a month's exports is a heavy burden.

Great Britain can face this burden and solve the problem of acquiring a sufficient amount of foreign exchange,

because she has such important invisible items in her international balance of payment, that she is able to pay the yearly sum of the American debt out of a surplus of this balance and still have a sum left for fresh investments abroad.

In the German balance of payment there will, for the future, be very little in the way of such invisible items. An eventual indemnity, therefore, must be paid out of a surplus of exports over imports. Now it is generally very difficult for a great industrial country to establish a surplus in its balance of trade. Countries which export mainly raw materials and agricultural products may do so, but industrial countries generally show a deficit in their balance of trade.

We can, therefore, hardly say that we have any experience proving the possibility of a great industrial country establishing a surplus solely by exporting more than it imports. But even if we assume that this will be possible in the case of Germany, we may take it for granted that the surplus cannot be any great percentage of the exports, probably not much more than ten per cent.

Therefore, if Germany should be able to pay an annual indemnity of, say, one billion gold marks, we must assume her to have reached an export of, say, eleven billions, requiring an import of, say, ten billions. With such an export the annual payment of one billion means the payment of a full month's amount of exports, which, as there are hardly any invisible items to be drawn upon, must represent an extremely heavy burden.

The question how much Germany can pay, is, as we see, primarily the question, Are the victorious countries, and is the world at large, willing to allow Germany such brilliant economic

development as would be required to bring up her exports to something like eleven billions of gold marks yearly? If the annual sums often mentioned in discussions on the Reparations question should be paid, German exports would have to be increased very much above the sum named. Nobody can say that any such development, in view of the experience hitherto gathered, is very probable. At any rate, it can certainly not take place within the next five or ten years.

IV

The complete ignorance of what international payments mean is doubtless a very prominent feature in that French policy which pretends to have no other aim than to enforce payments from Germany. But there are also other features of this policy, which make it evident enough that the extraction of payments is not the sole aim, but that this desire is very much mixed up with the desire, not only to prevent a restoration of Germany to economic and political health, but even to destroy the country still more, and keep it in a permanent state of misery. When the indemnity is fixed at such a sum that it can never be paid, and when the sums actually paid are squandered on occupations and other costs entailed in collecting the debt, with the effect that the debt is practically never diminished, in spite of the complete exhaustion of the debtor, then, clearly, we have to do with the policy of a usurer, framed to keep his victim in a state of permanent indebtedness, extracting yearly as big payments as possible, but never allowing the capital debt to be written off. Germany's permanent indebtedness affords France an excuse for permanent interference and permanent control.

True, we have been given the assurance that it is not a part of French

policy to incorporate German territory. But this does not exclude an occupation and an exploitation proclaimed as destined to last until sums have been paid which it is most obviously impossible for Germany to pay so long as her most important industrial districts are occupied. And such a permanent exploitation of a foreign territory is, after all, at bottom a much worse thing than the old-fashioned method of conquest and incorporation.

Still there are signs which show clearly enough that the aims of the French policy of destruction go further, namely, to the splitting up of Germany into those small provincial states which made up Germany before her modern unification. As the whole of the German economic development after 1870, as well as the increase of her population since that time, has depended on the transition from mediæval to modern state-construction which took place in 1870, any attempt at dissolving Germany again would mean forcing the country back to the economic conditions prevailing before 1870, and therefore, so far as we can see, to reducing her population to something like what it was at that time.

But for a policy the real significance of which is to reduce by starvation a highly civilized population in the midst of Europe by some twenty million people, no citizen in the civilized world, and particularly no American citizen, can assume the slightest share of responsibility.

The pernicious effects of the French treatment of Germany, and particularly of the Ruhr occupation, are by no means restricted to Germany. The modern world is so much a unit that the paralyzing of one of its most important industrial centres cannot but be severely felt by all other members of the great trading community. Some few particular interests may find en-

joyment in the relief from competition, but for the world at large there is a loss in the efficiency of the productive machinery and therefore unavoidably a loss of income and well-being. The buying capacity of Central Europe has been reduced to an alarming extent by the policy of exhaustion and destruction which has been carried on since the end of the Great War. The result has been a considerable impoverishment of large districts which used to sell food and raw materials to Central Europe. Thus the buying capacity of these countries has been diminished, too, and industrial countries organized for supplying such countries with industrial products have seen their power of selling seriously reduced.

At the same time, the whole carrying trade of the world has suffered, and commerce and banking have suffered likewise. In some industrial countries these adverse effects have been so great that unemployment has become a social evil of the first order, the financial burden of which threatens to become more and more unbearable. Year after year Great Britain has had to care for an army of unemployed of between one and two million people. The devastation of British economic life which is measured by such figures is certainly not less serious than the war's devastation of French provinces, which probably has not required that more than some hundred thousands of workers be drawn from their ordinary occupations. Naturally, the whole of the world-wide economic depression cannot be debited to the account of France's destructive policy. But certainly Great Britain has very good reason to complain of the great additional difficulties which the French policy undoubtedly causes in a situation already in itself precarious enough.

Great Britain must necessarily be very anxious to have things put in

normal order again on the European continent, and this anxiety is shared by a number of other countries, both industrial and agricultural.

Under such circumstances it is very distasteful, to say the least, to find French policy actually aiming at an exploitation of this anxiety, and asking to be paid for abandoning her terrorist régime. But this is just what is being done when the giving up of a destructive policy, by which even France herself suffers, is made the subject of such conditions as the canceling by other Governments of their very legitimate claims on France, or the guaranteeing through international finance of the payment to France of a German indemnity.

Of course, the other participants in the indemnity, and also the United States as a large creditor, lose their prospect of ever getting paid by a Germany which the French policy has reduced to complete misery. But this loss to others is for the French politicians only an asset more on their side in the bargain they expect to make. Naturally, such a policy cannot count on much sympathy from former allies who have made the most severe sacrifices on behalf of France.

The first question we have to put to ourselves when trying to analyze the value of a political programme is this, Is it in accordance with the general trend of evolution and progressive civilization, or is it against it? If the latter is the case, the policy in question will surely have to be corrected by the future, and is therefore simply burdening history with a repetition of its own work.

Let us apply this test to the present French policy. The splitting-up of Germany into several countries is clearly a step backward, which the future will have to make good. The progress of Europe has, since the end of

the Middle Ages, been identified with the creation of great national units. The fact that Germany, like Italy, was some centuries later in this development than France and England, does not make her national unity a less essential need.

The future of Central Europe lies in the creation of great political and economic organizations, and every policy which aims at drawing up more frontiers on the European continent, or at accentuating the political antagonism and the economic isolation which such frontiers mean, is a retrograde policy, pregnant with untold sufferings for future generations, which will have to take up the work of constructive progress once again.

It is equally clear that the ruining of a great industrial organization, which has been generations in building up, is a retrograde policy which must be corrected by future generations, and which therefore entails a mad waste of the resources of humanity, and a serious set-back to the general progress of the world.

The very methods of suppression and violence which have taken the place of solidarity and peace denote in themselves a most serious set-back in the development of civilization. It will perhaps take the work of generations to build up again what has already been destroyed of ideal values by these methods. Such methods are, moreover, terribly contagious. Already Italian politicians seek to defend Italy's violent and lawless action against Greece by alleging the action of France in the Ruhr as an example!

If we are to develop in future anything like civilized relations between nations, we must most emphatically reject the idea that one country, for the sake of punishing another country, has the right to take a part of the latter's territory, and to expose the population

thereof to any kind of injuries and humiliations. It is necessary to safeguard the human rights of such populations, which cannot be made responsible for quarrels of their countries.

Americans are asking what America can do in this situation, and sometimes are even eager to free America from all responsibility in the matter. But undoubtedly America has a responsibility. The United States took part in the great European struggle — perhaps a decisive part. America fought for the high ideals of humanity and freedom. Now, when the victory has largely proved to have been an illusion, when the ideals for which the war was fought are trampled down more recklessly than ever, and when the future of civilization is more seriously threatened than ever, it is impossible for America to withdraw and say that this is a thing that does not concern her. Economically even America is concerned when a great consuming power is annihilated, and the world's trade is disorganized. America's dependence upon the world's market, and therefore upon the world's prosperity, is doubtless a much more important reality than many Americans imagine.

Still, it is not in the first instance economic ties that bind America to the rest of the world. The ideals of humanity represent a common good for all nations, and the duty of guarding and developing these ideals more than anything else binds the world together into an indissoluble unit. Of this unit the United States forms a part, and, by virtue not only of its wealth and power, but also of moral traditions, a very important part. America once fought a great fight for the abolition of slavery, and it is therefore impossible for America to stand by and renounce responsibility when slavery in new and worse forms is being reintroduced.

The actual question is, therefore, What can America do? People are generally inclined to underrate the power of moral force in such a situation as the present. If public opinion in the United States stood absolutely united in an unconditional condemnation of the French policy of exhaustion and suppression, this opinion would represent a moral power which could not be neglected. But every American speaking or writing on the present subject ought to realize how much the authority of American opinion is weakened by even the slightest support given to what is wrong and disgraceful.

America also has strong material weapons for giving weight to her opinion. First of all she can say to France, *Pay us!* Pay us instead of squandering your resources on submarine and air armaments against former allies and on military subsidies to new allies! Pay us instead of de-

stroying by costly occupations every possibility, both for yourselves and for others, and particularly for us, of ever getting any payment out of Germany! If you cannot pay, at any rate do not destroy our own and the world's trade and well-being by your short-sighted policy against your own debtor!

It must once and for all be made quite clear to France that the claims of the United States on account of the money they have advanced are not mere idle words, but are meant to be taken seriously. If France asks for consideration and grace, America may reasonably answer: 'Well, we will show you the same consideration and grace you are showing your debtor.' France could indeed in this connection very appropriately be warned not to expose herself to our Lord's severe sentence upon the unmerciful servant: 'Shouldst not thou also have had compassion on thy fellow-servant, even as I had pity on thee?'

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE REFLECTIONS OF A FRIVOLOUS GRANDMOTHER

April 24. — To-day is my birthday. No — I will not tell. I will say with Mme. de Sévigné, 'Is it a thousand years since I was born?' I confess that, since forty arrived at my door, I refuse to tell my age. 'I am very old. I am forty,' said Mr. Buckle, on the occasion of that birthday. Times have changed since that mournful cry; but most of us are still dragged reluctant to our birthdays after forty. And anyway, what is the use of looking forty, and pleading guilty to sixty-five? With

Don Quixote, 'I would fain cherish my dreams.' Old age is always the vanishing point. Like Sidney Smith's Shepherd Boy, I fail to take in the fact that I shall *ever* be old. My sympathies are all with George Eliot, who thought 'old age the least interesting of human phenomena.'

Only sentimental poets have given old age its halo. I confess that I cannot bear 'the nodding, nid-nodding time.' One crowded hour of glorious youth is worth a hundred years of Age's Cathay. Willingly I would search over the world for Hawthorne's lost Fountain of Youth if, like his three old gentlemen

and the old lady, I could be young again for one half-hour. Not with the youth the scientists promise, with their transplanted monkey-glands, and snake serums — out upon such galvanic, frog-jumping youth! No, in some 'jeweled cave of joy,' fed from hidden springs of hope, I will look for Hawthorne's Fountain. From its golden rim, I will draw waters charged with youth, and fill again my empty urn with their sparkling draught.

I am putting a good face on it, you see, whistling to keep my courage up as the shadows lengthen, snatching at every gracious flower within my reach before real old age comes on, old age with its extinguished passion, its languid curiosity, when the last tame scenes of the play are on the boards.

To-day I bought a spring hat. It is a thing 'for to admire and for to see' — though I am not quite so mad about it as to leave a dying request to have it buried with me in my coffin, as did a poor soul I read about in the paper. That seems to me the deepest pathos. It might have been her first real hat, and not a 'hand-me-down.' My hat is properly black; but it has an adorable facing of *blue* straw under the cottage brim, and flat roses of a silky, iridescent blue on top. Jane, who was with me, advised one with black ribbon and black grapes. But we elders know what we want. We are like the birds, intuitive, and should be let to find our own way.

'What a rum thing Time is, ain't it?' says the astute Mr. Roker. Time, that strange, inexplicable, flowing river, always the same river but the water never the same. You are the same identity who in the 1850's raced like the wind across the meadow of your uncle's farm, stooping to pluck the great purple violets hiding in the long grass, and the pink spikes of Ladies' Delight. The same who, with perspiration running

down her nose, struggled breathless through strangling vines of wild grape, up the bluff-side. I can smell it yet — the fragrance of those wild-grape thickets. If there is anything more intoxicating than the wild grape in bloom, I have not met with it. The Volstead law ought to be amended to include that heavenly odor.

Yesterday an officious street-car conductor amiably offered to assist me down the steps. I was annoyed. I confess too that envy and wild regret rise in my heart, when I see a young woman come in to dinner in a gown whose black, dusky softness lies unrelieved against the whiteness of a neck that is unafraid, and unrivaled by the string of pearls that caress it. Alas, I must veil with lace or tulle the once ivory column, and bolster up the sagging tissues with a black velvet band.

September 2. — To-day I visited a beauty parlor. I had never been in one before. Well — if you must know — just over each ear my hair is really gray, and I thought perhaps — Well, I did n't.

Old ladies are pretty — a great many of us; but not with the beauty of the beauty parlors. Often you will see the delicate color flushing an old cheek as soft as rose petals; but it is not *vinaigre de rouge*. Yes, there are pretty old ladies. I mind me of one now, in a lavender gown, with a bunch of Marie Louise violets (she did not call them a *corsage*) on her breast, and the violets were not lovelier than she. Yes, the eternal feminine is still strong at seventy, and we shall forget the charm of exquisite, dainty apparel when 'that Ægean isle forgets the sea.' Years ago, when the fashion of wearing white shoes first came in, my soul longed greatly for a pair; but I feared they were too youthful for me. One day, looking out of the window, I saw a white-haired old lady, many years my

senior, tripping by in a white suit and white shoes. You may be sure grass did not grow under *my* feet, till they were shod in white shoes.

My back porch overlooks the 'garden enclosed' of a neighbor grandmother; and almost any morning from May to November, you may see her at work there. 'The pleasures of the garden,' says Cicero, 'are not hindered by any extent of old age.' So Cicero consoled his advancing years, and so my neighbor. She digs her troubles into the black, friendly earth; and they come up rose-red hibiscus, great spicy peonies, in a midsummer flower parade. A gay bevy of hollyhocks flaunt their rose, lemon-color, and wine hats, like bridesmaids going up a wedding aisle; while an irregular line of larkspur lifts high its blue, blue spikes. A rambler rose hangs its intriguing clusters over a white trellis and calls, 'Look at me!' Zinnias spread their tawny orange and russet pink, like the brown and red of a Venice sail; while proud and haughty dahlias lift their regal heads to carry all before them.

Is it not enough to be alive, even at seventy, to bring such a miracle to pass? Alas! must I confess it—I simply turn tail and run when I turn up cutworms and snails.

My cousin Sue often says to me, 'Why don't you get a cat, Anthea? Lots of company for you.' Sue had her big Persian cat, Peter, in her lap. If I had a Persian cat, — which thank goodness I have n't, — his name would be Ahasuerus or something, certainly not Peter. I confess to a cold heart for cats; though almost I was persuaded to one, after reading *The Fireside Sphinx* — that tender and beautiful tribute of Agnes Repplier's to Agrippina. But the spell of it was broken, when I went to look at a house for rent, where had dwelt a woman with eight cats. Even the 'jewel eyes' of Agrippina could not

overcome that sight. No, I am as cold as the cat; and selfishly prefer my easy chair for my own occupancy.

Cold eyes, sleek skin, and velvet paws,
You win my indolent applause,
You do not win my heart.

I refuse to submit to your subtle but treacherous charm.

I am all the time getting appealing letters from the Republican Woman's Club; so to-day I went to one of their luncheons. They are getting lined up for the fall campaign, and I very nearly got roped in to serving on a committee. There is an impressive array of elderly women, prominent in public life; and I have no quarrel with this diversion for those who like it or are fitted for it. But when it comes to running for Street Commissioner or the Park Board, I prefer literally to 'let George do it.' I confess to another reason. Politics are bad for wrinkles, and I don't want any more. Over a hundred years ago, Addison remarked in the Spectator: 'There is nothing so bad for the face as party zeal. Indeed, I have never known a pretty woman in politics, who kept her beauty for a twelve-month.' I confess this made a great impression on me. I wonder if Lady Astor or Miss Paul ever read The Spectator.

February 20. — It feels like spring to-day. A wonderful thing has happened. An old flame, of my girl days, came to see me. We had not met for fifty years — since he went away to college. He had fine eyes, and they are fine still. He kissed me when he went away — very softly. He certainly has perfect manners. — I wonder — Pshaw! What would Jane say! No, no! I am all with Sophocles, who, on being asked in extreme old age if he were still a lover, exclaimed, 'Heaven forbid! I am only too happy to escape from that!' Yes, truly it is good to be done with it all, — free from the fever

and the fret, — and yet, and yet — I would I were not come to that peaceful time 'whose calmer kisses wake nor smile nor tear.' But who can live life over? I must be content with the *andante* movement, and leave to youth the *allegro vivace*. At least we have our memories — lovely, if pale, asphodels of the heart.

As the Moors in their exile, the keys treasured still,
Of their castles in Spain, so will we; and no fear
But the doors will fly open whenever we will,
To the prime of the Past, and the sweet of the year.

And at least we can have friends — 'the daily bread of the heart,' as someone has fondly called a friend.

And so I will not shiver at the black footprints of Age across my frosted land. Rather, I will emulate old Dr. Johnson, who, when roused at night by the revelry of roysterers under his window, put his head out, and calling, 'Boys, are you there?' went down and joined them. A fine *gaieté du cœur* is the true philosophy. Let me present a smiling, if wrinkled, front to Old Age.

Last winter, in California, I was so carried away with the Book-Caravan idea, — then new to me, — that I came perilously near buying a ravishing white milk-wagon, which daily stopped at our door, and replacing its equipment of cans with a stock of books selected under the personal supervision of Mr. A. Edward Newton. The climate was favorable to this enterprise, and it failed only because an eighteen-year-old granddaughter, an expert motorist, refused to accompany me as chauffeur, on the ground that 'people would look at us!'

No! all is not lost while there are books. In my wooden house of Age, still shines a golden room of books. 'Let 's think on our marcies, Chloe,' said poor old Uncle Tom in a time of sore trial. So I would fain think on

mine, and remember my books, when I am at the tag end of everything, looking back, back, as I ride the galloping horse of Time, to the Land of Old Age. No — with my books I can yet warm my hands at the fires of life, even though they leap no more in the wind of Youth. Still can I see Queen Guinevere riding in the pleasant month of May, 'clothed all in green, as she rode Maying through the wood in great joy and delight.' Still can I travel back the Long Trail, to the scenes of my youth; and perhaps find, at the foot of the rainbow of dreams and memories, my pot of gold.

AN EXILE'S GARDEN

THOUGH my garden is but a dwarf plot, it should be used for vegetable growing, so frugal housewives told me on my arrival: was I not, they argued, in a city where small cabbages cost ten cents apiece? But I, then as now hard pressed by nostalgia, could heed no such suggestion; for a flower garden I knew I must have — a garden where with mute though none the less acceptable speech sweet blooms would endure, to speak to me of beloved, far-off England.

I filled my garden with well-trying friends; they are all there: massed rockets and campanulas oft-blooming, radiant sun-kissed marigolds, wide-eyed Shasta daisies, and, in the central place of honor, clustered sweet peas which race skyward. Not so their tendrils: these clasping, escaping from their legitimate supports, fling right and left slender fingers, to the embarrassment of the dignified poppy and blushing lychnis round whose necks they coyly twine. Shy violas adjoin edging rocks from which drip creeping plants; hard by them are pink, blue, and white Canterbury bells, which, with finger stalls outstretched, offer resting-places to wearied, toil-worn insects. Here in

exile I find scant leisure for dalliance during the hot hours; but in England I have often counted minutes while a bee slept secure within some velvet fastness.

Now, the day's toil at an end, I sit on my verandah and look down upon my garden. I see the hollyhocks straining to reach the top of the fence: they doubtless remember that the foxgloves gained that height and saw a larger world; why, they ask, should not they, also? Beneath me, the iridescent humming bird is darting pointed beak into the multicolored nasturtiums fringing the lavender bush, which sends up to me a faint perfume. For remembrance, as the rosemary? In England I had a lavender hedge.

As winged flowers, the Swallowtail butterfly, the Camberwell Beauty, the gallantly attired Admirals flit from border to border: and there is a Painted Lady gliding like a ship with furled sails over the flat whorls of the sedums and sweet Williams. Ah! she is away, and with gorgeous wings outspread sits flaunting herself in the face of the departing sun. He, unperturbed, pursues his decorous trend, and she, suddenly realizing that she has established herself too close to the bird-bath round which a crowd is twittering all agog for prey, is up and off. It was in England I last saw a Painted Lady.

The rooks are cawing in the oaks beyond my garden, and from off the trees' densely covered branches come canaries to swing to and fro on the stalwart stalks of my perennials. By a company of stocks, where are crumbs, sparrows quarrel, to disperse with alacrity as down a hawk suddenly swoops. All but one: he is dazed, and recovers only to creep feebly under the shelter offered by a bushy chrysanthemum. A hawk never ventured into my English garden. . . .

The long day is closing. Comes Eve-

ning in company with Twilight, who, having extinguished the last lamp of the afterglow, descends into my garden, in her train a wailing wind. I watch the antirrhinums sway toward the godetias, the godetias toward the drooping flax, the flax toward the mignonette. The wind—the East Wind, which also has made the long journey from England—wafts toward me the scent, in passing, and then hurries on. Is she, too, exiled? I fear so, for listening I can hear her moan as she sighs and sobs out her loneliness in the dark spaces of the neighboring firs.

ON IMPULSE

IMPULSES are pixies that splash in black water. They are shooting stars that flare and tumble earthward in an instant. They are orchids that hang their palpitating blossoms on the blackness of deflowered trees. And these pixies, these stars, these orchids, with their white and gold and lavender, are all that lend color and movement to the drab pattern of life. They are the brilliant warp whereof the gray woof is reason.

On impulse we do those things that we remember, and still remember, in the monotony of many succeeding years. They are the bas-reliefs and the high reliefs of our level days; they cause the only actions that we cannot regret; for it is impossible sincerely to regret anything that has once for a moment struck a little train of golden sparks, kindled a sudden fire of happiness. Indeed, we should be much more and oftener light-hearted if we did not fear to yield to impulse when it urges us. How much better, for example, if we ate our meals when we would, if we dared feast delightfully on soup for breakfast and cereal for lunch! But man is a rational animal, and instead of eating when he feels hungry he must

sit down willy-nilly to three meals a day: and he must eat cereal for breakfast and soup for dinner.

To be sure, there is a story of an Oriental prince, who was traveling in England, and in whose honor a great feast was given one night. The guests were assembled, a delicious and spicy meal was smoking in the kitchen; but the prince—the prince never appeared. The next day some one of the guests saw him, and said, 'But, your Majesty, you were ill? You did not come to the feast that was held for you.' And the prince said simply, 'No; I was not hungry.'

What uncivilized truthfulness, what barbaric logic! Not to eat merely because he was not hungry! What an unpardonable social blunder!

But the prince was only obeying the same unconventional impulse that has tagged at the heels of us all on one occasion or another — a 'poodle-esque' impulse, with shaven body and tasseled tail, that hid behind our feet and lurked in mortal terror beneath our chair, recovering only enough courage to lick the figurative blacking from our shoes, and spoil our glossy self-respect! For in truth, restrained and muzzled impulses develop a gnomish sort of hydrophobia: they romp through the mind and cut mad capers, they wag deceitful tails when it is only the polite muzzle that restrains them from showing their fangs in a hideous growl.

And after all, if for one day we should follow all our delightful, disgraceful whims, would not the memory be pungent enough to outlast and out-savor any possible consequences? To speak the truth impishly all day long: 'No, I did not have a good time; your party was stupid, and you are the homeliest woman I have ever seen; why must you have parties?' 'No, that joke was not funny, and I refuse to laugh;

and even if it were, it dates from the youth of my ministerial great-great-grandfather.' 'You are quite irresistibly adorable, and I shall edify Main Street by clasping you in my arms and kissing you here and now.' Or to start for a musty walk with a musty acquaintance; to remark suddenly, 'Well, what *did* the crocodile have for breakfast?' To snap your fingers in the astounded musty face of your acquaintance, and go fishing, a solitary radical, from the green banks of a little river, throwing a silvery enchanted line into the sunset-colored water! Or, indeed, to do anything unconventional, amazing, rude; for these are picayune examples, only points of departure, at best. Anyone with imagination — or impulses — can heighten, intensify, expand them.

The difficulty is that people are pitifully limited in their conception of these dartling desires. They forget the close-woven connection that binds impulse to its Siamese twin, imagination. They forget that Nature and Poetry are the foster parents of both of the fantastic pair; that the soul of caprice is lyric, as the heart of imagination is winged. They do not realize that impulse is creative as reason is destructive, that imagination is an artist, whereas intellect is an artisan. In brief, they worship at the Mammon altar of common sense; and the flowery pagan shrine of impulse wastes its sweetness and sheds its neglected roses. Anathema on the rational! The curse of a thousand black witches shaking their gnarled fingers at the world, and crying maledictions, imprecations, vituperations! Analyze all beauty, all adventure, all desire, and find at its heart — impulse! Is not a pixie the whim of a poet, an orchid the caprice of a moonbeam, a falling star the impulse of a God?

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

F. Lauriston Bullard for the past fifteen years has been connected with the *Boston Herald*, for the last four as their chief editorial writer. His article opens an *Atlantic* discussion which we intend shall be pursued forcibly and with vigor. ¶All who enjoy Dickens and Christmas can enjoy them both all over again by reading **A. Edward Newton** on the 'Greatest Little Book in the World.' Mr. Newton's last volume is *Doctor Johnson — A Play*, published last spring by the Atlantic Monthly Press. **Griffis Marsden**, a new *Atlantic* contributor, is a California woman who writes us to ask why it is that men have it so much on their minds to prove women are not geniuses. No woman ever bothers to write so critically of 'the manly virtues'! But it is time, she thinks, that a woman did, and tackles the job forthwith.

Through a journalistic career of many years, **Bruce Bliven** has been gathering the materials for his paper on 'Changing Journalism.' Starting on the editorial staff of the *San Francisco Bulletin*, he later joined the staff of *Printers' Ink*, and afterward held on the *New York Globe* positions as editorial writer, managing editor, and associate editor, leaving that paper when it was bought by Mr. Munsey. ¶Sailors at sea enjoy their Christmas as do other people, and **Arthur Mason**, an old sailor himself, draws his story of a sea Christmas out of the memories of forty-odd years of sea roving. **Archibald MacLeish**, for some years a lawyer in Boston, is now a poet in France. His new book of poems will be published in the spring by the Houghton Mifflin Company. **Neil Forbes Grant** is foreign editor as well as 'Director of Music, Art, and Drama' for the *Morning Post* of London. One might guess he is a Scotsman. **Charles Boardman Hawes** died on July fifteenth of this year. He was best known for his stories of the sea and of

Yankee ships in the China and African trade. **Maurice Francis Egan** in his *Confessions of a Booklover* referred to that 'gem of excitement and illusion, *The Mutineers*.' His last book, *The Dark Frigate*, was published in October, and at the same time an announcement was made by the Atlantic Monthly Press of 'The Charles Boardman Hawes Prize of \$2000 for the best manuscript of an adventure story of the same general character and excellence as the tales contributed to American literature by the late Charles Boardman Hawes.'

Mrs. Elinore P. Stewart is the Woman Homesteader whose letters in 1913, 1914, and 1915 were well known to *Atlantic* readers. **William Douglas** is one of the younger poets, who has found scope for originality in the old verse forms. ¶A teacher of English at Whitman College, Washington, **M. D. Penrose** broadcasts in this month's *Atlantic* a message which will be of interest to teachers everywhere. **G. B. Mackenzie** is a short-story writer, a Scotsman, and a graduate of Oxford University. He served with the British army during the war, and has lived most of the time since in France. **Charlotte Kellogg**, wife of Dr. Vernon Kellogg the biologist, tells in this number of the *Atlantic* some of her early school-teaching experiences in California — still half pioneer — when she like many another young schoolmistress was 'not eighteen.' ¶A familiar poet and novelist, **Sarah N. Cleghorn**, is the author of *A Turnpike Lady*, *The Spinster*, *Portraits and Protests*. **Philip Cabot** deals in this issue with holding the faith whose winning he told of in the August *Atlantic* under the title 'The Conversion of a Sinner.' That his life and thought has never followed the channels of conventional religious service or worship lends these papers an unusual interest. Mr. Cabot has been a successful promoter and manager of public

utility corporations, and a banker. His major interest at present is the remarkable revival of preaching services at King's Chapel, an ancient Unitarian church of Boston. The next Ingersoll lecture at Harvard will be delivered by Mr. Cabot. Ingersoll lecturers have included in times past among other distinguished thinkers and scientists, William James, Josiah Royce, and Sir William Osler.

Mark O. Prentiss, an American industrial engineer who went to Constantinople for the Near East Relief, was at Smyrna during the capture and burning of the city, and was charged with the evacuation of refugees by the United States naval authorities. He had ample opportunities — which he improved — for talking with Mustapha Kemal and the other Turkish leaders. Joint author of 'The Blood of the Martyrs' which appeared in the *Atlantic* in July 1922, Elgin E. Groseclose is an American missionary to Persia. Dr. Gustav Cassel of the University of Stockholm has a wide European reputation as an economist and has served on a variety of official commissions in connection with Reparations. He is the author of *Theory of Political Economy*, *The World's Monetary Problems*, and other volumes. Lloyd George has spoken of him as 'one of the most brilliant economists in the world.'

In 'What Shall We Do About It?' (October *Atlantic*), Mr. Haywood draws a number of vivid portraits of citizens who are highly virtuous in all respects, save bootlegging. But should he not have added the picture of the judges and respectable business men who buy from the bootlegger? This question is asked by Frederick S. Dickson, who sends us some of the best paragraphs we have read in the enormous correspondence which has come our way since we started the discussion.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Mr. Haywood's query, 'What shall we do about it?' was well worth the asking and must be answered sooner or later by the rest of us. It is admirable in tone and deserves its place at the head of the October number, but he is palpably

in error when he declares that none of his violators of the law 'would hesitate a moment in calling a halt, if they saw or knew of any infraction of any other criminal law.' He does not state this as a fact but merely urges it as an opinion, and in doing so mars his argument, because it is against human nature. Last summer my attention was called to the case of a game-warden who added to his scanty income by distributing smuggled liquor to his neighbors. 'Of course,' said my informant, 'any guide may now fish where he pleases, take as many as he will, and gather in a deer before the season opens, for the warden dare not inform on him, fearing he will himself get in bad.' In this the warden may have been unjustly accused but the statement carried conviction because it had behind it the human nature which Mr. Haywood's dictum lacks.

The writer has described various types of law-breakers; Charley, who is now well dressed and successful, whereas he was but lately shabby and a failure; the well brought up ex-soldier, who was restless and unhappy but is now content and comfortable; the Italian maker of excellent claret, who cannot see why not; the old salt, who thinks those who object are hypocrites, and is constant in his attendance at church; and the lonely farmer, with his applejack, and the State policeman who called and enjoyed the decoction. These are the people he portrays, all of them smugglers, or bootleggers, and all of them prosperous, and unhampered, but he fails even to mention the chief offenders, the class of criminal that gives life to this illicit trade, the men who buy this smuggled and tainted liquor, and pay big prices for it. They are quite well aware that it is their money that makes this evil trade possible, their money that is used to corrupt government officials. They are not only the chief criminals, but they are by far the most numerous class. These men excuse and palliate their participation in crime by pointing out the unfair and illegal acts of the professional prohibitionists. They claim, very properly, that they were willing to forego all liquor during the continuance of the war, and so supported a law to that effect, but when the war ended before the date set for the law to be enforced, it was sheer dishonesty to claim that the war was not yet ended, when all the world knew that it was. This was all true enough, but however tricky the prohibitionists may have been, however unlawful may have been their acts, it does not justify us in flouting what is now the unmistakable law of the land.

Obviously the bootleggers would lose their very profitable trade if their customers refused to buy; but how can we hope to enforce a law when we make it so profitable to disobey it? An acquaintance in Washington asked a boot-

legger for a bottle of Scotch and was told, 'I cannot get it just now. Stocks are low and it is as much as I can do to supply Congress.' It is clear that when Congress is in session the enforcement agents relax their vigilance. At another time it was claimed that supplies intended for Washington had been diverted to the Middle West, where there was a cry for the liquid and a promise of higher prices. To-day the supply seems steadier and the ruling prices somewhat lower. In New York everyone who wants it seems to have it, even at the most modest functions. One host supplies cocktails at a dinner and when a return is made the bootlegger has a new customer. If one refuses to buy he will find his social intercourse greatly restricted. This attitude while general is by no means universal, and I know one good woman who has since her youth been in the habit of taking a glass of sherry or Madeira at her dinner. She is in her seventies now and the indulgence could do her no harm, yet since this law went into effect not a drop of wine has appeared on her table. There may be other similar cases but I know not one.

The fact that this law affected trade was merely incidental, for the object was to prevent drinking and abolish drunkenness, and millions conspire to evade it. Well, what *shall* we do about it? We may detest the saloon but even it is not as bad as the deplorable condition that confronts us.

FREDERICK S. DICKSON.

It is interesting to note how immediately this *Atlantic* article was followed by a national revival of the discussion of Prohibition.

That the youth of the country is not without definite views on 'What Shall We Do About It?' is clear from this letter from a high school where Mr. Haywood's article was made the subject of an English theme.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I found the high-school student's reaction to Mr. Haywood's article 'What Shall We Do About It?' pertinent and revealing. I enclose some papers which were written in class without previous discussion or preparation other than the reading of the article itself.

The opinions expressed are in answer to the following questions: —

1. Why is the article impressive and convincing?
2. For which of these lawbreakers do you feel the greatest contempt?

3. For which do you feel some sympathy?
4. Is the total effect of the article to make the reader more inclined to condemn violations of the law or to question the merit of the law itself?
5. What is most to be deplored — (a) the fact that the law exists, (b) the fact that the law is violated, (c) the kind of people who violate the law, (d) the general attitude of the public toward the violation of the law?

Tabulating the answers in a class of twenty-five boys and girls of average high-school age and intelligence, all felt that the article was convincing because it presents facts; fourteen expressed the greatest contempt for 'Charley,' seven for the soldier, three for the State police, one for the Italians; nine felt some sympathy was due the Italians, seven felt some sympathy for the soldier, six felt some sympathy for the old sailorman, two for the farmer and one for 'Charley'; twenty-three expressed the opinion that the total effect of the article was to make the reader question the merit of the law, while only two thought that the article would make the reader more inclined to condemn violations of the law. Fourteen expressed the idea that the general attitude of the public toward the violation of the law is most to be deplored; five thought that the existence of the law is most to be deplored.

IRENE A. COFFIN.

BERKELEY HIGH SCHOOL
Berkeley, Calif.

Here is a Roman Catholic reply to Katharine Fullerton Gerould's article 'Divorce' in the October *Atlantic*: —

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Please let me supply some theological information to Mrs. Gerould. It is entirely wrong to describe the Catholic Church's teaching on marriage as 'asceticism pure and simple.' It is perfectly true that the Church regards religious celibacy as a higher *state*, but it does not follow at all that she looks on marriage as 'a concession to the weakness of the race.' It does not follow, in other words, that because better is better, good is not good.

The Church's insistence on the sanctity and dignity of marriage has been constant since her conflicts with the falsely 'spiritual' Gnostics and Manichaeans to the present day. Her teaching in regard to the sacramental character of Christian marriage, completely explicit in medieval times, was implicit from the first. The

same writers, Tertullian, Saint Jerome, Saint Augustine, who may seem to speak slightly of marriage when they are primarily concerned with praising virginity, can be also quoted in praise of the married state. Incidentally, Tertullian cannot be taken as a witness to Catholic doctrine after he had joined the heretical and rigoristic sect of Montanists, whose view of marriage was much lower and who condemned second marriages as an abomination.

If Mrs. Gerould wishes to find an extensive collection of quotations in praise of marriage from mediæval religious writers she should consult Chapter 22, Volume IV, of Lamond's *Translation of Grisar's Life of Luther*. Even the natural marriage of non-Christians is described by Leo XIII as having God for its author and as possessing from the very beginning 'a something holy and religious, not extraneous but innate, not derived from man but implanted by nature.' In short, the Church has always defended the sanctity of marriage just as strenuously as she has maintained the superior sanctity of religious celibacy.

Two facts in regard to the latter doctrine need to be emphasized. In the first place those who are called to the higher state are in a minority. In the second place those who are not so called can attain to the highest degree of personal holiness in the married state, not by 'a minimum of passion,' but, to a great extent, by the special and peculiar graces which the sacrament confers. The reasons for the Church's teaching in regard to the relative dignity of the two states, considered as such, need not be here discussed. They do not include any such quasi-Manichean contempt for the body as Mrs. Gerould describes. 'The Unknown Eros' of Coventry Patmore is a thoroughly Catholic poem whose author received nothing but emphatic approval from the contemplative monks whose friend he was.

T. LAWRASON RIGGS.

Following Mr. Rossiter's article, 'Three Sentinels of the North' (July *Atlantic*), a convention of farmers and business men was held in New Hampshire to discuss practical measures for building up the state. A committee was appointed and money raised for a careful survey of the state's resources. Real results these, and still the discussion persists.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

After reading Mr. Rossiter's appeal to the

Sentinel States of Northern New England to call to their service their half-million sons and daughters, now living elsewhere, I am moved to ask 'Why not enlist, also, the multitude of grateful people from other states who derive lengthened lives and renewed vigor from summer homes or annual sojourns within these states?'

One modest and immediately practicable form of first aid to sentinels would be saving the babies who die, before their first birthday, from preventable causes, to the number approximately of thirty thousand in each decennial census period, and their mothers of whom far too many die each year from causes directly related to childbirth.

These lost children are native citizens. Mr. Rossiter's figures suggest that they are largely of native parentage. Here then is a loss of population grievous in itself and injurious to the whole nation.

In 1922 there died, according to the preliminary figures of the United States Census, before reaching the first birthday, in Vermont 550 babies, in New Hampshire 1779, and in Maine 1503, all told 3832. In the three states the infant mortality rates for 1922 are, Maine 87, New Hampshire 80, and Vermont 73. An infant mortality rate is the number of babies in each 1000 born alive who die before their first birthday.

In the same year, 1922, two Western Sentinels, Minnesota and Washington kept their rate down to 58 and 62 respectively. New Zealand in 1921, the latest year for which figures are yet accessible, achieved a rate of only 48 deaths among one thousand children born alive.

Saving babies' lives requires, fortunately, no spectacular, costly crusade. In Canada, nursing homes are placed in accessible spots. A physician attached to each cares for mothers who come to the home, and their newborn children, so acquiring special skill and continuous practice. From these centres, along ever-improving roads in ever-cheapening motor-cars, public health nurses carry instruction and service to isolated homes.

Because the legislatures of Maine and Vermont will not meet before 1925, Federal aid in these states will be unavailable meanwhile for organizing baby clinics and conferences as parts of local centres of interest and instruction. Here then is an immediate, urgent opportunity, alike for distant sons and daughters, and for grateful 'summer folk,' to initiate or finance local baby-health centres where none yet exist, to strengthen the funds of the present centres, and in general to coöperate with the child-hygiene bureaus, to the end that the children of the Sentinels may be preserved for our Republic.

FLORENCE KELLEY.



